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MDCCCLV.

G R E E C E

AND

THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

TRANSLATED BY AUTHORITY.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE AND CO.

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., LONDON.

MDCCCLV.

EDINBURGH: T. COSETTALL, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

M. ABOUT's book caused some sensation at Athens, but no answer to it appeared; on one occasion, the *Spectateur de l'Orient* regretted that his work should have met with the support and approbation of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; in another number (31) of the 10th (22d) December 1854, the *Spectateur*, in an article on the "Unpopularity of the Greek cause in the West," can find no better answer to M. About, than to call him a hunchback jester, who seeks to divert Europe from her remorse for having neglected the Greeks, who, according to themselves and the Reviewer, would have formed a barrier against the Russians. The *Spectateur* selects a few of the most striking statements in M. About's work, and tries to pass them off as jests; they are, however, plain unvarnished facts. Here is the passage from the *Spectateur*—

"In the first place, they (the Greeks) are not brave, as was thought from 1821 to 1830. The good faith of Europe has been deceived. Missolonghi is an additional myth in that country, fertile in mythology. Their ancestors were not brave either; they were cowards who conquered Xerxes at Salamis. *About*, p. 43. The Greeks hate foreigners—they show the

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same indifference to French, English, and Russians, by robbing them all equally, p. 55. 'Their religion is a dead letter; it prescribes no virtues, but only grimaces; it prostrates the body to the earth without raising the soul to heaven—this religion, daughter of the lower empire, partakes of Byzantine imbecility,' p. 197. People with such a religion, can they be honest? 'The most honest people in Athens would be people of doubtful reputation in France or England,' p. 49. In short, the Greeks are cowards, thieves, a people of bad faith. 'In every country'—it is always the hunchback Triboulet that is speaking—'the name of *Greek* is used for a sharper. I am obliged to own that they are no better than their reputation,' p. 48. Do you want any proofs? I am ready to give them. I have received hospitality from such a family. I was received with open arms like a brother in such another. I have dined here, I have danced there; I kept notes, and I will now relate the absurdities, the calumnies that I have gathered. Those stupid Geeeks did not suspect that their guest would make them appear in the 'Railway Library.' Oh! surely that sophist, we do not fear him, his remedy will be rejected by Europe with disgust."—*Spéctateur de l'Orient*, p. 230.

If so, why reply to M. About by invective? As for the reproach of a breach of hospitality, it may be safely assumed that he never dined anywhere but in the Foreign Legations, or in the houses of some Europeans. He very truly observes, that if you visit a Greek, you are "never asked to come back," p. 274; with all that, their vanity is such, that it is easily offended if a visit is not paid punctili-

ously. It is the simple truth, that Greeks dislike all foreigners equally—they like none but themselves. Shortly after the time M. About resided at Athens, there were there in the Russian Legation two of that nation, as agreeable, honourable men as one might hope to meet with anywhere. But these, though co-religionists of the Greeks, and the only people who would say a good word for them, were received as coldly, and no more encouraged to frequent Greek society, than any of the French or English—an honourable and straightforward man is out of place in, and will not go down with Greek society; he is a standing reproof to the many, who certainly do not deserve a better reputation than that conveyed by the name of Greek in the French language. There are, doubtless, many honourable exceptions; but they only serve as water-marks, to show the height to which the inundation of bad faith and corruption has risen above the soil inhabited by Greeks.

In the villages, and in the uncivilized districts, away from the capital, the traveller may meet with hospitality; but in the capital, none; yet probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, modern Greek has no word for a house,—it goes by the name of “Spiti,” from the Latin *hospitium*—the etymological value of its name is the beginning and end of its hospitality.

With all their pretensions to European civilisation, the Greeks have no idea of that scrupulous devotion to the service of the fair sex that prevails generally in the West, or of that respect for its weakness and sacredness which exists equally in the East. Baron Haxthausen, in his recent work

on Transcaucasia, p. 486, attributes this to their neglect of the worship of the Blessed Virgin—to which in Europe he attributes our chivalrous customs. This can hardly be the case, for in no country more than Greece is the Virgin, or Panagia, more thought of or more constantly mentioned; the cause is to be sought in their want of courage—that quality which gives a man a sense of power, and therefore of the duty of protecting the feeble. In old times, the Greeks named courage *ἀνδρεία*; as with the Romans courage and manhood were the same thing, and inseparable from one another. The degenerate moderns name courage *καρδία*, *heart*; but they have very little of it either for love or hate. They are like children without strong feelings, but without their innocent simplicity, for their *primum mobile* is pride and vanity; and if any passion move them, or if ever they exhibit any tenacity of purpose, it is only for gain, and to acquire new means of display.

At one of the Court-balls in the winter 1853-54, a Greek officer invited a lady to dance; she declined, saying she was too tired to dance that time. Later in the evening this officer saw her dancing and took her rudely to task for dancing when she had told him that she would not dance any more that evening (which was by no means the case), and ended by being abusive, by telling her that she did not know what good manners were, &c. It is necessary to add, that this officer had not the honour to be acquainted with this lady, who was the last person in Athens one would suppose any one could find it in himself to insult. The worst trait in this incident was, that other officers who were present allowed it to

pass unnoticed. It is due to the Court not to omit that, when this became known there, this officer was left out from subsequent invitations.

On another occasion, at a ball at one of the Foreign Legations, a Wallachian lady was similarly insulted by an individual who, not content with what he said at the moment, sat down next day to pen a letter to the lady, to the effect that her manners were bad, and that she had no *savoir vivre*, as she came from the country of pigs (Wallachia). Our individual received a hostile message from the lady's husband, which it is needless to say was not accepted.

This person was the hero of other stories current in the streets of Athens. On one occasion he had taken away from an evening party, by mistake, a new paletot, belonging to an *attaché* of a Foreign Legation. This *attaché* recognised his coat on the back of this individual at the promenade the following Sunday; on its being claimed, he declared that he had put it on only that it might be recognised by its proprietor; that being so, there was no alternative but restitution, and our Greek had to return home through the crowd in his shirt sleeves. On another occasion he had obtained leave from one of the Foreign Legations to import, under their address, a few books for his own use; he sought to turn this to profit, and in due time an enormous box of books arrived at the Custom-house; but the thing was overdone, for the box had a false bottom concealing valuable articles of small bulk, on which a high duty was due: these were discovered by the Customs officers and confiscated.

These stories concern an individual only, and they might

not be worthy of going beyond Athens but for the fact of this party being in correspondence with one or more of the English-Greeks of the Manchester party. The fountain and their streamlets of information are worthy of one another.

It is to be observed, that the *Spectateur de l'Orient*, and the Greeks generally, confine themselves to repelling the general statements of M. About; but they have been unable to deny the facts contained in his book, from which the reader will probably come to the same conclusions as the author.

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GREECE AND THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNTRY.

1. Anticipations about Greece—Two sceptics—First view not encouraging—Syra.

ON the 1st of February 1852, I embarked at Marseilles on the *Lycurgue*; the 9th, I landed at Piræus. In fact, the east, which is considered as a distant region, is not much further from us than the suburbs: Athens is nine days from Paris, and it cost me a third less time and money to go and see King Otho in his capital, than Madame de Sevigné used to spend in her journeys to visit her daughter at Grignan. If any reader wishes to dispense with the trouble of going through this little book, or to have the satisfaction of verifying it, I advise him to betake himself to the Company of the *Messageries Impériales*. It has excellent carriages which reach Marseilles in thirty-six hours, and very good vessels which arrive in Greece in eight days without hurrying.

At Paris, at Marseilles, and everywhere where I said good-bye to friends, I was told, to console me for an absence which was to be long, "You are going to see a beautiful country!"

This was what I was repeating to myself at the same time. The name of Greece, even more than that of Spain or Italy, is full of promise. You will not meet with a young man in whom that name does not awaken ideas of beauty, of light, and of quiet happiness. The least studious school-boys, who inveigh most eloquently against Greek history and Greek translations, even if they fall asleep over their lexicon, they dream of Greece. I expected to find a sky without a cloud, a sea without a ruffle, a spring without end, and, above all, clear streams and cool shades. The Greek poets have spoken so tenderly of coolness and shade! I forgot that the advantages we praise the most are not those that we possess, but those which we desire.

I made the trip with two midshipmen who were going to join the fleet of Admiral Romain-Desfossés, on the Levant station. These gentlemen laughed a great deal at my delusions about Greece—one of them had seen the country; the other knew it as well as if he had seen it, for each gun-room of a man-of-war is a perfect office for information, where you may ascertain exactly the resources, the amusements, and pleasures, that any corner of the world can afford, between Newfoundland and Tahiti. During our prolonged walks on deck, my two companions strove which should most disabuse me of my preconceived ideas, and with relentless vivacity brought down all my most cherished hopes like walnuts in September.

"Ah!" said they, "so you are going to Greece without being compelled; you go the right way to work to look for amusement! Imagine mountains without trees, plains without grass, rivers without water, a sun without pity, dust without mercy, fine weather a thousand times more tiresome than rain, a country where the vegetables grow ready cooked, where the hens lay eggs hard-boiled, where the gardens have

no leaves, where the colour green has been effaced even in the rainbow, where your weary eyes will look for verdure, and not find even a salad to repose upon!"

It was in the midst of such conversation that I first descried the land of Greece. The first view was not encouraging. I do not believe that there exists in the world a desert more sterile and desolate than the two southern promontories of Morea, which end at capes Malea and Matapan. This country, called Maina, seems to be deserted by God and man. It was no use straining my eyes; I could see only red rocks without a house or tree; a fine rain darkened sky and earth; there was nothing by which I could guess that these poor rocks, so wretched to look at through a February fog, glowed with unequalled splendour at the least ray of sunshine.

The rain accompanied us as far as Syra, without however concealing the coast; and I remember also that the summit of Taygetus was pointed out to me on the horizon. The coast appeared everywhere equally barren. From time to time, we passed by some wretched villages, without gardens or orchards, without that circle of verdure and of flowers which crowns our villages in France.

I have known of many travellers who had seen Greece without leaving the deck of the steamer which took them to Smyrna or to Constantinople. They were all unanimous as to the sterility of the country. Some had landed for an hour or so at Syra, and had finally convinced themselves that Greece has not got a single tree. I confess that Syra is not a terrestrial paradise; you do not see there either river, or stream, or brook; and water is sold at a penny a glass. The few trees Greece cherishes in her valleys, far from the sea breezes, are not visible to the passing traveller; but the interior of the country must not be judged of from the coasts, nor the continent from the islands.

2. The brilliant Antonio—Attica in February—The sky and the sea—The Piræus and the road to Athens.

In the roadstead of Syra, we had to leave the *Lycurgue*, which continued on its way to Smyrna, and we were put on board another steamer of the company, the *Eurotas*, which was to set us down at the Piræus. I was getting ready to go from one steamer to another, and I was making myself understood, as best I could, that is, very badly, by a Greek boatman, who was going to take my luggage, when I heard an unknown voice call me by name in French. A man of forty, of good appearance, and noble mien, and covered with magnificent garments, had come alongside of the *Lycurgue* in a four-oared boat. It was he who, in dignified tones, asked the captain if I was on board. This gentleman had such a fine red cap, such a fine white petticoat, and so much gold on his jacket, his leggings, and his belt, that I did not doubt for a moment but that he was a principal personage in the State. My two naval officers maintained that the king, being informed of the sentiments of admiration that I felt for his kingdom, had sent the Marshal of the Palace, at the least, to meet me! When this gentleman had come near me, and I had bowed to him with all the respect due to his rank, he courteously gave me a letter folded together. I asked his permission to read it, and I read—"I recommend Antonio to you; he is a good servant, and will spare you the trouble of the boat, the custom-house, and the carriage."

I hastened to intrust my cloak to this fallen dignitary, who served me faithfully for ten or twelve hours; got my luggage and self landed, and undertook to corrupt with a franc the easy virtue of the Customs officer, and set me down safe and well at the door of our house. Travellers who go to Greece without knowing a word of Greek, need not fear a moment's embarrassment: they will find already at Syra, not only An-

tonio, but five or six other servants, not less gilded, who speak French, English, and Italian, and who will conduct them almost without cheating them, to one of the hotels of the town.

Eight hours after having left Syra, we came in sight of the plain of Athens. The rain had stopped, and the clouds had disappeared as if by magic, and the sky was as pure as our sky in France in the finest days of July. The sea was of a dark, deep blue, it slid off the sides of the vessel like the undulations of thick velvet. We traversed the gulf, the most illustrious in the world, which had seen the rise and prosperity of Athens, Eleusis, Megara, Corinth, Ægina, and all the glories of Greece. We left behind us the island of Ægina and the mountains of Morea, whose snow-covered summits stood out in bold relief against the sky; the rocks of Salamis raised themselves on our left, as naked and barren as the shores of Maina; and before us extended a plain six leagues long and ten across; it is the plain of Athens. On one side it is shut in by Hymettus, a desolate mountain with round and soft outlines, and dull grey tints: not a tree, not a shrub,—hardly can it provide for a hundred hives, which yield as in former times a delicious honey. Opposite Hymettus rises Parnes, which one would say had been cut out by a landscape painter—so clear is the outline, so bold the design; the pine-trees which chequer its sides, and the cleft which divides it in the middle, give it such a wild and savage originality. Between these two mountains, at the end of the plain is drawn out, like a frieze, Pentelicus, which has furnished and still might furnish the best of all statuary marble. In the midst of the plain arise a few rocks which surround and protect the town; there are Lycabettus, the Museum, the Areopagus, and especially the Acropolis, the finest and most celebrated of all. The traveller on approaching from Piræus

does not see modern Athens ; but his eyes are at once struck by the Acropolis, and the gigantic ruins which crown it. In Greece, the past will always detract from the present.

Piræus is a village of four or five thousand souls, composed of taverns and warehouses : it is connected with the town by a road about five miles long. This road is kept up with care, nevertheless it is horribly muddy in winter, and dusty in summer. It is lined in a few places only by tall poplars of a particular kind, more vigorous, more ample and branching than ours, with a leaf with sharp outlines covered with down underneath. The road first passes through barren sand-hills, which disappear on the right in the marshes of Phalerum. About a mile from Piræus, a few vines and almond-trees begin to show themselves ; and a little further the road crosses an imperceptible stream,—Antonio informed me that it was the Cephissus. From this the road becomes rather prettier ; it passes by an olive wood which formerly encircled the town, but which the War of Independence, and the rigorous winter of 1849–1850, have devastated one after the other. These thick trees with gnarled trunk and pale scanty foliage, are the only green things to be seen in winter in the plain of Athens. In summer the landscape is no gayer : the fig-trees may spread out their broad vigorous leaves, the vine which crawls at a few feet above the earth may cover itself with leaves and fruit ; yet a thick dust, which the wind raises in eddies, covers over every object with a monotonous tint, and gives even to fertility a forlorn appearance. It is in spring that Attica must be seen in all her splendour, when the anemones, as high as the tulips in our gardens, blend their bright variegated colours ; when the bees come down from Hymettus and hum among the daffodils ; when the thrushes chatter among the olive-trees, before the young foliage has yet been covered with a layer of dust ; when the grass which must disappear at

the end of May, comes up green and crisp wherever there is a little soil ; and the tall barley, mixed with flowers, undulates with the sea breeze, a white and glancing radiance gilds the earth, and brings home to the imagination that Divine light that clothes the heroes in the Elysian fields. The air is so pure and transparent, that it appears necessary only to stretch out the arm to reach the furthest mountains—it transmits sound so faithfully, that you can hear the bell of the flocks feeding at half a league away, or the cry of the eagles, themselves lost sight of in the sky.

3. Climate of Greece; intolerable heat and terrible cold—The north wind and the Sirocco—An early day of spring—Comparison between the different provinces of Greece—The country is unwholesome.

But this beautiful sky is subject to the most strange caprices. I remember that on the day of my arrival in Athens, I wished to go up to the top of Hymettus before breakfast ; and I was much surprised at hearing that this mountain, which seemed so close to us, was more than two hours from our house. The weather was fine ; about mid-day the south-west wind began to blow : this is the celebrated Sirocco so terrible in the African deserts, and which extends its influence not only to Athens, but also to Rome. The air by degrees grew thick ; a few white clouds, spotted with grey, accumulated at the horizon ; objects became less distinct, sounds less clear ; a feeling of suffocation seemed to weigh over the earth. I felt an unknown lassitude come over me, and deprive me of my strength. The next day it was the turn for the north wind—it made itself known at once by its strong voice, rough and whistling ; it shook the trees, beat against the houses as if ready to overthrow them ; and, above all, it had borrowed from Thrace a degree of cold so sharp and piercing, that we shivered in our cloaks by the side of the fire. Fortunately the north wind

does not blow every day. I have spent a whole winter at Athens, during which it has not shown itself fifteen times; but when it is let loose, it is terrible. The 21st March 1852, the day that spring begins according to the almanacs, we were obliged to breakfast by candle-light, with shutters closed, curtains drawn, and a great fire,—and still we were cold. In a fortnight of north wind, the Athenians have as much winter as we have in four months. Heaven, however, spares them from frost, and they know snow only by sight. Once in twenty years, it froze in the plain of Athens, and the thermometer fell to two degrees below zero. It was in January 1850, during the blockade of Admiral Parker. Snow and war, two terrible plagues, fell at once on this wretched country. In one night, animals and trees perished by thousands—neither the trees nor the animals were hardened enough to endure cold.

Athens is perhaps the town where it rains the least in Greece; it is no wonder, then, that Attica is drier than Laconia, Argolis, or Bœotia. The country of Sparta brings forth a vegetation vigorous as the Lacedæmonian people; the plain of Argos, rich without elegance, has in its coarse fertility something of proud vulgarity which reminds one of the pomp of Agamemnon; there is something Bœotian in the rich productiveness of the marshes near Thebes; the plain of Athens is elegant in all its aspects, delicate in its outlines, replete with a nobility rather barren, and a spare elegance, like that of the so slender and graceful race which it has nurtured.

Greece is an unwholesome country; the fertile plains, the rugged rocks, the smiling shores, all conceal fever; whilst breathing the balmy air of the orange trees, poison is inhaled. It would seem, as if in the old East, the air itself is falling into decomposition. Throughout the whole country, the spring

and autumn produce periodical fevers. The children die of them, the grown-up men suffer. A few millions would be necessary to drain the marshes, make the country wholesome, and save a whole people. Happily the Greek race is so nervous that the fever kills only the little children; the men have a few attacks in spring; they check the fever, and forget it until the autumn.

4. First excursion—How one learns modern Greek—My professor blacks shoes
—Journey in Ægina with Garnier—We are a show to the people of Ægina
—Landscape.

If there is no difficulty in reaching the banks of the Cephissus and Ilissus, it is less easy to penetrate into the interior of the country; and that wonderful company, the *Messageries Impériales*, with all their good-will, could not transport you either to Sparta or Thebes; thus the greater number of foreigners content themselves with seeing Attica, and judge of the land of Greece after the country of Athens. I pity them; they do not know the intoxicating fatigues and the delightful disgusts of a long journey through this strange country. Spring and autumn is the time for setting out, when the torrents are dry. May and October are the most favourable months; June would be too late, and September too soon; by travelling under the summer sun, you would endanger your life, or at least your reason.

I was so impatient to begin this pleasant adventuring life of travel, that I thought the 1st of May was very slow in coming. I made haste to learn modern Greek, to be able to travel without an interpreter, and talk with the people I might meet. Every evening my servant, that good old Petros, used to come down to my room, and give me a lesson. I made rapid progress, for modern Greek differs only from the ancient in a system of barbarisms, of which the key is easily found.

The chief thing is to distort properly the words which we learned at college ; there is nothing changed in the basis of the language. "Come here, my good Peter," I used to say, taking him by the arm, "what do you call that?" He named, one after the other, all the parts of his body, all the furniture in the room ; he entered into explanations without end, in his *patois*, through which I tried to see my way—in short, at the end of two months of this gymnastic exercise, I knew his language as well, that is to say, as ill, as he did. I am perhaps the tenth Frenchman whom he has taught Greek, without its having been possible ever to teach him a word of French.

When my servant was satisfied with me, and had given me a good certificate, I wanted to set out ; but April was only just beginning. I was advised, whilst waiting till May, to pass an apprenticeship in the neighbourhood of Athens. I set out for Ægina with an architect of the Academy of Rome, my friend Garnier, who was then undertaking that beautiful restoration which was admired a few months ago at the Palace of the Fine Arts. Ægina is only six leagues from Athens ; but the roads are as bad, the lodgings as uninhabitable, the feeding as desperately bad, as in any district of Greece. We had landed at the village, which is the chief town of the island ; our boatman had taken us to the most comfortable tavern in the place—*comfortable* is a word which has no equivalent in Greek. We had supped in the midst of the populace, who examined with curiosity our clothes, our faces, and the omelette which our servant was getting ready for us ; at last we had slept in a shed on the mattresses we had brought with us. Will he nill he, the traveller is like the sage—he must carry everything with him. Next morning we set out for the Temple of Ægina, which Garnier was to draw and measure at his leisure ; all our baggage went

with us. We intended to hire a cot near the temple, and establish ourselves there for a fortnight or twenty days. The architect had got ladders, drawing-paper, and sketching apparatus; we had in common two mattresses a very few inches thick, two coverlets, rice, sugar and coffee, potatoes, and some other superfluities only to be found in the capital.

At break of day the people of Ægina were present at a fine sight. We had got two baggage-horses; one was blind of an eye, and carried the ladders; the other enjoyed the whole of his equine advantages, and to him we had confided the mattresses and provisions, the hopes of all our days and nights. He was proud of his charge, and walked with a jaunty step. But the bearer of the ladders, either surprised at being so laden, or from jealousy of his companion less-laden than himself, or from the effect of that prejudice which makes us despise humble though useful functions, only aspired to getting rid of the burden which our confidence had committed to him. He ran against the houses, the walls, the passers-by, the ladders foremost: his master followed close behind, sometimes goaded him with a magnificent blue umbrella, sometimes dragged him back by the pole of the ladder, or pushed him right and left—handling the ladder like the tiller of a boat. Two donkeys, intended for our riding, guessed at an early hour that the road would be difficult; they took advantage of the disorder to escape, bolt into a house, and barricade themselves inside so well, that they were left there. Our band was thus reduced to seven persons; two of them horses. Each animal had its pilot: such is the custom; he that hires the beast, has the man into the bargain. The ladders went first, the baggage after, then Garnier with his long pike, then myself with my gun; lastly, the servant with our sketch-books and papers. At each turn of the road, the vicious one-eyed animal played one of his tricks; his companion, indignant at

this, refused to move ; the blue umbrella did its work ; the guides uttered a kind of nasal howl to encourage their animals ; the village dogs, unaccustomed to see caravans, barked their loudest, the women ran to their doors, the girls to their windows, and laughed at us to our faces. Thanks to the zeal of our guides, we were not more than half an hour in traversing the town, which is of the size of the *Rue de Poitiers* ; but the inhabitants will long remember a day so fruitful in emotions ; and if ever Ægina has a history, our passage through it will be an event in it.

The village we were leaving is two hours from the temple on foot ; if on horseback, rather more time is required. Judge from that if the roads are good ! But this road is so varied, that one would walk on it a whole lifetime without being wearied of it ; at one time it follows the slope of a rough and scarped mountain, at another it descends into deep ravines, clothed with trees of every kind, and large wild-flowers which our gardens might well envy. Some enormous fig-trees twist their thick arms amidst the almond-trees with their slender foliage ; here and there are to be found a few orange-trees of a dark-green, pines scathed with winter, cypresses of capricious forms ; and at certain distances, the king of trees, the palm, raises its beautiful dishevelled head ; gild this landscape with a ray of sun ; scatter here and there ruins of ancient and modern times—churches on all the elevations, Turkish houses on all the slopes, square-like towers crowned with terraces, and cleanly white-washed with lime ; on the roads little troops of donkeys carrying whole families ; in the fields flocks of sheep ; goats on the rocks ; here and there a few lean cows lying down and staring at the traveller with their large astonished eyes ; and everywhere the song of the larks, who rise into the sky as if going to reach the sun ; everywhere the saucy chattering of the blackbirds rejoicing at the budding of the vine,

and hundreds of birds of every kind disputing for a drop of dew that the sun had forgotten to drink up. I have seen it again often, that charming road; and although I stumbled over the stones, slipped among the rocks, and got my feet wet in the water of the streams, I would wish much to wander over it again.

5. Travelling—Antonio's ideas of France—The little gains by the trade of god-father—Preparations—Inutility of arms in Greece—Our people—Natural history of the Agoyat—The great Epaminondas, my horse—Leféri.

A month later I was out of apprenticeship, I bestrode a horse and turned my back on the plain of Athens—I was travelling. Three or four days before my departure, the worthy Antonio had come to pay me a disinterested visit, to know whether I did not require his services. Every traveller who does not know Greek, is condemned to move under the guidance of Antonio, or of some other courier; for French is understood only in the capital: there is no help for it outside of Athens. These couriers are wonderfully useful people, who spare you all the annoyances of a journey, and procure for you horses, beds, food, and lodging every evening; everything at a very moderate charge, for the country. A single traveller usually pays forty francs a day; for two or three persons the charge varies between twenty and twenty-five francs. We were three: Garnier, who is almost as much a painter as an architect; Alfred de Curzon, who has already made himself known at the Exhibitions by his peculiar style of painting, and the skilful composition of his landscapes; lastly, myself, who was to guide them through a country which I did not know. But the map of the expedition in Morea is so exact and complete, that no other guide is needed. Antonio eagerly desired to travel with us; as much perhaps for the pleasure of the journey, as for the profits. This is the way of the

Greeks; they like nothing so much as change of locality. I have heard Antonio beseech a friend of mine to take him with him to France: "You will not pay me anything," said he, "I will be your servant; I will take care of your horse, and every day I will prepare your breakfast near some fountain, or under a tree." Under a tree, oh nature! Go, then, and try to explain to these people Paris life, and the theory of a restaurant and a bill of fare!

In exchange, Antonio knows well Greek society, and the usages of his country. As a man who has to travel, he has provided himself with friends everywhere. When he passes through a village where a child has just been born, he offers himself as godfather; the peasant accepts, too happy to put his child under the protection of a man embroidered with gold, who inhabits the capital, and travels with foreign gentlemen. Antonio holds the child over the baptismal font, kisses its father, swears never to forget him, and keeps his promise. Each time that he returns to this village, it is at the house of the father of his godchild that he will come and lodge, even had he ten gentlemen travelling with him; he will establish himself in this house, will burn the wood and oil, will do the honours as if he were at home, without paying; besides, the father would not take a penny from the godfather of his child. Antonio has sown so many godchildren on the road, that he lodges his travellers for nothing, and could take them at a reduction. He offered to take us all over Greece, at fifteen francs a day; but we would not at any price become the property of a courier—a thing to be led about. Antonio withdrew with a smile, begging us to remember him when we wished to buy antique vases, medals, or a few pounds of Hymettus honey.

I know nothing more charming than the preparations for a journey, when one is at the same time one's own purveyor

and courier. Three days before the 1st of May, I had run all over the town with Petros to buy plates, knives, sauce-pans, an enormous gourd for wine, two large saddle-bags of goats' hair for bread, two large osier panniers for the plates and provisions. Each of us had got a large brass cup, engraved in the Turkish fashion, to be carried in a morocco case slung round the neck. The evening before setting out, I had sent for the provisions; I took care to buy a dozen loaves—for bread is not to be found anywhere except in the towns, and that of Athens is the best. I had the beds carefully rolled up—their simplicity would have scared an Algerian soldier.

We did not take any arms. I wanted to take my gun, but was earnestly dissuaded from it. "What will you do with it?" they asked. "For sport you will have no time; when you have been ten hours a day on horseback, you will think of nothing but dining and going to sleep. If you mean to arm yourself against brigands, you are doubly in the wrong. First, you will not meet with any; if some ill-looking fellow stops you at a turn of the road, it will be a gendarme, who will ask you the time of day, and a handful of tobacco. But supposing you do fall in with brigands, your gun would be of no good but to insure your being killed—for the brigands of this country are not the heroes of the opera, who like danger and sport with death, but skilful speculators of the highroad, who will prudently engage themselves when ten to one, and never risk an affair except when success is certain. You will be aware of their presence, when you have got thirty gun-barrels levelled at you. In such case, the only course to take is to dismount, and give up conscientiously all that you have got; do not expose yourself to the necessity of giving your gun also." I let myself be convinced by these arguments. Our only precaution was to ask for an order from

the Minister of War, putting at our disposal whatever gendarmes we might have need of.

At last, on the 1st of May, at five o'clock, we were told that our men and horses were at the door. No matter how humble the traveller, he must have his men and his horses; and he travels with all the pomp of M. de Lamartine or M. de Chateaubriand. How could you travel on foot with the thermometer at a hundred degrees, traverse on foot torrents and rivers, or carry on foot your bed and cooking utensils? We had, besides our riding horses, two baggage horses. The owners of the five animals followed them as usual, to feed and groom them, and take care of them and of us. It is a rough trade that of these poor Agoyats, who sometimes, on foot, make a journey of fifty days along with horsemen. They get up before everybody to groom the horses, and lie down after the travellers are asleep; often they pass the night watching their animals, when traversing a suspicious country. They feed themselves and their horses at their own cost; they sleep in a cloak in the open air; they endure the sun and the rain, the cold in the mountains, the heat in the plains; and after so many fatigues, "their lordships," as they say, give them what they think proper—for nothing is due to them beyond the hire of their horses. The Agoyat travels on foot without tiring; he gets over the water without wetting himself; he feeds himself though he seldom eats. He thinks of everything; he carries with him nails, thread, and needles, and a whole workshop. He shoots if you have got a gun; he herbarizes as he walks, and picks up by the roadside wild herbs, with which he seasons his bread; on approaching the resting-place for the night, he plucks a fowl without standing still or appearing to give it much attention. The Agoyat has friends in all the villages, and acquaintances on all the roads; he knows by heart the fords of the streams,

the distances of the villages, the good and the bad roads ; he never loses his way, and seldom hesitates ; and to make sure, calls out from afar to the peasants he meets, " Brother, we are going to such a place,—is this the road ? " This word *brother* is still in universal use, as in the good days of Christian charity. But I think it has lost some of its force, for it is not rare to hear say, " Brother, you are a rogue." " Brother, I will make you pass a pretty time of it."

The horses of the Agoyats, which are paid four francs and a half a day, and half that the days they do not travel, are very ugly animals, tolerably vicious, and more obstinate than all the mules of Andalusia ; but they are hardened to fatigue, patient, sober, intelligent, and capable of walking on the points of needles, or of climbing to a mast-head. The one I rode had a certain family likeness to Rossinante, though his master honoured him with the name of Epaminondas. He is so long, there is no seeing the end of him, and as thin as a horse of a German ballad. As to his faults, I never knew their number. To-day he runs away with me ; to-morrow he will stick his fore feet into the earth, and will no more move than a tree. He cannot go by a house without attempting to bruise his rider's leg against it, and when going between two walls, his sole regret is from being able to scrape only one at a time. Sand has an irresistible attraction for him ; any road that is rather dusty induces him to roll on his back ; and the greatest misfortune is, that the water in the streams has exactly the same effect on him. He pays no attention to the bridle, is indifferent to the whip, and the most energetic kicks are arguments that do not convince him. Yet I could have a certain fondness for him, in memory of various difficult passes that we have got through together, one carrying the other, and which I could not have crossed without him.

If the traveller ends by attaching himself to his horse, he

soon loves the Agoyats. Our chief Agoyat had the finest countenance of an honest man that I ever met with. He is called Leftéri—that is to say, free; and no name was ever better borne. He did us a thousand little services with such a grand air of dignity, that one would have sworn he served us from politeness and not by trade. We formed altogether an amusing army. Our baggage, shaken by the jolting of the horses, was scattered on the road; the white petticoats of our men had assumed at the end of a week indescribable colours; and our own garments, the economical productions of the *belle jardinière*, betrayed in twenty places the weakness of their seams.

6. Physiognomy of Mycenæ.—The banks of the Eurotas.—The remains of Sparta and Mistra.—Appearance of Laconia.

Leaving Athens, we traversed Eleusis, the city of the sacred mysteries; Megara, where the beauty of the Greek type is blamelessly preserved; Corinth, that second Athens, which has produced so many masterpieces of art, and which now produces only currants: we sat down on the ruins of Mycenæ, and called up the bloody shades of that race of rogues, which begins with Atreus and ends with Orestes, fortunate wretches, of whom Sophocles and Racine have sung, whilst the assassins of Fualdès have only been recorded in a last dying speech and confession. Mycenæ had the good fortune to be abandoned at a very ancient date—it is that that has preserved it. Its old Cyclopean walls have not been demolished to construct Turkish or Venetian cottages. All the walls are still standing; the centre is filled up with a few scanty plots of barley, which grows over the palace of Agamemnon. The town of the king of kings may well have contained as many as five hundred houses. Its two gates are still to be seen, of enormous blocks of stone, carved with some rude chisel. The largest,

the gate of honour, is surmounted by two lions, sculptured perhaps by Dædalus, and which are very like what I once used to draw on my child's copy-book. The childhood of art has a great deal in common with the art of children. It was surely by that great gate, that Helen and Menelaus entered when they came to pay to Agamemnon their wedding visit; it was through it that the king of kings went out with Iphigenia, whom he was going to slaughter; it was there that Achilles entered to see Iphigenia; through it Agamemnon returned when conqueror. A few steps further on, his wife was waiting for him, with Ægisthus, and the fatal shirt with which she entangled him, and the axe with which she clove his head. Through that gate, a few years later, vengeance entered in the person of Orestes, who was to stab Ægisthus and his mother, and then fly over the earth under the lash of the Furies. All these jail-birds nestled within these walls; all this collection of crimes, sufficient to supply two thousand years with tragedies, found room within this little space. And it was here that, during the preceding generation, Atreus had killed the children of Thyestes, and made that abominable cookery which horrified the sun. Mycenæ has all the appearance of what it had been—a den of dreadful reprobates. North and east, it is commanded by two cliffs, bold, naked, and forbidding, and of enormous height; beneath it, the winter torrents have hollowed out an immense ravine; its walls, the work of robust and warlike toil, have a peculiarly villanous physiognomy. Yet if you look south and west, you discover a horizon as smiling, fresh, and young as the image of Iphigenia. This is the plain of Argos, the *Beauce* of Greece, where the young girls gather mulberry leaves, and sow the cotton plant; here is Nauplia bending over her blue gulf; here is the graceful outline of the high mountains of the Peloponnesus, and the sea, and the isles; and in the back-

ground, the elegant Hydra, whose daughters cover their heads, and do not cover their bosom.

Between Argos and Sparta, the road (the path, I mean) traverses a strangely varied country—burning plains with the oleander in flower, and icy mountains, where the oaks and mulberry-trees are still waiting for their first leaves. In a few hours you pass from spring to winter; and you meet with a change of climate three or four times a day.

The Eurotas is the most beautiful river in the Morea; I will not say that you could launch steamboats in it, or even little skiffs, but it is a real river, where water is to be found at all seasons. The Ilissus is wet after rain; the Cephissus has always got a little water, but divided into a hundred little rills, which would have reminded Madame de Staël of the ditch in the Rue du Bac. The road to Sparta brought us unexpectedly to the finest spot on the Eurotas: its bed there is perhaps fifteen yards wide; the water, very clear and rapid, runs over a bed of fine sand between two clumps of trees, behind which rise lofty and precipitous rocks, sometimes of a reddish colour, sometimes gilded with the sun. The bridge is of a single arch, a very bold one—it is a Venetian construction. The willows, poplars, and enormous plane-trees, crowd and encumber one another on the water bank—one might say, each was struggling to get a place to look at the Eurotas going by. Here the oleanders are real trees, taller than ten-year-old oaks. It is not to be supposed, however, as M. de Chateaubriand has made many people to believe, that they are only to be found on the Eurotas; there are no brooks without oleanders. We encamped amidst fig-trees with broad leaves, olive-trees with scanty foliage—the trees of Judea, which had already assumed their shining leaves without dropping their little violet flowers, wild vines, shrubs of ever-green oak, woodbine, broom, and those tall reeds common in

Italy, whose stalk is sometimes twenty feet high. There, for the first time, I again found that delightful smell of the forest, which I had almost forgotten since leaving France. Doubtless it was in this little nook that Jupiter, disguised as a swan, fluttered round Leda; and perhaps we breakfasted in the bower that served as ante-chamber for his metamorphosis. The two artists who travelled with me, and who every day found fault with Greece for being wanting in foregrounds, forgave her in favour of the Eurotas and Laconia. The fertile plain of Sparta, entirely covered with large trees, extends between a range of gentle hills, and the enormous chain of Taygetus, bristling with pines, and capped with snow. It is the most majestic horizon that I have ever seen after the plain of Rome, which will always be above all comparison. At first sight of the country, when from the top of a mountain one sees Lacedæmonia unrolled beneath, one is struck with admiration.* Paris must have been very beautiful, for Helen to have consented to leave behind such a domain!

Ancient Sparta has entirely perished. While the remains of Athens still shine with youth and beauty, and draw from afar the attention of the traveller—it is under barley-fields that a buried theatre, a tomb, a few fragments of wall are to be looked for, to find the place where her rival stood. After a duel of more than twenty centuries, Athens has conquered Sparta, and remains mistress of the field of battle. The Sparta of the Middle Ages, Mistra, is a steep mountain, covered from top to bottom with broken-down mosques, castles, and houses; strangely picturesque ruins, amidst which one is inclined to regret, for the sake of harmony, the Turks, among these vigorous ruins of a great nation. New

* The Greeks have a belief, that if they ascend to the summit of Taygetus on 1st July, they can descry Constantinople on the horizon. They discover Constantinople everywhere.

Sparta is a creation of King Otho, who has formed the useless project of resuscitating all the great names of Greece. It is a governmental and commercial town, composed entirely of shops, barracks, and public offices.

Laconia is not to be pitied. It is true, she no longer possesses either the laws of Lycurgus, or that artificial organization which violently transformed a nation of men into a regiment of soldiers; she has lost that brutal power which she abused to oppress her neighbours, and make Helots of them: but there remains to her a fertile soil—good for sowing and good for planting; the broad shade of the mulberry and of the fig tree; cool and limpid streams; Taygetus, whose head would be lost in the clouds, if there were any clouds; lastly, there still remains to her a most beautiful race of men. Virgil, already affected by that languor which was to bear him to his grave, regretted Greece, like all those who have seen it; but what he chiefly desired was, to see the Laconian virgins dancing, on Taygetus, the sacred dance of Bacchus. They have not degenerated, those graceful sisters of Helen and of Leda; but they no longer dance,—they drive the plough.

The general aspect of Laconia brings especially to mind the idea of force. A few landscapes, however, are to be met with, of very delicate outlines. Four hours after leaving Sparta we travelled through a pretty wood, whose young leaves shone with the brilliancy of emeralds. Thick matted grass formed everywhere carpets at the feet of the oaks and wild olive-trees; golden broom and tall heather, as high as shrubs, entwined themselves in confusion with lentisks and arbutus—a thousand strong perfumes, escaped from the soil, or exhaled from the foliage, or brought from afar by the breeze, combined to intoxicate us. At each step we crossed some little rill of water, pouring from a rock to refresh

our eye; or else some streamlet, following us for a quarter of an hour, concealed and silent under the grass, betrayed itself suddenly by a gentle murmur or a silvery gleam. These are the most exquisite delights to be found in Greece, next to, or perhaps before, the pleasure of admiring the masterpieces of art—a little cool water under a genial sun. And do not think that to appreciate these beauties it is necessary to have the soul of Rousseau, who wept over a periwinkle flower: the Turks, who are not sensitive, still sigh at the name of Greece, and, in the monotonous plains of Thessaly, exclaim with tears: “Alas! for the cool waters in the mountains!”

7. Arcadia—The course of the Néda—We travel in a river bed—The Ladon.

Arcadia, which the poets have so much sung about, is not a landscape for the opera. Forbidding scenery, steep mountains, deep ravines, rapid torrents, few plains, no cultivation, this, in a few words, is Arcadia. The Styx, which the natives now call the Black Water, is a river of Arcadia—so violent, so noisy, and so terrible, that the ancients made it one of the streams of Hell. The Néda, less fearful than the Styx, has two different aspects near the village of Pavlitzá: it forms little cascades, like a miniature of those of Tivoli; a league further on, it precipitates itself into a chasm with the roar of a cataract. Nearing its mouth, it is only a rivulet in a bed as wide as a valley. We travelled a long time over the damp pebbles through which it winds; when the water passed to the right, we took the left. Greece sees each moment men in the path of the torrent, and torrents in the paths of men. In the middle of the river-bed one falls in with large trunks of trees stripped of the bark, heaps of broken branches matted together, enormous pebbles coarsely rounded: these uprooted trees, these peeled trunks, the banks everywhere ravaged,

—these are entirely the works of the Néda. Whilst we descended with the stream, a storm began to form behind us; Leftéri warned us to hasten, if we did not wish to let it cut off our road. Fortunately the rain waited till we were under shelter. An hour after, the road we had just travelled dry-foot or nearly so, resembled the bed of the Seine after the melting of the snows; the Néda had become a large river. Before night it no longer appeared; and we crossed it without wetting our feet whilst chasing the fire-flies.

The Ladon, the most beautiful of all the rivers of Arcadia, and the dearest to the bucolic poets, did not give me an agreeable impression the first time I crossed it. I saw, between flat and naked banks, a little muddy water flowing in a broad bed; and I pitied the poor authors of pastoral sonnets who have so admired the Ladon without knowing it. These little rivers, whenever they are not torrents, in their wide ravines, are like children that have been put to bed in their grandfather's four-poster. Besides, I must confess, that at this first interview my mind was not well-disposed to admire. I had just taken a bath in the Erymanthus, much against my will, and through the caprice of the great Epaminondas my horse. This animal has the same passion as M. de Chateaubriand—he wishes to carry away some of the water of every river that he crosses. When I again saw the Ladon, it was rather nearer its source. We had pitched our camp in the coolest, most tasteful, and magnificent temple that nature ever constructed for herself with her own hands. The river, which is quite ten yards wide, runs rapidly, carrying away with its yellow waters lumber of all kinds. It eats away its banks, and often carries down to the Alpheus trees which have grown upon its banks. Never in this spot does a ray of the sun penetrate to the surface of the water, so closely do the trees on either bank meet and entwine their branches.


There are planes, which in spring exhale a luscious smell of honey; tall willows, springing from the middle of the stream, which scatter in the air their downy seed, and throw over the water the slender shade of their foliage; evergreen oaks, whose leaves glow in the spring with a ruddy tint; ash-trees, with knotty trunks and indented leaves; arbutus trees, with their hanging clusters of large green berries; elms, those poor classical elms, so despised by the poets of our days, and greatly fallen from the high rank in which verse had placed them; there are odoriferous lentisks, whose smallest twig, if planted, forms in ten years a thicket of leaves; woodbines, sweetbriars, scattering on our heads a shower of petals and perfumes; and in all directions, clematis, vines, and convolvulus of every species. Often a wild vine seizes on some tree, scales it from branch to branch to its top, and falls down again like a cascade. There are many large trees without name or form, which the ivy has strangled in its arms, and clothed their corpses with an everlasting foliage. At our feet, the earth is covered with young fern, whose extremities are still twisted like scorpions; the grass, green and matted, is sown with buttercups, wild mallows, and daisies—real daisies like those of France. This is the habitation of coolness and of peace; it is so hot in Attica, so monotonous everywhere else, that I can understand the whim of some recluse who should come and establish himself on the banks of the Ladon, and sleep away his life with the murmur of the water, under the noble plane-trees, and in the neighbourhood of the shepherds. We halted there three or four hours; we had not eaten of that lotus-flower which makes one forget one's country.

8. Conclusion—Greece, such as it is.

The next day after my return to Athens, I received a visit from the two naval officers with whom I had travelled four or

five months before. When they had laughed sufficiently at my brown hands and my face, which the sun had taken care to colour like a brick, "Well," said they, "what of Greece, beautiful Greece?"

"Indeed, gentlemen," I answered, "I persist in thinking that she has not obtained her name under false pretences. In the first place, she is neither so bare nor so sterile as you would have had me to believe. You can find there trees and refreshing landscapes if you take the trouble to look for them; and then, too, sterility has its own beauty quite as much as abundance—it has even, if I am not mistaken, a beauty of a greater originality. I admit that Greece is not like Normandy—so much the worse for Normandy. Perhaps the country was more wooded, greener, and better watered, in ancient times; the forests have been burned, the rains have carried away the soil, and the rocks have been laid bare. It would not be difficult to make the whole of Greece grow green again—a few millions and a few years would be sufficient; make plantations on all the mountains; vegetable soil will form; the rains will become more frequent; the torrents will change into streams; the country will be more fertile;—will it be more beautiful? I doubt it. The Acropolis of Athens, which is the most admirable rock in the world, is a hundred times more so in summer, when the sun has burned up the grass, than in March, when it is patched here and there with green. If an enchanter or a capitalist produced the miracle of changing the Morea into another Normandy, he would obtain as his reward the unanimous maledictions of all artists. Greece has no more need of meadows than the plain of Normandy of rocks, or than the vicinity of Rome has need of forests."



CHAPTER II.

THE MEN.

i Population of Greece—The Hellenes of the present are not Slavs—Fanariotes
—Palikars—Islanders—National costume.

THE population of Greece is about nine hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. We have Departments more populous than this kingdom.

The Greek race composes the great majority of the nation. This is a truth which it has been attempted to discredit. According to a certain paradoxical school, there are no more Greeks in Greece—all the population is Albanian, that is to say, Slav.* It is not difficult to see the tendency of such a doctrine, which changes the sons of Aristides into fellow-citizens of the Emperor Nicholas.

But it is enough to have eyes to be able to distinguish the Greeks—a slim and delicate race—from the coarse Albanians. The Greek race has very little degenerated, and those tall young men with a slender waist, oval face, quick eye, and ready wit, who fill the streets of Athens, are surely of the family that furnished models to Phidias.

It is true that the War of Independence has destroyed the greater part of the population. Since Greece has become free, she has been re-peopled,—but by the accession of Greek families.

* The Albanians are in no way related to the Slavs. Their language is a separate one, distinct on the one side from the Slav, on the other from the Greek.—Zv.

Some came from Constantinople, and that famous quarter, the Fanar, which has so long had a hand in the affairs of Turkey. It is known that part of the Byzantine nobility remained at Constantinople after the conquest of the town by Mahommed II. More learned and clever than the Turks, these Greeks, some of whom were of the Imperial lineage, undertook to regain by stratagem all that the force of arms had deprived them of. They became the interpreters, the secretaries, the advisers of the Sultans; and, modestly concealed in subordinate positions, they had the talent of leading their masters. More than one raised himself to the rank of *hospodar*—that is, of governor of a province; those who did not reach so high, consoled themselves by getting rich. They reckon about fifty thousand Greeks in Fanar who wait for the restoration of the Byzantine empire, and do a good business in the meanwhile.

After the War of Independence, when a Greek country arose, several Fanariot families came and established themselves around the king. What drew them thither, was first independence, and perhaps as much the creation of a court, whose principal offices they hoped to fill.* The first families of Athens, the Morousi, the Sontzo, the Mavrocordatos, the Argyropoulos, &c., are Fanariot families.

It was also after the War of Independence that a great number of the Greeks from the north, the best of those mountaineers who had begun the revolt, tore themselves from their

* For a description of the Fanariot system, see Zalloni's *Essai sur les Fanariotes*: Marseilles, 1824. He concludes with the following words, p. 341 :—" Mais je ne cessera de dire aux Grecs : méfiez vous des Fanariotes : ce n'est point parmi eux que vous trouverez un appui désintéressé et encore moins un monarque équitable ; et si vous en doutez, consultez les Valdagnes et les Moldaves, si longtemps éprouvés par eux ; demandez-leur où sont les bienfaits qu'ils ont recueillis de leur administration, et s'ils avaient une couronne à offrir, si c'est au Fanar où ils choisiraient une tête pour la porter ? "

M. Zalloni had good opportunities of studying the Fanariotes, having been doctor of Yussuf Pasha, the Grand Vizir, and of several Fanariot hospodars.—Tr.

native country, which diplomacy had left in the hands of the Turks, and established themselves in that kingdom which they had founded at the expense of their blood. These mountaineers, these former chiefs of rebels and robbers (for brigandage was one of the forms of war), have brought into Athens the strange usages of their country. With the other chiefs, who formerly inhabited the Morea, they formed the most original and characteristic portion of the Greek people. They give to themselves the title of Palikars, that is to say, braves. They have remained faithful to the national dress, and wear proudly the red cap, the golden jacket, and the white skirt; they ride horses with Turkish saddle-cloths; they go out armed, followed by a tail of armed men. Their houses are rather like fortresses, and their servants, chosen from among old soldiers or their tenants, form a little army. They practise liberally a ruinous hospitality; all the people who come up to Athens from their part of the country, are received at their houses, and find every night a place under a shed, and a piece of bread with something else for every meal. When they visit one another, they imitate the silent reserve of the Turks, talk little, smoke a great deal, and drink cups upon cups of coffee. They salute one another by placing the hand on the breast, say *yes* by inclining the head, and *no* by throwing it back. Their language is chequered with Turkish words, which makes it rather difficult to understand. Some of them can still speak Turkish; the greater number can say a few words of Italian; not one of them knows French, and they pride themselves on their ignorance.

Their wives, without being positively shut up, go out little; they are ignorant and shy in company, and always trembling before him whom they call their lord. They are ignorant of the use of stays, and wear the national cap.

The Fanariotes dress in the French fashions, and ride on English saddles. They speak a purified Greek; they know French, and often other languages; they resemble other European nations; their wives are ladies, who get their gowns from Paris.

In a hundred years there will be no more Palikars. Now the Greek race is, so to say, divided into two nations, of which one is imperceptibly melting away into the other; the future is for the black coats.

Between the Palikars and the Fanariotes, but nearer to the latter, are the islanders; they are all seamen or traders, generally both at once. They wear the red cap, with a particular fold, a short jacket, and the immense Turkish trowsers.

It is a fact worth observing, that the so-called national costume of the Greeks is borrowed either from the Turks or the Albanians. King Otho, to show his patriotism and to make himself popular, puts on on feast-days the dress of a small nation of Slavs; and the sailors of Hydra, to distinguish themselves from the barbarians of the West, adorn themselves with a Turkish costume.

All Greeks, of whatever condition or whatever origin, shave the beard and wear the moustache; they let their beard grow when in mourning. Dandies, who wear whiskers in the European fashion, are thought ill of by good citizens.

The Palikars think it good taste to pinch their waists immoderately. It is the men that wear stays; and as the Greek race is thin and nervous, as much as the Turkish race is heavy and powerful, when you see the people assembled in an open space, you can fancy yourself among the wasps of Aristophanes.

Here is, in a few words, the whole dress of an Athenian

Palikar—a long cloth shirt, with a large turned-down collar, without a neckcloth; short cotton drawers; stockings sometimes, always leggings, fastened up to the knees, like enough to the *κνημίδες* of Homer's heroes; red slippers; a fustanella or petticoat, very ample and drawn tight round the waist in little folds; a sash and narrow garters of coloured silk; a waistcoat without sleeves; a jacket with open sleeves; a red cap with a blue tassel; a broad leather belt, to which is suspended the embroidered handkerchief, purse, tobacco-bag, ink-stand, and arms. The jacket and gaiters are generally of silk, and often embroidered with gold. The dress of a servant in a great house, or of an official with a salary of six hundred francs a year, is worth six hundred francs. In winter, the Palikars wrap themselves up in a cloak of white wool, which imitates pretty well a sheep's fleece, or in a huge felt covering, impenetrable by the rain. In summer, to guard themselves against sun-strokes, they roll a handkerchief round their caps like a turban; in some villages the turban is still in fashion, and they shave the head.

The women's costume is varied *ad infinitum*; not only each village has its own, but each woman modifies it after her own manner. The Athenians wear a petticoat of silk or printed calico, according to their condition, with a velvet jacket open in front; they wear the red cap falling over the ear, and generally they content themselves with rolling round their heads a large plait of hair, twisted with a handkerchief. This enormous plait belongs to them, for they have paid for it, or received it as an heirloom.

The Albanian women wear a long shift of cotton cloth, embroidered, at the skirt, the collar, and the sleeves, with silks of all colours—this is the principal part of their clothing; to this is added an apron, and a paletot of thick woollen, a broad sash of black wool; and for the head-dress, a cotton scarf em-

broidered like the shift. One constantly meets women with this elementary clothing.

2. The Greek type—The women of Athens—Beauty of the men—Sobriety of the whole people—Effects of wine in hot countries.

The beauty of the Greek race is so celebrated, and travellers so fully expect to find in Greece the family of the Venus of Milos, that they think they have been taken in when they arrive at Athens.

The Athenian women are neither beautiful nor well made ; they have neither the lively physiognomy of Frenchwomen, nor the full rich beauty of the Roman dames, nor the pale, white delicacy of the Turkish women—one sees nothing in the town but ugly creatures with broad noses, flat feet, and ill-formed waists. It is because Athens, twenty-five years ago, was only an Albanian village. The Albanians formed, and still form, almost the whole of the population of Attica ; and within three leagues of the capital, villages are to be found where Greek is hardly understood. Athens has been rapidly peopled with men of all kinds and nations ; that explains the ugliness of the Athenian type. Beautiful Greek women, and these are rare, are only to be met with in certain privileged islands, or in some nooks of the mountains where intruders have not penetrated.

The men, on the contrary, are handsome and well-made throughout all the kingdom. Their great height, slender body, thin face, long bent nose, and large moustache, give them a martial air. They sometimes preserve till seventy years old a slender waist and a free and easy gait ; with them obesity is an unknown evil, and the gouty are the only persons that grow corpulent.

The Greek race is dry, nervous, and spare, as the country that nourishes it ; it would be sufficient to drain some of the marshes in order to suppress all the epidemic fevers, and make

of the Greeks the most healthy, as they are the most sober people of Europe.

The food of an English labourer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor, with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population eats meat at Easter for the whole year;—I do not believe a Greek ever died of indigestion.

Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks: they are great drinkers, but water drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it, but if they enter a tavern, it is to chatter. The coffee-houses of Athens are full of people, and at all hours: but the customers do not take strong liquors—they ask for a cup of coffee at a penny, a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominos—they have there enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the kingdom.

Even if sobriety were not natural to this people, it would be imposed upon them by the climate. Under this burning sky, a few drops of spirits suffice to upset a man. The English garrison at Corfu gets drunk every day with its rations of liquor; our sailors on the station at Piræus become more than half-seas-over when intending only to refresh themselves; and if ever the Russians make themselves masters of Greece, they must, under pain of death, condemn themselves to be sober.

3. The Greeks have no violent passions—Madmen very rare in the kingdom and very common in the Ionian Islands: the reason why.

It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination

for any kind of excesses, and that they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety. They are passionless, and I believe that in all times they have been the same; for the monstrous habits of which history accuses them, and which they have got rid of, arose rather from the depravation of the mind than from the violence of the senses. These memorable horrors were nothing but sophisms carried into action.

Now, the Greeks are capable of love and hate, but neither their hatred nor their love is blind; they do good and evil with reflection, and reason always insinuates herself into their most violent actions. They do not go and kill an enemy till after they have made sure of impunity; they do not seduce a young girl till after having ascertained her dower.

Madness also is a malady excessively rare in the kingdom; an hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens; it will never be necessary to build one for madmen.

Curious circumstance! madness is almost epidemic in the Ionian Islands. Doctor Delviniotis, with whom I visited the Lunatic Asylum at Corfu, said to me: "Do you understand this contradiction? We have here about a hundred lunatics shut up, without mentioning those who go about free, or are confined by their own families; there is a popular prejudice that in each noble family a madman is to be found; we have persons mad from love, mad from fear, mad from ambition, whilst in the whole kingdom of Greece you can hardly count ten deranged persons!"

"And what language," I asked of the doctor, "do they speak in your country?"

"Italian. Greek is our national language, but we hardly ever learn it, and our mothers did not know it."

"That is why you have got a lunatic asylum; the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands may do what they will to inflame themselves in favour of Greece, and aspire to a union which

would make them wretched : their country is at Venice. They will never have that restlessness without an object, that noisy phlegm, or that calculating ardour, which does not belong to any but to the Greek people."

- 4 The Greek people still one of the most lively of Europe : they work easily—
Curiosity—A learned schoolmaster, and a village desirous of being taught.

The Greeks have got just so much energy as is necessary to carry into execution what they may have of intelligence.

They have intelligence, as much so as any nation, and there is, so to say, no intellectual labour of which they are incapable. They understand quickly and well ; they learn with wonderful facility all that they please to learn, that is, all that it is their interest to know. I do not think that they are very apt for sciences of lofty speculations, and perhaps some centuries may go by before Greece produce metaphysicians or algebraists ; but Greek workmen learn in a few months a trade even when difficult, young commercial men rapidly fit themselves for speaking five or six languages, students of law, medicine, and theology, acquire in a very short time the knowledge necessary for their profession : all minds are open to all profitable knowledge ; the love of gain is a master that will some day teach them all the arts.

They study from necessity ; they study also from vanity. A people that has intelligence and self-love, is one of which one need not despair. They learn, well or ill, ancient Greek, in order to convince themselves that they are sons of the Hellenes ; they study their history to have something to boast about. They instruct themselves, lastly, from simple curiosity, and show as much anxiety to relate what they know, as to learn what they are ignorant of.

I remember, one day, after a long day's journey in the mountains of Arcadia, our Agoyats, who had rather got out of

the road, led us to a village on a height, far from the beaten track, and the wanderings of travellers: the inhabitants did not remember having seen a European coat. We had hardly stopped in the street, when the schoolmaster took possession of us, and began to do the honours of his village, and to enumerate to us all the mythological glories of the country: "That snow-covered mountain is Cyllene, where Mercury was born; it was here that in his childhood he stole the oxen of Apollo; and, whilst Apollo was scolding to make him give them back, he found means to rob him of his quiver."

"And your pupils," I asked, "are they still brought up with the same principles?"

"No, not precisely so, but always something of it remains; bad example always bears fruit. It was there behind the church that Hercules caught the fawn of Erymanthus." In fact, we could see the summit of Erymanthus, and without doing injustice to the incontestable merits of Hercules, I only thought, I own, of those delightful verses of André Chenier, the last Greek poet:—

"O coteaux d'Erymanthe ! ô vallons ! ô bocage !
O vent sonore et frais qui troublais le feuillage,
Et faisais frémir l'onde, et sur leur jeune sein
Agitais les replis de leur robe de lin !

O visage divin, ô fêtes, ô chansons !
Des pas entrelacés, des fleurs, une onde pure ;
Aucun lieu n'est si beau dans toute la nature."

"Sir," said the schoolmaster, in going down past the house of the mayor (the *paredros*), "you would arrive at Gortyne, which was the country of the god Pan: to our ancestors he inspired a panic fear. You know that it was down there by the banks of the Ladon that he pursued Syrinx, when that virtuous woman, for her merits, was changed into a reed." It was thus that the schoolmaster took pleasure in setting forth his modest erudition, and in teaching us things which we knew

better than himself. When he had said his say, he wished in turn to ask us a few questions. If ever I regretted not being a walking encyclopædia, it was during the examination this good man put me through ; all the youth of the place eagerly caught at my answers, and did not miss such a good opportunity of getting information. If he let me rest a moment, all his neighbours suggested new questions to him. They had to be told of France, of Paris, and our large rivers, of the railroads, of balloons, of England and China, and particularly of California. Their curiosity was not of too ignorant a nature, and their very questions showed that they had a tolerable knowledge of things. They listened to my answers in murmuring silence, and passed on the answers to those that were too far off to hear me. It was thus Herodotus must have been listened to, when he related the wonders of Egypt and India to this people, full of intelligence and curiosity.

5. Passion for liberty : there have always been free men in Greece—Brigandage and piracy are two forms of freedom—Maina has never obeyed any one—Taxes paid at the point of a sabre.

Every intelligent man is proud of being a man, and jealous of his freedom. When the Russians shall have learned to think, they will no longer be willing to obey ; Greeks hate obedience. The love of liberty must be deeply sunk in their souls, when so many centuries of obedience have not been able to tear it out.

The nature of the country is singularly favourable to the development of individualism. Greece is cut out into an infinity of fractions by the mountains and the sea. This geographical arrangement favoured in former times the division of the Greek nation into little states, independent of one another, and which resembled ever so many different individuals. In each of these states, the citizen, instead of

allowing himself to be absorbed into the collective existence of the city, defended with a jealous care his personal rights and his own individuality. If he felt himself menaced by the community, he found a refuge on the sea, on the mountain, or in a neighbouring state which adopted him.

Thanks to the sea and the mountains, Greece might be subdued, but she could remain free; the Archipelago has never been without pirates, the mountains have never been wanting for robbers and Clephts. The two southern peninsulas of the Morea remained unsubdued. The Mavromichalis, beys of Maina, administered all this country themselves, and only paid to the Turks a mockery of a tax, which the tax-gatherer came with fear to receive on the frontier. They held out to him, at the end of a naked sabre, a purse containing a few pieces of gold.

The mountaineers of Maina are rude and uncultured as their country. This people feeds on acorns, as did formerly the inhabitants of Dodona. The sweet acorns of the valany oak are not too bad a food. The Mainotes speak a language of their own, which is very much allied to ancient Greek; they do not pronounce it like the people of Athens. Their dances and their usages are exclusively their own; it is even averred that their religion has preserved some traces of Paganism.

They are, along with the Clephts of Acarnania, the most courageous of the Greeks; they are also the most robust. The porters and masons of Athens are Mainotes; they do not work with much skill, but they have shoulders sufficient for carrying an ox. When Beulé was conducting his diggings at the Acropolis, he had given the direction of the works to two labourers,—one was lively, clever, and a dawdler—he was of Athens; the other was heavy, powerful, and indefatigable—he was a Mainote. It seemed to us that the Peloponnesian

war was going to begin again, and that we saw Athens and Sparta face to face.

Travellers rarely penetrate into Maina, for Laconia has always been richer in virtues than in works of art, and nothing antique is to be found beyond the usages. The inhabitants are as in former ages, at the same time robbers and hospitable. A stranger that nobody knows, is sure to come back without baggage. I saw one day in the town of Mistra, on the confines of Maina, at the door of the town-hall, one of my friends who was struggling with a dozen Mainotes. These good people politely insisted on his giving them a five-franc piece; he refused it with no less politeness. To exhort him to liberality, they dropped many hints of beating him with their cudgels, and they showed him the fire-arms that adorned their persons. The chief of the band was a petty clerk in the prefecture, who talked loudly of his official title. I came in time to disengage my travelling companion; respect is conceded to two men together, which would be refused to either of them separately. I threatened the ringleader of this band of rogues, and made much of the name of a deputy of Mistra, for whom I had a letter. My man began to laugh. "Such a one!" he exclaimed; "I know him—he is one of my men (*dikos mou*)."

Get a recommendation to some rather powerful Mainote, and you travel through the country free of cost. Your host directs you to all his friends. You will be led from village to village, kissed on the mouth, and in the poorest house they will kill a lamb in your honour. This liberality is not interested. Perhaps some day your host will ask you for your watch, or for some other jewel he has taken a fancy to; but it is a present for friendship's sake, and of which he will restore to you the value.

It is well known how affable the English are to the stranger

who has been introduced to them, and how cold they are towards those who introduce themselves. The Mainotes have the same quality and the same fault, rather exaggerated; their affability goes as far as kissing, and their coldness does not stick at musket shots. In spite of these little faults, they are the most interesting of their countrymen, because they are more like men.

For the future, whoever becomes master of Greece, Maina will always be an inaccessible country, and freedom will be able to find there a refuge.

6. Equality—Greeks equal in the time of Homer; they will be so for ever—Impossibility of founding an aristocracy—The minister and the grocer—The real truth about the Greek princes to be seen at Paris—Nobles ashamed of their nobility; their visiting cards.

The Greeks of all times have possessed the feeling of equality; it may be seen in Homer how the soldiers spoke to their leaders, and slaves to their masters. The king was not much above his subjects; there were no marked inequalities in society: the poor and the beggars were struck or insulted, but not despised or humiliated. Sometimes an ox's hoof or a wooden stool was thrown at their head, but they spoke freely to the chiefs, and ate with them. The slaves themselves were treated with honour, and Eumeus embraced with familiarity the son of Ulysses. All the translators of Homer, who have introduced the word *you* in the dialogues, have made a blunder. The Greeks always have done, and still do, speak to another in the second person singular.

Aristophanes teaches us how this people, in his time, treated its governing men, its orators, and its philosophers. There was in Athens an aristocratic party, but no aristocracy; there is none to this day, and I defy the cleverest to establish one. The almanac of Gotha will never find any clients on the banks of the Ilissus.

In fact, to establish an aristocracy that can be endured or excused, a class of society must be found, having at once more glory, more money, and more intelligence, than the others. No aristocracy without glory, that is, without ancestors; no aristocracy without money, that is, without independence; and a nobility that has nothing but renown and money has not a long time to live.

All the Greeks are equally free from money and glory. There are not a hundred families in the kingdom that are certain of their daily bread; so much for their riches. They have all borne the weight of the Turkish rule up to the moment when we delivered them from it—all alike have been beaten with the same stick; there is their glory!

For intelligence and instruction they have all got about an equal dose, and all of them, or very near it, think that they belong to the aristocracy of intelligence.

When a minister passes through the Hermes Street on his way to the palace, the grocer or barber readily calls out to him, "Ho, my poor friend! how badly you are governing us!" The minister answers, "It is easy to see that you do not hold the handle of the frying-pan."

The Constitution does not admit of any distinctions of nobility, and it does well.

Yet it is not a rare thing to hear a Greek prince's name announced in the *salons* of Paris, and Greek counts are common enough in lodging-houses. The counts may be of good coinage, but then they come from the Ionian Islands, and do not belong to the kingdom of Greece; as to the princes, they do not belong to any aristocracy, but they have made themselves what they are.

All Greeks who, under the Turkish rule, have filled the temporary functions of hospodar or bey, that is to say, of administrator, have exchanged the title they no longer had for

the more pompous one of prince. Their children and grandchildren of both sexes, to make sure of inheriting something, take in their turn the title of prince or princess. If a dismissed sub-prefect gave himself the title of prince, and if all his children made themselves princes after him, we should laugh heartily. This is what the Greeks do, and they have never believed in earnest in the Fanariot principdoms with which Athens is inundated. The Greek princes have two kinds of visiting cards: on the one they write John, Constantine, or Michael X—; on the other, the Prince X—; the first are for the Greeks, the latter for the dupes.*

7. Patriotism—Insurrection of Cephalonia—Valour of the Greeks—Their distaste for agriculture—Passion for commerce—Petros wants to buy his master's horse.

I have recognised in the Greeks two political virtues—the love of freedom, and the feeling of equality; a third must be added—that of patriotism.

No doubt a great deal of vanity enters into the love of the Greeks for their country, and they strangely blind themselves as to the real importance of Greece. According to them, all the events of Europe have in Greece their centre and end. If England has made a Universal Exhibition, it was to put in view the products of Greece; if France has made a revolution, it is to supply interesting articles to the newspapers of Athens; if the Emperor Nicholas covets Constantinople, it is for the purpose of laying it at King Otho's feet. The Greek nation is the first nation of the world; Greece, a country without its equal; the Seine and the Thames are subterranean branches of the Cephissus and Ilissus. I pass over these foibles. It

* It should be remembered that, after the downfall of Brankovano, the last native hospodar, which was brought about by Fanariot intrigues, the hospodars were selected from the Fanariot dragomans of the Porte, so that all these so-called princes had also been dragomans. The reputation generally attaching to this name was established and created by the Fanariots.—See Zalloni's *Essai sur les Fanariotes*, p. 19. *Marseilles*, 1824.—Tr.

is certain that many Greeks of the islands have, like the great Conduriottis, sacrificed all their property, which was considerable, to free their country. All the public buildings of Athens have been built by subscription, and the greater number of the Greeks who live out of their country, bequeath their property to Greece. Finally, the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, who are richer, happier, and a hundred times better governed than the subjects of King Otho, revolted after the events of 1848; they wanted to be ruined by taxes, robbed by tax-gatherers, ravaged by brigands, ill-used by soldiery, and to enjoy all the advantages which a deplorable government has for twenty years been securing to Greece.

Does Greek patriotism go the length of exposing itself to musket-balls? this is a question I have often discussed with the Philhellenes. Europe believed at one time that all the Greeks were heroes; I have heard some old soldiers affirm that they were all cowards. I think I am nearer the truth in saying that their valour is discreet and reflecting. During the War of Independence, they fought chiefly as skirmishers, behind bushes. It will be easy to believe this, when I add that they are given to resting their gun on a tree or a stone, to make sure of their shot. Sportsmen never kill game flying; they shoot partridges sitting, and hares in the form. It is in this way they formerly went out shooting men. No doubt, there have been found among them some soldiers brave enough to venture on the plain, but they were not the greater number. Canaris, who used to set fire to a fleet by lying alongside of it, was a subject of astonishment to the whole nation. It must not be supposed that all the Greeks were like Canaris, and it is always a bad plan to judge of a nation from individuals. It was not the Greek fleet that attacked Xerxes at Salamis; it was one man, it was Themistocles. The Greeks wanted not to fight; and Herodotus relates, that a voice was

heard in the air which exclaimed, "Cowards! when will you cease to retreat?"

The Greek nation is not born to make war, whatever it may say. Had it as much courage as it pretends to, discipline, which is the principal strength of war, will always be wanting. The Greeks assert they are not fit for agriculture, and I am much afraid they are right; agriculture requires more patience, more perseverance, and a more stable mind than the Hellenes have ever had for their share. They like distant voyages, hazardous enterprises, venturesome speculations. The Greek finds himself in his right place at the door of a shop, whence he invites customers, or on the deck of a vessel where he amuses the passengers. Sitting, he is satisfied with his dignity; standing, he admires himself in his elegance; but it is repugnant to him to stoop towards the earth. Our labourers would call him an idler; they would be wrong—he has mental activity. Greeks who cultivate the ground feel themselves humiliated; their ambition is to have a servant's place, or to own a little tavern. The ungrateful soil which they harass does not speak to their hearts—they have not, like our peasants, or their own ancestors, a love of the soil; they have forgotten the poetical myths which fabled it the mother of men. The French peasant only thinks of enlarging his field, the Greek peasant is always ready to sell it.

For that matter, they sell whatever they can, first to get money, and then for the pleasure of selling. In France, if you proposed to a workman to buy his coat, he would thrust his hands into his pockets, and answer: "My coat is not to be sold." In Greece, stop a man in the street, and ask him if he will sell his shoes; if you offer a somewhat reasonable price, the odds are ten to one he will return home barefooted. In our travels, when we lodged in the houses of persons pretty well off, we had no need to send to the bazaar; our

hosts gave us, at fair market prices, the wine from their cellar, the bread from their oven, and the chickens from their hen-roost. They would undress, if required, to sell us their clothes; I have brought away with me an Albanian shirt very well embroidered, which I had bought still warm! On the other hand, once or twice peasants have begged us to sell them things they saw in our possession. One day, at Sparta, an individual who had come to sell me some coins, wanted to buy the inkstand I was using. Petros, our servant, having heard that Beulé wanted to sell his horse, came to him, rolling his cap between his hands, to ask to be allowed to make the first offer. "But what on earth," asked Beulé, "will you do with my horse?" "I will let it to you for hire, sir, for the day."

8. Reverse of the coin—The Greeks are undisciplined and jealous—Law of the Autochthones and Heterochthones—Greek probity—Two ministers dispute about a perquisite—The president of the Areopagus makes a raffle for his garden.

Every coin has its reverse, and it is very seldom that a virtue has not got a vice tacked on to it.

With the Greeks, love of freedom is combined with contempt for the laws and for all regular authority; the love of equality manifests itself, often by a ferocious jealousy of all those who better themselves; narrow patriotism becomes selfishness, and a commercial spirit approaches very near the borders of trickery and cheating.

The Palikars have learned from their birth to violate the laws, and the Fanariotes how to elude them; the mass of the people has never obeyed except when forced to it, and does not think itself under any obligations towards a feeble government. Religion, as we will explain later, only prescribes to its followers some superstitious practices, and forgets to preach morality; authority does not know how to make

itself respected, and seems to have no confidence in itself—in short, everything contributes to make of the Greek people the most undisciplined nation on earth.

The same jealousy which formerly dictated the severe sentences of the ostracism, now causes all men who have risen above a certain level to be proscribed. Some are assassinated with the knife, others done to death by slander. Question a Greek about all the great names of his country, and he will not touch one without dirtying it. This one has betrayed, that one has robbed, such another has advised or ordered an assassination; the purest have been of infamous morals. There is not a Greek who is esteemed in Greece.

Greek patriotism manifests itself in two entirely opposite ways, from within and from without the country. The Greeks abroad adore their common country, they strip themselves for her, and only think of the means of making her richer and greater. The Greeks within only think of how to shut the door of the country upon the Greeks outside. The first have a prodigal patriotism, the latter a conservative patriotism. It is prodigal patriotism which has created all the large establishments of Greece; it is conservative patriotism which made the law of the 3d February 1844, on the *Autochthones* and the *Heterochthones*.

This law, the most unjust and inept ever voted amongst a civilized people, gives the exclusive monopoly of all public employments to the inhabitants of the Morea and Attica; it shuts up Greece to all the Greeks who are not born in the little kingdom of Otho; it excludes from the government the most intelligent, the richest, and the most zealous portion of the nation.

“May be admitted to public employment:—

“*First Category*.—1. The *Autochthones*—that is to say, the Greeks born in the kingdom itself, and living there.

"2. The Greeks, foreign to the kingdom itself, who came to Greece before 1827, and those who took part in the War of Independence from 1828 to 1829; these are assimilated to the Autochthones.

"*Second Category.*—The Heterochthones—that is, the inhabitants of continental Greece or of the islands, from those parts not now comprised within the Hellenic kingdom; but who have fought for the independence, provided that they have come and established themselves with their families, up to 1837.

"*Third Category.*—Foreigners of all nations, settled in Greece, will not be admitted to public employments:

"Those who came from the end of 1827 to the end of 1832, till two years after the promulgation of the constitution;

"Those who came from the end of 1832 to the end of 1837, till three years after;

"Those who came from the end of 1837 to the end of 1843, till four years after.

"*Fourth Category* (exception).—Do not come under the above prohibitions—officers of sea and land, consuls, dragomans, in the absence of men of the struggle, as also professors, tutors, and artists."

In virtue of this law, an islander of Scio or of Candia—a Greek of Smyrna, Corfu, or Janina, who has fought for independence, but who has not settled in the kingdom, or has not brought his family there before 1838, is incapable of filling the functions of forest-watchman. He has the right of giving a million to Greece, of constructing an observatory, a military school, a seminary, an hospital; he has not the right to propose himself as a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

The first effect of this law was the expulsion of a great

number of officials, and the disorganization of the whole service of the State; the second was that of preventing the increase of population. It does not appear that Greece is more populous now than it was twenty years ago, notwithstanding the fertility of marriages; fever, which kills one child out of three, regularly decimates all families, and the law of the Heterochthones is a barrier which stops immigration.

There is another point over which the most ardent apologists of the Greek nation are obliged to pass lightly—it is that of probity. The Greeks have made for themselves abroad a detestable reputation; in any country the name of Greek is used for a sharper or a swindler. I am obliged to admit that they do not deserve more than their reputation. I have been shown at the Court of King Otho, such a one, a superior officer, who has been several times caught cheating at cards; but the judges, who have sold justice, are not pointed out, nor the men in office who have sold themselves, nor the great officers of the Crown who have commanded bands of brigands: there would be too much to do. It is an axiom with the Greeks, that all means are good in order to get rich; lucky thieving is admired, as in ancient Sparta; blunderers are pitied; he that has been caught only blushes for one thing—for having let himself be found out. M. Casimir Leconte, an enlightened friend of Greece, a peaceful Philhellene, as he calls himself, owns in his excellent economical treatise, “that the venality of the functionaries is the subject of accusations which he is forced to record without daring to deny them.”

Once a high personage of Wallachia sent to the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs a service of plate, which was well worth fifty thousand francs. The box had this simple address—“To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.” Whilst the plate was on the road, a change of ministry occurred. The new minister receives the box, and keeps it without asking

any questions. The fallen Excellency claims it, asserting that it is a perquisite that was owing to him. There was a legal action, but no scandal. The most honest people in Athens would be people of doubtful reputation in France or England. What should we think of a high judicial functionary, who should make a lottery of an enclosure and a cottage, under the pompous title of the Academy of Plato ! The man who made this little speculation, and who sent tickets to all Europe, is an ex-minister, who presides over the highest of all the courts of justice, and who enjoys a very good reputation in his own country.

I will recapitulate in a few words ~~the~~ preceding observations.

The Greek nation is vivacious, lively, sober, intelligent, witty, and proud of these advantages ; it loves passionately liberty, equality, and its country ; but it is undisciplined, jealous, selfish, and unscrupulous, and has a strong dislike to manual labour. Lastly, and this observation is of greater importance than all the others, the population is stationary, and has received no perceptible increase in twenty-five years.

9. The Albanians and the Wallachs, labourers and shepherds—The Maltese—
Italian is being forgotten and French learnt—History of the Bavarians in
Greece—The Poles—The Turks.

The Albanians form about one-fourth of the population of the country ; they are in majority in Attica, in Arcadia, and in Hydra ; they are a strong and patient race, as fit for agriculture as the Hellenes are for commerce. The Albanians, a sedentary race, and the Wallachs, a nomad and pastoral race, labour to feed the Hellenes. They do not hunt for places, and they have no ambition of getting into public offices. Every evening at sunset, long files of Albanians are to be met on the roads, coming back with their wives from

the labour of the fields. They almost all dwell on the slopes of the Acropolis, on the spot where dwelt formerly the Pelasgi. The Wallachs sleep in the air on the hillside among their flocks. It was thus that Eumeus lived of old—

“ All but the careful master of the swine,
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care,
Well arm'd and fenced against nocturnal air;
His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied,
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied;
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusk herd he bends his way,
Where, screened from Boreas, high o'erarch'd they lay.



The dogs of the Wallachs are like those of Eumeus, ferocious animals, against which it is well to be provided with a javelin. In Greek there is but one word to express a Wallach and a shepherd.

The Albanians speak an original language, which does not approach any other Slav idiom. The Wallachs speak, as is well known, a sort of corrupt Latin not easy to recognise.

The Maltese, those Savoyards of the Mediterranean, are numerous at Athens and Piræus; they are reckoned at more than fifteen hundred. By a rather curious exception, in Greece they are of unrepachable honesty, while at Smyrna and Constantinople they form the dregs of the populace. At Constantinople, robbery and assassination is their chief occupation; at Athens, they go on errands, and are masons and gardeners—they divide with the robust inhabitants of Maina all the severe labours which the journeymen of Athens would refuse. If the Maltese are the Savoyards of Athens, the Mainotes are its Auvergnats.

The Venetian power has left nothing but its memory in continental Greece and in the Morea. The Greeks give the name of Castro-Venetien to all structures which appear to

belong to the Middle Ages. But Italian, from day to day, is more forgotten ; it is replaced by French. As for the Italians, they have disappeared from the country ; there are only a few families of them to be found in the Archipelago.

The Bavarians, who seemed to have invaded Greece, have equally disappeared.

Otho, second son of King Louis of Bavaria, was proclaimed King of Greece at the London Conference in February 1832.

He landed at Nauplia a minor, under the guidance of a council of the Regency, composed of three Bavarians, and escorted by a little army of 3500 Bavarians, on the 6th of February 1833.

Until the day he attained his majority (1st June 1835), the Bavarian regency disposed of everything in Greece, arbitrarily and without control ;—all important places were given to Bavarians ; a Bavarian was named inspector of the water and forests of the island of Syra, which possesses neither wood nor water. The Greek army was recruited with five thousand Bavarian volunteers.

When no longer a minor, the king, who had absolute power, put it wholly into the hands of M. Armansperg, a Bavarian, who wasted the finances and exasperated the people. In 1837, the king, who had just married a princess of Oldenburg, dismissed M. Armansperg, and put in his place M. Rudhart, a Bavarian, who gave the high pay of five sous a day to the Bavarian volunteers, persecuted the press, discontented the Greeks, and did not even respect the king, who dismissed him in November.

From November 1837 to September 1843, the administration was divided between the Greeks and the Bavarians—the Greeks gaining and the Bavarians losing ground every day. At the same time, the army began to fill up with Greeks, and the foreigners returned to Bavaria, so much so,

that on the 15th September 1843, there remained in the country only a few officials, and a hundred and fifty Bavarian soldiers, when the people made a revolution to drive them out.

Now, with the exception of a few servants personally belonging to the King, and paid out of the civil list, the only Bavarians to be found in Greece are the inhabitants of a poor little village near Athens, called Heracli.

At the time of my arrival in Greece (February 1852), there were at Athens twenty-five or thirty Poles, who, after having fought in Italy, found in this spare country a still scantier hospitality. The climate was bad for them; almost all had the fever, and all would have died of hunger but for the generosity of a Greek, M. Négris, who provided them with the money requisite to found a riding-school. They laboured at a loss, and M. Négris, in two years, spent there about thirty thousand francs; however, they gained a living. The people of Athens, who cannot understand the doing good without profit, accused M. Négris of conspiring against the peace of Europe, with this handful of fever-stricken old men. The Poles were ill-treated pretty regularly;* two or three were assassinated. A Greek officer insulted a Pole on the road to Piræus; the Pole called him to account; the Greek refused to fight, saying he did not know with whom he had to do. "Sir," answered the Pole, "I am an officer as well as yourself; and more than you, for I have already fought, and am ready to fight again." The Greek had the courage to hold good and not to fight. Notwithstanding this shameful treatment, these poor people tried to make themselves useful. A fire happened at Athens, the Greeks run there, according to

* In 1853, just before the beginning of the Turkish war, the intrigues of the Greeks caused a great number of Poles and Hungarians to lose the employments they had from the Bulgarians; they were obliged to seek a living elsewhere.—Tr.

their custom, to see a fire and make a noise. The Poles exposed their lives there. A short time after, they were driven out of Athens—they gave umbrage to Russia. They were dragged from their houses with a brutality which added to the odiousness of this act. They were put on board without having been able to put their affairs in order, and they set out for America without any money. The Greek Government, to justify its conduct, published in its official journal three papers seized in the house of the chief of the Poles, General Milbitz. They were three proclamations addressed two years before to the Greeks of Bulgaria and Servia, to exhort them to distrust Russia.*

* I give here an extract from these proclamations, to show that these poor Poles were neither incendiaries nor madmen :—

“ Let us examine if there is any advantage whatever for the nations which compose the East, to pass under the sovereignty of Russia. You are serfs under the Ottoman rule; you would be worse off under the Muscovite sceptre.

“ Now you are not unhappy, whilst with the Russian government poverty awaits you, because the Russian officials are more greedy and unjust than the Turks. Your sons will be sent to people Siberia or to die in the Caucasus; your wives will become the mistresses of the Russian officials;—in a word, you will undergo all that the Poles have suffered, who have reached so far as to forget even their mother tongue.”

The following passage proves, indeed, that General Milbitz had had a second-sight of the present war. I remind the reader that what he is going to read dates from 1849 or 1850 :—

“ I will now say but a few words upon the policy of the powers interested in the Eastern question.

“ As I have said, Prussia will do nothing directly.

“ Austria will follow the policy of Russia; but if Hungary and Italy make an insurrection, she also will be unable to act directly.

“ Russia alone will act, without any doubt, openly; *she will immediately send her troops into the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia*, but without attacking the Turks. She will speculate on the reverses it is possible they may meet with, and will then send her whole force to devastate everything, either by force or by promises.

“ *However, to attain this odious end, it is absolutely necessary that the French Republic and the English Cabinet should allow Russia to enter the East; and this is impossible, as we shall show further on.*

“ Since the time of Peter the Great, the mask of Russian policy has fallen. England has understood, since then, that at any price Russia aims at the possession of Constantinople, in order to create a strong navy so as to reduce to nullity that of England, and after that to take from her all her trade with India. France also has acquired the full conviction that the partition of Poland has brought the barbarians much too close to

There were a few Turkish families remaining in the island of Negropont when the war broke out in the East. I suppose that they left Greece a year since. The Greeks tolerated them about as much as they tolerate the Jews. I know of nothing more intolerant than their toleration. These Turks had a hundred times more reason to complain than ever the Greek rajahs had to accuse the Turks. The Turks never treated the Greek churches as the boys of Negropont treated the mosques.

The Greeks proclaim loudly their contempt for the Turks. Since others have delivered them, they have formed the notion that they set themselves free—each one remembers the fine feats of arms that he might have performed, and the most modest has always killed a hundred Turks at the least. However, I have seen the time when it was very difficult to persuade a Hellenic servant to cross the frontier of Turkey. These heroes clung to their masters at the approach of the least turban, and the smallest of *kavasses* could have cudgelled them without any resistance.

10. Feelings of the Greeks towards foreigners—The English at the Ionian Islands
 —An Englishman who wishes not to lose his accent—*Are you a gentleman?*
 —The highest court of justice at Corfu.

The feelings of the Greeks towards the nations of the West, and particularly towards their protectors, are not easy to unravel. The peasant, whom chance has brought in con-

her frontiers, and that some day these same Russians might again invade her territory to divide it for themselves as they did formerly in Poland. Such are the reasons for which England and the French Republic will never allow Russia to establish herself as patroness of other countries in the East; for then the political balance of power in Europe being destroyed, the Turks would be reduced to the necessity of fighting the enemy with their own strength alone (which would not be sufficient), and so be compelled to submit. Nevertheless, *whenever the French Republic and England see that Turkey is not able to carry on the war of nationalities in the Levant, they will be constrained to take up arms, and in that case, Russia will be reduced to inaction.*"

tact with a traveller, begins by asking whether he is French, Russian, German, or English, and, according to the answer, replies with an air of conviction, "I very much like the French, they are lively and generous;" or, "I adore the Russians, they are orthodox;" or, "I venerate the Germans, they have given us the best of kings;" or, "I have the greatest admiration for the English, they are as good sailors as we are."

At the bottom of all these protestations is great indifference, not without a mixture of hatred. To say the truth, the Greeks like none but Greeks. If they like foreigners, it is in the same way that the sportsman loves game. They show the same affection to the French, the English, and the Russians, by cheating them uniformly in everything, by selling impartially to them all articles at double the price at which they sell them to Greeks, and by taking them in, without any preference or favour, in giving small change. A Greek would think he had lost caste, if he did not cheat you in giving you back change for a five-franc piece. When you perceive it, and mention it to him, he repairs his mistake, and smiles amiably, as much as to say, "We understand one another: you guessed that I was a rogue—you are a man of sense, perhaps a bit of a rogue yourself; we were made to understand one another." A Greek coffeehouse-keeper is by no means embarrassed, when a Frenchman and a Greek, who have taken coffee at the same table, come at the same time to pay him, the one twopence, the other a penny. If you made any observation upon it to him, he would answer, "The Greeks do not eat up one another."

There are very few Englishmen settled in the kingdom of Greece; but England protects the Ionian Islands, and the contact of the Greeks and the English—the two most personal nations on earth—offers a rather curious spectacle.

This is not the place to inquire whether the English have done to the Ionians all the good they might have done them.

What is positive is, that Corfu is a military position as important to the English as Malta or Gibraltar, and that they have an interest in preserving it. What also may be guessed, and that at first sight, is, that Corfu and the other six islands are better cultivated and more flourishing than any province of the kingdom of Greece; the communications by land and sea are easy; the country is traversed in all directions by admirable roads; all the islands are connected together by a regular line of steamboats. It might therefore be supposed that the islands have as much pleasure in keeping the English, as the English have in keeping the islands. This would be a gross mistake.

Yet the Ionians do not look askance at the English; they find at need those gracious smiles and clever flattery, which the *Greculi* of the time of Augustus lavished on the Romans, their masters. I have seen growing up at Corfu a generation of young dandies, who forget Greek and Italian to learn English, who hum "God save the Queen," trim their whiskers like hair-brushes, and would like to be able to dye them red. The English, however, are detested by all, except by the men of cool judgment and political foresight, who do not form a majority in the seven islands.

It is true that the English are terribly English. It has been said with some truth, "What gives those people their power is, that they repeat to themselves, twenty times a day, I am an Englishman." I am sure that at the Ionian Islands they repeat it once oftener than elsewhere.

An Englishman, one of those who have rendered the greatest service to the Ionians, a real Philhellene, Lord —, who spoke Greek like M. Hase or M. le Normant, asked an Ionian one day if he did not notice anything in his language that

required correcting. "Yes," said the Greek, "you have retained a slight accent." "I know it," replied the Englishman; "and I take care not to lose it. I wish that, even when I am speaking Greek, I should be recognised as an Englishman."

An Ionian, who was riding on one of the roads near Corfu, fell with his horse over him: an Englishman, who was going by in his carriage, stopped his horses, ran to the man and held out his hands to pick him up, when he was stopped short by a reflection—Are you a gentleman? Luckily the fallen rider was named Dandolo, and reckoned some of the Doges of Venice among his ancestors. It will no longer be said that ancestors are of no use; the Dandolos of the fifteenth century saved the leg of one of their posterity.

The English do little to come near the Greeks, and the Greeks, with the one exception I have already pointed out, do their utmost to keep at a distance from the English. The Government has founded some institutions which oblige English and Greeks to sit side by side. In this way, the High Court of Justice is half Greek and half English; it is true that the magistrates that compose it are colleagues without being equals. For filling the same functions, and for sitting in two similar arm-chairs, a Greek receives six thousand francs a year, and an Englishman twenty-five thousand. The Greeks are not satisfied.

11. The French colony in Greece—The Philhellenes—Colonel Touret—
General Morandi—A strange trial.

The French colony is not numerous in Greece; it is composed of two large proprietors, MM. Mimont and Lapierre, who, by dint of talent and patience, have created two fine agricultural establishments; two merchants, MM. Michelon and Bruno, who have got the most frequented shop in Athens; a baker, an innkeeper, two or three refugees who do nothing,

M. Bareaud the king's gardener, a few old Philhellenes who have remained in the Greek service; and lastly, the French school.

We are so far from those times of enthusiasm, when the whole of France impassioned herself in behalf of the Greeks and against the Turks, that the word Philhellene already requires a glossary.

It is hardly remembered, that during the War of Independence, the most ardent of the youth of Europe ran to the defence of Greece. Those friends of the Greeks, or those Philhellenes, will have been the last knight-errants. They counted among their number many hot heads, who had nothing better to do than to go and die in Greece, and also a great number of sincere and energetic souls, devoted to the cause of freedom. Their chief, Fabvier, had the talents and virtues of the great captains; one might imagine that this extraordinary man had stepped out of a volume of Plutarch, at the sound of war.* Without the band of Philhellenes, the Greeks never could have held out till Navarino; Marshal Maison would have arrived too late. The kingdom of Greece owes its life to this handful of men.

One of our most witty novelists, M. Alphonse Karr, tells the story of a Philhellene whom the Greeks robbed of his watch at Thermopylæ, and of his snuff-box at Marathon. I could for my part relate the adventure which befell poor Doctor Dumon, a Philhellene, whom we buried two years ago. In the heat of the war, and while he passed half his time in fighting, and the other half in caring for his wounded, he was almost torn in pieces by the Greeks. The Greeks have often intercepted convoys of provisions, arms, and munitions, which Europe sent to Greece, and then brought them back to sell them in Europe. The Greeks used to place the Philhellenes

* Captain Fabvier is now a General of division in France.

in the front rank in battle, and modestly conceal themselves in the rear. Once, when the Greeks were blockaded in the Acropolis without powder, the Philhellenes made their way into the fortress, under the fire of the Turks; each man carrying a bag of cartridges on his back: to reward them for this act of self-sacrifice, the besieged gave them to understand that they were not allowed to go out again, and compelled them to undergo with them a siege of several months, without wood or water, and without any shelter from a storm of bullets.

The war at an end, the Greeks made haste to forget what had been done for them. Many of the Philhellenes were dead, a few returned to their homes, the others remained in Greece; they were allowed to do so. They form the third category of those designated by the law on the Heterochthones.

The most remarkable man, and the most known of this old band, is a Frenchman, M. Touret. He was, if I am not mistaken, sub-lieutenant in the Hussars when he left France; he is now colonel, director of the military hospital, charged with the inspection of the expenses of the army, and decorated with a multitude of orders; but he has remained to the core sub-lieutenant, hussar, and Philhellene. In a country where the memory of benefits disappears pretty quickly, he has made himself the priest of the religion of memory. This tall old man, more lively, more slim, and more indefatigable than many young men, is the living personification of the War of Independence. As long as he lives, the Greeks may do what they will to forget the services they have received, the colonel will take care to remind them of them. He has constructed a monument to his brothers-in-arms in a church at Nauplia—a monument of wood, in the native country of marble—a monument which will decay in ten years; but if the colonel is still in this world, he will have another made at his own expense. It was Colonel Touret who forced the municipality of Athens to

give to a street the name of Fabvier ; it is just two years ago that he obtained this tardy satisfaction ; with the Greeks of the present day, vengeance is swift of foot, it is gratitude that is lame.

It is probable, that if Colonel Touret had returned to France with Fabvier, he would now have been a general ; he will never be so in Greece. All the king's authority was required to raise him to the rank he has reached ; the ministers do not wish him well. The colonel has the most passionate devotion for the king. He has entitled himself the preserver of the life of the king, and he spends day and night in these entirely gratuitous functions. Let the king go out riding, or let him go in his carriage, the colonel rides by his side. In April 1852, the king and queen were returning at four in the morning from Piræus, where Admiral Romain-Desfossés had given them a ball on board his ship : the colonel on horseback at the door of the carriage watched over the safety of his much-loved Majesties ; his horse, a cavalry horse borrowed for the occasion, was struck with apoplexy, and fell down. The king and queen had already arrived at the palace ; and the colonel, lying beside his horse with his leg entangled under it, was still waiting for some one to help him to get up. The Minister of War claimed the payment of the horse !

Colonel Touret has for messmate and friend another Philhellene, a Venetian by birth, General Morandi. M. Morandi is a man of wit, like all Italians ; and a man of sense, like almost all the Lombards. I have never met with a man more penetrating, more subtle, or who had a better knowledge of men, or who clung less to early delusions. He was born to organize a police in a country of brigands, and that is what he has done in Greece. After having conspired against Austria, suffered in the dungeons of Venice, and made his name known throughout Italy, by escapes as adventurous as

those of Baron Trenck, after having defended the liberties of Spain during the French invasion of 1824, and the independence of Greece against the Turkish domination till 1828, this conspirator and insurgent made order as he had disorder, with as much talent and more success. During nearly twenty years of public tranquillity, respect for law and the life of the sovereign were confided to the safe keeping of M. Morandi. He was the man most necessary to the kingdom.

In 1848, Venice drove out the Austrians, and proclaimed the Republic; M. Morandi remembered that he was a Venetian. He asked for leave of absence—it was refused him; he left, and was received with open arms by his fellow-citizens; he took an active part in the government of the Republic, and Manini confided to him one of the fortresses of the town during the siege.

After the capitulation, the General returned to Greece; he was pursued thither by the vengeance of Austria. The queen—entirely devoted to Russia and to Austria, which at that time were as one—had him brought before a court-martial; he was acquitted by a unanimous verdict.

However, neither his rank nor his pay were restored to him, he was refused the half-pay which was owed to him; he wished to go to Piedmont, where he might have taken service with the rank of General—a passport was refused him, and the Government at the same time refused him permission to leave Greece, and the means of existence in it.

Four years passed by; the General had spent his last resources; the Government obstinately refused to give him the pay due to him. The Minister of War, ashamed of the part he was condemned to act, of his own accord said to General Morandi, "Put an execution on my salary; in that way your affair must necessarily come before the courts of justice."

In the first instance, the judgment was against M. Morandi; the Government had intimidated the judges—they were threatened with dismissal. The most honest of the three had just married; his wife was about to be confined; he feared losing his place, and he voted against his conscience.

In the Court of Appeals, M. Morandi gained his cause. The Government passed to the Court of Cassation, and lost. Everybody thought that M. Morandi was at last going to get justice; they were mistaken. The executive power refused to carry out the sentence; and the General was informed that he might begin his prosecution anew, and put an execution on the Minister's salary, and that after all the trials, the sentences, and decrees, he would always return to the same point.

Formerly people used to talk of Turkish justice. M. Morandi has made, at his own expense, a trial of Greek justice.

12. The French School.

The French school is incorrectly known in Greece, and little known in France. Here is, in a few words, its whole history.

In 1846, M. Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, being fully convinced that the French Academy at Rome was an institution beneficial to the fine arts, resolved to found at Athens a school, if not similar, at least parallel, in the interest of letters. It was decided on, that the members of the school at Athens should be chosen by the Minister, from among the young men who had obtained fellowships in history, philosophy, and literature; that they should remain two years in Greece, or three at their choice, and that they should take advantage of their stay there, to visit Italy and a part of Turkey. Their pay was to be 3600 francs; the State

would hire a house for them, furnish it, and defray the general expenses.

The first members of the school who landed in Greece were sufficiently embarrassed; they did not know exactly what they came to do. Some set to work learning modern Greek with an old Athenian professor, very well paid by France; others amused themselves by teaching French to some of the students at the University; some travelled, others remained at home; such a one prepared great undertakings, such another did little or nothing.

Since that time the Greeks have made up their minds as to the object and utility of the school. Some imagine that its members come on purpose to study, during three years, modern Greek—the most beautiful language in the world; others have got it into their heads, that France wished to offer five or six professors of French to the youth of Athens—the most brilliant young men in Europe; there are others who have convinced themselves that the only use of the school is to bring every year into Greece 40,000 francs of French money.

In France, the school had against it a considerable number of enemies, whom I do not name. Economizers might, without injustice, blame an institution which was costly enough and appeared barren of results. It is true that the young professors that the Minister sent to Athens came back more learned and more finished artists; but the public knew nothing of this, and those who picked holes in the budget did not believe anything of it.

The decree of the 7th August 1850, placed the school at Athens under the patronage of the Academy of "Inscriptions et Belles-lettres," and enjoined that each member should send every year to the Academy, a memorandum on some question of Greek history, geography, or archæology. This decree was made at the instigation of M. Guigniaut, a member of the

Institute, who protected the school from its birth, defended it against its enemies, and as he good-humouredly says, "acted the part of foster-father to it." From that day, the school was saved from a violent death, but it had a narrow escape from dying a natural death. No candidates presented themselves for admission. Our University professors have no taste for wandering : those who are at Paris desire to remain there ; those who are not there desire to come there. At that time no one cared to come and see King Otho on his throne. The decree of 1850 required :—

1st. That all the candidates should have obtained fellowships.

2d. That they should pass, before a commission of the Institute, a special examination in ancient Greek, modern Greek, Greek history and geography, archæology, and the study of ancient manuscripts.

This programme had nothing very inviting in it. Accordingly, in January 1852, the school was composed of two members. A place was put up for competition ; a candidate presented himself, and was appointed—this was myself. Before the end of the year it became necessary either to see the school empty, or to do away with the bar of the required fellowship. It was decreed that those who left the "Ecole normale," after passing their examinations, or those who had been tried by a professorship during two years, might present themselves to compete for admission to the school. This measure, which was called for by M. Guigniaut, saved the school at Athens.

Thanks to the fortunate excavations of M. Beulé, it is already celebrated. The first effect of that happy discovery, and of the rewards which followed it, has been to draw towards Greece the attention and the longings of the young professors. Now the school is full, that is, it is composed of five members, two of whom are fellows. These young professors study

modern Greek with no other master than the Greek people, and geography with no other teacher than the country itself. They do not care to teach French to the little Athenians, who would not thank them for it. They write serious memoranda for the Institute, and learned treatises for the Sorbonne. When they return to France, nothing will prevent them from becoming, in a few months, doctors in letters and professors.

In the meantime, they are not so absorbed by their studies as to be unable to enjoy the sun in summer, and dance at the Court balls in winter.*

* The ministerial order of January 26, 1850, shows with what intention the Government keeps up the school at Athens:—

"Ordered, with respect to the ordinance of September 11, 1846, establishing the French School at Athens: Whereas the French School at Athens owes its existence to an idea analogous to that which caused the creation of a French school at Rome to be decided on, the students of which are bound to send in annually, reports showing the state of their progress and application; and whereas it is of importance to the prospects of the French School at Athens, and to the prospects of its members, that this Institution should not remain barren, but that it should furnish to learning positive results recognised as such by the public:

"*Art. I.*—Each member of the School at Athens is expected, before the 1st July of each year, to send in, to the office of Public Instruction and Public Worship, a memorandum on some point of archæology, philology, or history, chosen from a series of questions which the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature will be invited to submit for the approval of the Minister.

"*Art. II.*—The memoranda sent in will be forwarded to the Academy of Inscriptions, which will be requested to report upon them to the Minister, and to give account of them at its annual public meeting: at which also the questions designed for the labours of the School will be given out for the next year.

"*Art. III.*—The memoranda sent by the members of the School at Athens may be inserted in the *Archives des Missions*, established by the Ministerial orders of 29th October and 14th December 1849.

"*Art. IV.*—The *Moniteur* will publish every year a list of the students residing at the School, and opposite their names a reference will be given to the subject of the works sent in by each of them. DE PARISU."

The School, which was established at Athens under the auspices of M. Piscatory, our clever and brilliant ambassador, was strengthened and consolidated by the Baron de Thouvenel, and especially by the present minister, Baron Forth-Rouen, whose kindness is above all praise. At Paris, in the office of Public Instruction, the school has a devoted friend and an indefatigable defender in the person of M. Serreaux, second in the department of historical monuments.

13. A foreign lady settled in Greece.

The Greeks, for whom our mothers embroidered flags, are neither gallant nor hospitable; they fancy they have done a great deal for a stranger, and even for a foreign lady, when they have fired off only a few pistols close to the ears of his horse, or have thrown but a few stones at his carriage windows. If I knew a lady desirous of solitude, I would recommend to her the wastes of Brittany, rather than that pretentious Quimper-Corentin, which we venerate under the name of Athens.

Athens, however, last year, still possessed a celebrated lady, who, after having been admired at the finest courts of Europe, had come to Greece to conceal and to end her life.

The daughter of one of Napoleon's ministers, she was married into one of the greatest families of the empire, loved by Marie Louise, whom she served as maid of honour, admired at the court for her beauty—which only wanted a little gracefulness, esteemed by the Emperor for her virtue, which was never even calumniated, separated from her husband without other motive than the difference of their tempers, and shut up entirely in her affection for her only daughter, who resembled her in everything; after having shown herself to the whole East with that daughter, for whom she dreamed of nothing less than a throne, she at last resigned herself to living obscurely in a private condition, and settled for good at Athens, in the full strength of her age and character. The premature death of her daughter, an incurable illness, old age which has suddenly come upon her, solitude from which she has not been able to preserve herself by friendship, an irresistible leaning to everything uncommon, and perhaps the assiduous reading of a single book, have led her to a religion, which only belongs to herself, very distant from Christianity,

and near the Israelite faith, without however confounding itself with it; a religion without followers,—of which she is at once priestess and prophetess. The God whom she consults, and who answers her, has inspired her with the idea of raising a great altar on Pentelicons. It is a project which she will carry out, whenever she has discovered a plan for this altar worthy of her God. It is from the summit of this mountain that she will commune with God, if life be spared to her.

Her enthusiastic ideas and the singularity of her faith take away nothing from the subtlety of her mind, nor from the soundness of her judgment in ordinary matters, nor from the fidelity of her memory, which goes so far as to enable her to recite a long string of moral verses, taught in childhood, and the gossip of the Imperial Court, which she could not help hearing in her youth. Her character is complete, like that of but few men, her will inflexible, her enmity enduring, her love of life extreme, and her cautiousness always awake. Five or six large dogs, able to devour a man, and who have given proofs of this, are her guards and her best friends. She is rich; her revenues, both in France and in Greece, amount it is said to near three hundred thousand francs; she has mortgages on the finest houses of Athens, and great people petition her to be allowed to borrow her money. She is liberal by fits, but only towards the rich, and not without a disposition to take back her gifts. Her fortune, the least part of which spent in alms would put the whole town at her feet, is spent in eccentric buildings, which she leaves unfinished, on purpose, it is said, and from a superstitious fear of dying when she shall have completed something. Her garden at Athens, an immense space traversed by the Ilissus, is a desert which she keeps in that state, to prevent trees from growing there. She inhabits a house only just commenced, isolated, unfurnished, and deserted, while comfortable living, a select society,

five or six devoted friends (at the price at which friends are to be got), and the adoration of the public, would not cost her a hundred thousand francs a year. This extraordinary woman, who lives and will die unhappy, although she has more wit, money, and virtue, than are necessary to be happy in this world, is Madame Sophie de Barbé-Marbois, Duchess of Plaisance.*

The duchess likes new faces; and any man who wears gloves may boldly introduce himself, and he will find a welcome. She will take him a drive in her carriage with a dog for a companion; she will invite him to dine at her house on the Pentelicus, in the society of a pack of hounds. It is true that these sky-rockets of friendship very soon go out; but all strangers who have passed through Athens have given themselves the pleasure of discharging one. Within a few weeks the duchess introduced me to the first sculptor of the age, M. David d'Angers, and I have presented to her the writer of the most vividly coloured descriptions among our literary men, Théophile Gautier. Ladies also have a share in these roadside friendships; the Duchess of Belgiojoso has received the duchess's hospitality; and it was only after many days of intimacy that these two extraordinary persons began to hate one another.

* This work was entirely written, and already in the press, when I learned the death of Madame la Duchesse de Plaisance.

CHAPTER III.

AGRICULTURE, INDUSTRY, COMMERCE.

1. Weights and measures—Official measures and measures in use—Clumsy adaptation of the metrical system—Feebleness of the Government—Everything sold by weight—Coin has no reference to the other measures—The gold and silver coins have disappeared.

BEFORE speaking of the agriculture, industry, and commerce of Greece, I think it necessary to give here a table of the weights, measures, and coins in use in the country.

Officially, measures of length are as follows :—

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

1 pique or pichi (cubit),	= 1 metre.
1 palami (palm or hand),	= 1 decimetre.
1 dactylos (finger),	= 1 centimetre.
1 grammi (line),	= 1 millimetre.
1 stadium,	= 1 kilometre.
1 schoenis,	= 1 myriametre.

I have often wondered why the Greeks, who wish to adopt our metrical system, amuse themselves in inventing new names for measures to which we have given Greek names.

After all, though the ordinance which establishes these new measures dates from the 28th September 1836, the pique of fifty-six centimetres is made use of throughout the whole kingdom. It is the only one measure of length which the people know of; the pedlars you meet in the street carry it in

their hand. The few workmen of Athens who make use of the metre, call it metre; if they gave it the official name of pique, they would not be understood.

LEGAL WEIGHTS.

1 mna, a mine,	=	1500 grammes or $1\frac{1}{2}$ kilogramme.
1 drachm,	=	1 gramme.
1 talent,	=	150 kilos or 100 mnas.
1 tonos (ton),	=	1500 kilos or 1000 mnas.
1 obol,	=	1 decigramme.
1 kokos,	=	1 centigramme.
1 oke,	=	1250 grammes.

Such are the weights decreed by the Government; but even in the capital the only weight known is the oke—a Turkish weight of 1250 grammes. The oke is divided into 400 drachms (*dramia*). These are the only weights I have heard mentioned at Athens, eighteen years after the Government had established others.

SUPERFICIAL MEASURES.

1 square pique,	=	1 centiare.
1 stréma,	=	1 dékaare.

These measures exist only in the intention of the legislator, since the pique is not the same as the metre, and the stréma is based on the pique.

MEASURES OF SIZE.

1 kilo,	=	1 hectolitre.
1 litra,	=	1 litre.
1 oke,	=	$1\frac{1}{2}$ litre.
1 cotyle,	=	1 décilitre.
1 mistro,	=	1 centilitre.
1 kivos,	=	1 millilitre.

Do not believe a word of it. There are not in Greece any measures of size—everything is sold by weight, from wood

and coal up to wine. It is not that everything is weighed before the buyer; but the measure filled before him is known to contain an oke, or 100 drams, or 10 drams of the produce he comes to purchase.

Solid measure.—Stone only is sold by the cubic metre; other materials are sold by weight or by piece.

Coins.—The drachm, base of the currency, is not adapted to the other measures.

It weighs 4 grammes, 447 milligrammes, or, to speak in the official *patois* of Greece, the drachm weighs 4 drachms, 4 obols, 4·4 koki.

The drachm contains 4·029 grammes of pure metal, and 0·448 of alloy.

It is worth 89·54 centimes of French money, or, in round numbers, 90 centimes.

It represents, therefore, about nine-tenths of a franc, and when the reader finds a sum given in drachms, he will only have to reduce it a tenth to get the value in francs approximately.

The drachm is divided into 100 equal parts, called *lepta*. One lepton (pronounced *lepto*) is therefore worth nine-tenths of a centime, and a Greek sou is worth about four centimes and a half.

The State has coined gold pieces of 20 drachms, called *Othos*; they have gone out of the country.

Silver coins of five drachms, now only to be found in Turkey.

Silver coins of one drachm—I have not had more than fifteen of them in my hand in two years.

Silver coins of 50 and of 25 *lepta*—they have been melted down or exported.

Copper coins of 10, 5, and 2 *lepta*, and of 1 lepton—this is the only Greek money that circulates in the country.

2. Agriculture : what resources does it promise to Greece ?—The country is not sterile—Difficulty of ascertaining the extent of arable land—No land survey has been made—Running water—Cultivation of corn, cotton, madder, tobacco—The Olive-tree—The vine : wines of Santorin and Malvoisie—Resinous wine—Currants—Silk—Fruits : why the Greeks always eat unripe fruit, and do not eat asparagus—Forests.

For more than twenty years Greece has existed on agriculture and commerce, without manufactures.

As long as she has no manufactories—and she will not have any for a long time—she will be tributary to the countries which have them, and will import manufactured goods.

There must be no idea of extemporizing a manufacture in the least industrious country on earth—capital, men, and time would be expended there in vain. I do not see any harm in this little kingdom continuing for another century or two to buy the produce of foreign manufactories, provided that it finds by means of agriculture and commerce the money necessary to pay for them.

The day that Greece shall export fifty millions' worth of silk, valonia, wines, and currants, she may, without inconvenience, buy every year fifty millions' worth of ironware and woven fabrics.

Up to the present time she has exported about half as much goods as she has imported, and she has lost every year more than ten millions of money. If it is desired that the country should re-establish itself, the exportation must be balanced by the importation—not by diminishing the quantity imported, for those things are necessary for the consumption of the people ; but by increasing the quantity of that exchangeable produce which exportation will take away.

The principal resource of Greece is in agriculture.

The country, without being very fertile, might sustain two millions of inhabitants—it contains 950,000, and does not feed them.

I wish I could give, in support of this assertion, the exact

figure of the arable lands contained within the kingdom ; but I do not know it. I am as ignorant on this matter as King Otho and his ministers, who have never made the census of the kingdom.

The extent of the kingdom is 7,618,469 hectares ; an approximative calculation gives

2,500,000 hectares of mountains and rocks ;

1,120,000 hectares of forests ; and

3,000,000 of arable land, 800,000 hectares of which belong to the State.

The marshes and the lakes in northern Greece afford a little pasturage. If land were wanting to arms ready to cultivate, which will not happen for a hundred years, the draining of Lake Copais alone would give to agriculture thirty thousand hectares of admirable land.

Running water is rather scarce in the Morea, and very scarce in some of the islands. It is a great misfortune for cultivation, for the rains are always insufficient, and the vines and olive-trees require watering. But water never fails utterly ; and the Greek peasants are very clever at taking advantage of the smallest rill to irrigate their tillage.

Throughout the whole country there exists a double system of running waters—some at the surface of the ground, others run beneath the rocks, and only appear at intervals. Such a lake, without any visible outlet, pours out its surplus water in a torrent, at a distance of ten leagues off. This is a feature of no importance to agriculture, but which I have noticed as being curious and peculiar to the country.

The soil of Greece is reasonably devoted to the cultivation of corn, vines, mulberry-trees, and fruit-trees.

Wheat, rye, barley, and maize are sufficiently well-grown in the stony districts, where the vegetable soil has but a few inches of depth. Oats succeed but in a middling way ; the

potatoes altogether ill—the cultivation of that vegetable must be given up. Pease, French beans, and beans come up well, and yield much. Rice might be successfully cultivated in the wet soils.

The cotton plant succeeds wherever it is sown ; it prospers especially in the plain of Argos, and in the islands. Greece can gather enough for its own consumption, and for foreign exportation. It was to the islands of the Greek Archipelago that the French Government sent to look for cotton-seed for their colonies in Africa. Madder succeeds in the northern provinces as perfectly as cotton does in the south. The first plantations made of it rapidly increased the national revenue by a hundred thousand drachms. Statisticians thought that at the end of a few years it would bring in as much as a million. If these hopes have not been altogether fulfilled, it was because the cultivators wanted money, and not that the soil wanted fertility.

Greek tobacco is of good quality, and of a delicious perfume ; it is gathered in Argolis and in the province of Livadia. The tobacco of Argos is blacker and less fine than that of the north ; it is nevertheless much esteemed, and very worthy of its reputation. The cultivation of tobacco costs so little, that the peasants can give it to the trade at the rate of a drachm the oke, or about ninety centimes for 1250 grammes. Eight years ago, the French Government gave an order, at this price, to the value of 800,000 francs. But the middlemen abused the confidence of the Government, by buying at a low price damaged tobacco ; and the department of indirect taxation broke off its relations with Greece.

The soil of the country is covered with wild olive-trees, which only require grafting to yield excellent fruit ; grafted olive-trees are innumerable. The people live all the year round on olives indifferently pickled in brine ; there is a large

consumption of oil, for tallow candles are unknown in the country; wax candles are only used in a few houses at Athens—no one has ever thought of making candles of resin, and all the lamps of the kingdom burn nothing but olive-oil; and yet, in spite of the use and waste of it, which goes on in the interior, there remains over and above a considerable quantity for exportation.

The vine has been up to this time the chief wealth of agriculture. It is to be observed that there are two kinds of vines—those that give wine, and those whose grapes are preserved dry under the name of currants.

The first abundantly suffice for the consumption of a sober country; all kinds of grapes without exception succeed on the soil of Greece. They reckon in the island of Santorin alone, more than sixty varieties, all excellent, according to the accounts of the vine-dressers.

All the provinces produce wine, but the best vintage in the kingdom is, without contradiction, that of the island of Santorin.

I do not compare the wine of Santorin with that of Cyprus, since Cyprus, happily for itself, does not form part of Greece; but it would not be impossible to find connoisseurs sufficiently independent to prefer the wine of Santorin. The island of Cyprus exports every year five or six kinds of wine to the value of about 1,400,000 francs; the most costly and agreeable of which is the wine of *Commanderia*. But this precious liquor does not keep; during seven or eight years, it clarifies, and passes from a dark ruddy to a pale yellow colour; then it gradually becomes brown again, and changes its taste as well as its colour. Old Cyprus wine, whether to the taste or to the sight, is like the juice of stewed plums; and amateurs often pay very dear for putting an article into their cellars, which they might have for nothing from their kitchens.

The wine of Santorin keeps a long time, and will stand the longest sea voyages. It pleases the eye with its fine topaz colour, and satisfies the palate with its decided taste: it mixes wonderfully well with water; during two years I drank no other wine at meals. It reminds one a little of Marsala, and has also a slight smack of sulphur; it betrays its origin; grown on a lately extinguished volcano, it is the *Lachryma Christi* of Greece.

The Russians are very greedy of the Santorin wine; they buy every year fifty thousand drachms of it; but they would prefer having it for nothing, and to drink it on the spot.

The wine of Malvoisie, so famous in the Middle Ages, no longer exists except in history. It was made at Monemvasia, in Laconia, north of Cape Malea or Santo Angelo. The inhabitants of Maina have almost abandoned the cultivation of the vine, and it is the outside, if they make every year enough wherewith to drown Clarence; but the plants of Malvoisie transplanted to the islands, particularly to Tinos, still yield a most agreeable wine.

Unfortunately the Greeks have no cellars; they have hardly got any casks. Bottles which come from Europe cost a good deal at the ports. Transporting them into the interior is not to be thought of: they would arrive in small fragments. The wine is kept in skins, laid down in the rooms; to prevent it from spoiling, rosin is mixed with it. This is rather like the reasoning of the man who threw himself into the water from fear of getting wet. I have known a good number of travellers who spit out with indignation their first mouthful of rosined wine, and would as soon drink liquid pitch. I have seen many others, without counting myself, who got used to this beverage,—very wholesome, besides,—and who, by dint of study, arrived at being able

to forget the rosin, and guess the flavour of the wine under this unfortunate disguise.

The same grape is used for making the fine and the common wines, and often from the same vineyard are made two wines of very different quality, taste, and price. If, at the moment when the grapes are carried to the wine-presses, a part is reserved and exposed to the sun on the terraces, these grapes, after a fortnight's drying, give a sweeter and more spirituous wine, and which keeps better.

The *vino santo* of Santorin, prepared in this way, is even more prized than the dry Santorin; but it is difficult to drink it pure at Athens: the shopkeepers would be afraid of being pointed at with the finger, if they sold any produce without adulterating it.

There are in Greece more than 32,000 hectares of vineyards belonging to individuals.

The Corinth grapes (or currants) are cultivated from the isthmus to Arcadia, along almost the whole of the northern and western shores of the Morea; the fruit is the size of a gooseberry, and of a violet colour; it has no seeds, and hangs in long loose bunches. The vintage of the currants takes place at the same time as that of other grapes: as soon as they are gathered, they are dried in an oven, packed up, and sent to England. If Greece were to cease to produce these precious little black grains, there would be no more plum-puddings, nor plum-cakes, nor any of those dainties of which plums or currants are the foundation. If the disease of the grapes, which in 1852 destroyed two-thirds of the vintage, had killed the roots, England would have been deprived of the purest of her pleasures, and Greece of the most certain of her revenues; for the eight or ten thousand hectares which produce currants, have brought into the country more than six million drachms (£225,000) of English money.

The Greeks are fonder of money than of currants: they export almost the entire vintage. It is with difficulty that a few fresh bunches can be procured at Athens, and of the dried fruit only the refuse is to be had.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that the English are about the only people in the world who earnestly seek for currants; if France, America, and Russia were possessed with the same love, the consumption of this produce would be, in a manner, unlimited, and Greece would have in its vineyards the source of an inexhaustible revenue. The Greek people would not need to cultivate anything else, and the wisest course would be to plant currant vines on all the lands in the kingdom. But such a plan would be by no means more reasonable than a project for converting into sea-ports all the coasts of France. The consumption of currants being limited to the requirements of England, the production must set itself some bounds. Experience has already shown that the price of this merchandise is in inverse ratio to the quantity exported, and that the more the vineyards were extended, the more the fruit lost value. The currants in latter years have undergone an enormous depreciation; and although Greece possesses about four times more vines than ten years ago, yet the total price of the vintage has hardly doubled.

The State ought, therefore, to encourage any kind of cultivation rather than that of currants, and should moderate the eagerness of the vine-dressers, who, allured by the prospect of considerable profits, borrow money to buy a field, borrow to plant it, borrow to cultivate it, and borrow for the vintage at an interest of fifteen or twenty per cent.; and by dint of labour, anxiety, and trouble, succeed in lowering currants on the London market.

Silk finds a use throughout the whole civilized world; there is a demand for it in all the markets of the globe, and

enough will never be produced for a consumption which increases every day. Greece could produce a great deal of it; not only has she received from Heaven a climate favourable to the cultivation of the mulberry-tree; but she has received from the Turks the inheritance of fine large mulberry-trees, fully grown and yielding.

She might also find sufficiently important resources in the cultivation of fruit trees. European fruits, such as pears, apples, walnuts, succeed ill under so burning a sky; strawberries, raspberries, and gooseberries are only to be obtained at great cost and care; cherries and plums are small and flavourless; but apricots, figs, almonds, pomegranates, oranges, and lemons ripen admirably.

The figs of Attica have not degenerated since antiquity. They are smaller but more dainty than those of Smyrna, and they might stand competition on all markets. The apricots are delicious; with a little industry one might make preserves of them, equal or superior to those of Auvergne. Almonds might be exported advantageously. To other dried fruits might be added jujubes, which succeed very well at Corfu and all the Ionian Islands. The fresh fruits gathered at Poros, Kalamata, Navarino, and in the islands; the pomegranates, oranges, and lemons would show well in the shops of Paris and London. It is no use thinking of getting any profit from the date-tree, although it acclimates itself pretty well in certain districts; it can only be of use as an ornament in a garden.

The Greeks have the unfortunate habit of picking the fruit before it is ripe.

Go to the market in Athens and buy fruit. It is too unripe, and only fit for the natives, who devour it as they find it. "Would it not be possible to procure some ripe fruit?" I asked one evening of an Athenian.

"I doubt it."

"But could you tell me why?"

"We have no roads, and if fruit was carried ripe on a mule's back along our paths, it would arrive at the market-place only as marmalade."

"But," said I, "I have remarked that the fruit at Corfu, which is, without giving you offence, much finer than yours, was not much riper; yet it is carried in carts and on roads as even and smooth as the avenues of a park."

"Ah!" replied the Greek, "there is still another reason; the cultivators have no money, and they have creditors."

That is the case of the whole of Greek agriculture. Ready money must be got at any cost.

Last year a French gardener came to Smyrna. He remarked that the Greeks had not any vegetables to speak of in their gardens, and that all their horticultural exertions were confined to growing tomatas. He offered to several proprietors, in easy circumstances, to sow some asparagus for them, assuring them that without labour or cost they would get a considerable return by it.

"In how much time?" asked the Greeks.

"In four years at latest."

"Are you mad? And do you think we are going to spend our money to gain something in four years? We should have time to become bankrupt twenty times in the interval."

I return to the Hellenes, who are worthy brothers of these Rayahs of Smyrna.

They have in Greece, on Taygetus, on Parnassus, in the plain of Doris, 1,120,000 hectares of forest, filled with trees of the best quality; the north of Eubœa contains some fine woods; in Acarnania, virgin forests are actually to be found. These resources, worked by an intelligent administration,

would be a fortune for the country which has need of timber for houses and ships, and is reduced to buy it abroad.

The oaks, which produce valonia, are the only forest trees from which Greece derives any advantage. Valonia is in great request in Europe ; the Greeks would find it almost as profitable to sow oaks as to plant mulberry-trees.

3. Agriculture : use made of resources—Rapid progress, and sudden stand-still of agricultural production—Exportation—Cultivation of corn ; women at the plough—Oil and wine badly made—Forests neither preserved nor made use of—Budget of highways and bridges—Danger of crossing a river on a bridge—Forests methodically set fire to—A good forester—Recapitulation.

Such are the resources which the soil of Greece offers to the inhabitants ; let us see to what advantage they have turned them.

In 1833, agricultural production			
was of the value of		.	30,000,000 drachms.
In 1834, it rose to	.	.	35,000,000
In 1835, „	.	.	43,000,000
In 1836, „	.	.	48,000,000
In 1837, „	.	.	50,000,000

From 1837 to 1849, it made no progress ; since 1850, it has fairly declined.

I do not wish to insist on the misfortunes of the last four years ; they have had other causes than the indolence of the people and the carelessness of the Government. What it is important to discover is, why from 1837 to 1849, in twelve years of peace, agriculture has not made a step in advance.

Out of three million hectares of arable land, not more than five hundred thousand hectares are reckoned as being in cultivation. Greece might therefore produce six times more corn than she does produce.

During all that period of twelve years, the annual produce of agriculture amounted to about fifty millions of drachms, divided as follows :—

Wheat,	11,000,000 drachms.
Barley,	3,000,000
Wheat and barley mixed,	2,688,000
Oats,	226,000
Rye,	300,000
Spring corn,	58,500
Maize,	8,256,040
Aniseed,	18,000
Cummin,	80
Beans,	112,000
Chick pease or garavances,	52,000
Green pease,	2,000
French beans,	92,000
Rice,	18,000
Vineyards,	6,800,000
Currants,	5,000,000
Valonia,	1,700,000
Silk,	1,200,000
Figs,	1,800,000
Vermilion,	130,000
Oranges and lemons,	150,000
Madder,	100,000
Gardens and orchards,	1,200,000
Olive-trees,	4,000,000
Tobacco,	600,000
Cotton,	300,000
Lentiles, onions, &c.,	1,400,000
Total,	<hr/> 50,197,570 drachms.

In 1845, the exports of Greece amounted to eleven millions of drachms.

The products exported, within about 150,000 drachms, were all provided by agriculture.

They were composed of the following :—

Currants,	3,500,000 drachms.
Sponges,	111,000
Oil,	1,400,000
Figs,	240,000
Dried fruit,	7,500
Silk,	900,000
Leeches,	60,000
Island wines,	400,000
Valonia,	1,500,000
Wool,	300,000
Various articles,	2,581,500
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Total,	11,000,000 drachms.

According to the latest information communicated to the Chambers (budget of 1852), the exports had brought into the country an annual sum of thirteen millions. This figure, however, belongs to the year 1849, before the disastrous harvests of 1850, 1851, 1852, and 1853.

These thirteen millions proceeded from the sale of

Currants for	6,350,000 drachms.
Oil,	520,000
Figs,	530,000
Silks,	1,110,000
Wines,	850,000
Valonia,	817,000
Corn,	670,000
Cattle,	530,000
Lemons,	300,000
Divers products,	1,000,000
<hr/>	
Total,	12,677,000 drachms.

Corn is the chief agricultural produce, since wheat, barley, oats, rye, and maize, together form a total of twenty-five

millions of drachms, the half of the annual production of the country.

The harvest, however, is far from being sufficient for the necessities of the people.

In a large part of the kingdom, the peasants eat nothing but cakes of maize—a heavy and unwholesome food; and this is not to be had by everybody that wishes for it. I have seen in Arcadia villages where the people live on nothing but herbs and milk, without bread of any kind.

It is to be seen that, in 1845, Greece did not export any corn; whilst in 1849 it exported to the amount of 670,000 drachms. But one must not be deceived by this appearance of progress. In 1845, Greece imported corn to the value of 1,200,000 drachms.

In 1849, whilst it exported for 670,000 drachms, it imported to the amount of 2,798,355 drachms, which gives an excess of importation of 2,128,355 drachms.

I will not speak of the year 1851, when Greece was reduced to the necessity of importing for 12,000,000 drachms.

The year 1851 is an exceptional year, and it may be asserted that the country, by giving a little extension to the cultivation of corn, would easily fill up the yearly deficit, which varies from one to two millions. It would be enough to put into cultivation a few fertile plains which only wait for arms and seed.

Unfortunately, the men like better to dawdle in the village market-place than to work in the fields; they send thither their wives and daughters. Will it not be supposed that I am relating the history of those savage tribes, where the hunter packs his game on his wife's back, and comes back light and merry with no other baggage than his rifle?

Greece exports only 520,000 drachms' worth of oil, because the oil is badly made, and requires to be purified before

being sold in civilized countries. It is not that the taste which it retains of the fruit is unendurable—the palate gets so well accustomed to it, that one ends by preferring this natural oil to the clarified oils of Provence ; but, when tasted for the first time, it causes a disagreeable surprise, and all consumers have not enough perseverance to educate their palates. That is why the retail dealers of Athens send for oil from Aix for travellers and foreigners.

If the exportation of wine is so restricted, it is for an analogous reason. Greece would sell it to the amount of two millions, instead of 850,000 drachms, if it knew how to prepare and keep the wine without rosin. Wherever a cellar or a cask is to be found, the wine remains excellent without a drop of pitch. The monastery of Megaspilæon, which has the advantage of being built in a cavern, is an object of pilgrimage for devout Hellenes, who come to adore a huge cask full of wine, not impregnated with rosin.

If the forests bring nothing in to the State—if Greece, which ought to export timber, imports it, it is for two principal reasons :

1. The impossibility of working the forests for want of roads.

The budget of public works amounts in good years to 236,250 drachms. Of this sum, 80,000 drachms only are appropriated to the use of the highways and bridges.

For keeping the roads in repair,	23,000 drachms.
For opening new roads,	57,000
Total,	80,000 drachms.

Thanks to this munificence of a Government which spends only 4,500,000 drachms for the army, the kingdom of Greece possesses thirty leagues of carriage-road, or thereabout.

From Athens to Piræus, tolerable road, . . .	2 leagues.
From Athens to Eleusis, tolerable road, . . .	4
From Eleusis to Thebes, bad road, . . .	9
From Athens to Cephissia, middling road, . . .	4
From Kalamaki to Loutraki,* pretty good road, . . .	2
From Kalamaki to Corinth, middling road, . . .	3
From Nauplia to Argos, good road, . . .	3
From Navarino to Modon (road which I have not seen), . . .	3
Total,	<u>30 leagues.</u>

Thirty leagues of roads, in seven pieces, that is all that the Government has done for the country from 1832 till 1854, in a kingdom where the State is the owner of more than half the land, where evictions are effected without difficulty, where the peasants are always ready to sell their lands, and even to lend their hands for works of public utility. There is no road between Athens and Sparta, no road between Athens and Corinth, no road between the capital of the kingdom and Patras, which, thanks to the currants, is becoming the capital of commerce. With the exception of the bad road which joins Athens to Thebes, passing through Eleusis, all the roads which leave Athens are only drives for the Queen's horses. Two years ago they amused themselves by laying down a road two leagues long, and lined with pepper-trees, which leads to the solitary rocks of Phalerum, because the Queen goes to bathe at Phalerum; but the internal trade, the working of the forests and the security of the country, will cry out for a long time to come, for four or five roads of primary importance.

When a road crosses a stream or a river, a bridge is constructed—but what a bridge! The only practicable ones are the work of the Turks or the Venetians; and these are so badly kept in repair, that travellers prefer passing on one side, and driving their horses through the river.

* This road was made by the Austrian Lloyds' Company.—Tr.

The cemetery of Athens is separated from the town by the Ilissus. The bed of this stream is sometimes wet in winter. It was not till 1853 that a bridge was thrown across from one bank to the other. I have seen, before the bridge was built, funerals get across hopping through the pools of water.

So long as ways of communication are not established, the forests will not be able to be made use of; so long as they are not worked they will not be taken care of, and the shepherds will continue to devastate them.

2. It is an axiom, thoroughly received in Greece, that to injure the State is to injure nobody. The peasants have no more respect for the national property than if it belonged to the Turks; they think they are doing neither a bad action nor a bad speculation when they cause to the State a damage of ten thousand drachms, which brings them a few pence. It is in virtue of this principle that the shepherds regularly set fire to the coppice woods, to make sure of their flocks finding in spring some tender sprouts to crop. These ingenuous incendiaries do not conceal themselves to carry out these devices. In the neighbourhood of Athens large black patches, covering half a square league, are often to be met with, and people say, "It is nothing; only a shepherd who has been making grass for his sheep."

The labourers also amuse themselves from time to time by ridding the ground of all the trees that encumber it. These people are not destroyers from interest but from sanitary motives; they have a conviction that trees are unwholesome productions, and that no one would have any more fever if the country were once thoroughly cleared. That is why the rash individual, who attempts making plantations, sometimes finds his nurslings cut down at the roots or stripped of their bark. Others, too, destroy from idleness, and for the pleasure of destroying. They are of opinion that our good springs

from the misfortunes of others. It is the same idea as that which presides over the conduct of monkeys, the cleverest of noxious animals.

When I went out shooting, I did not take Petros with me, because he has an unfortunate habit of mixing the powder and shot in loading the gun; I used to take another servant, a great sportsman, and who perhaps has shot men in his youth. I never went out with him, without his having asked my leave to make a heap of dry sticks to set fire to some bush. He is now a guardian of woods and forests.

One day I followed for three or four hours the bed of the Saranda-Potami; it is a river in Laconia. I saw there perhaps a thousand plane-trees, all enormous, vigorous, and all of rare beauty; there was not one in a thousand of which one had not attempted to set fire to the trunk.

That is the reason why, in 1849, 1,092,690 drachms' worth of timber was imported into Greece.

I recapitulate in a few words the preceding observations.

The Greek people is poor, but the country is not so.

The country, if well cultivated, would produce:—for consumption, corn, cotton, oil, fruit, vegetables, timber;—for exportation, currants, tobacco, madder, valonia, and especially silk.

The country is badly cultivated; first, for want of hands; secondly, for want of capital; thirdly, for want of roads. Labour would not be wanting if the country was wholesome, if fever did not decimate families, if a law of exclusion did not repulse Heterochthones and foreigners.

Capital would not be wanting if business had some promise of security, if lenders could count on the probity of borrowers, or on the integrity of justice, or on the firmness of the Government.

Roads would not be wanting, if the revenues of the State,

which are squandered to maintain a fleet and an army, were employed on works of public utility.

The duty of a government is, to procure by every honest means the increase and wellbeing of the population, the rigid observance of the laws, and the best possible employment of the State revenues.

From all which I conclude, that without other resources than her agriculture, Greece would be rich if the Government did its duty.

4. The gardens of Athens—Spring in the town—The Queen's garden—What a lawn costs—How the Queen opens her garden to the public—Botanical garden of Athens—School of agriculture at Tiryns—Agricultural colony of M. de Roujoux at Carvati.

Greece is in want for necessities ; she consoles herself with superfluities.

For many years, not a house has been built in Athens without the addition of a small pleasure-garden. Private individuals, the poorest and the most in debt, allow themselves the pleasure of cultivating a few orange-trees and a few flowers. Never in their gardens do they leave a space for the cultivation of kitchen vegetables ; they would think themselves dishonoured, if they discovered behind their house a stealthy onion, or a sneaking cabbage. With them vanity is stronger than self-interest and want.

A garden, however, costs a good deal. Shrubs, one with another, cost two drachms each at the Greek nursery gardens, or the Genoese *Bottaro*. If vegetable mould is required, it must be bought ; if one wants to water the trees (and the trees all want to be watered), a conduit must be bought for two hundred drachms a year, which the municipality sells without warranting it, for the peasants turn off the water from the aqueducts for the benefit of their own fields ; or else a

Maltese must be paid two drachms and a half a day to draw water from the well.

The trees often require renewing : the heat decimates them regularly every summer ; it would seem as if they were subject to fevers like men.

The owner must cultivate his garden himself, or have it cultivated by day-labourers, for the servants of the house are not to be reckoned on. One says, " I am a valet, and not the gardener ;" another, " You took me to clean your pipes, and not the garden walks ;" a third does not complain, but is so clever at spoiling whatever he touches, that he is soon forbidden to touch anything.

But the possession of a garden is a pleasure which consoles for many vexations ; from the beginning of January till the middle of May, happy is the man who can live in his garden ! If care has been taken to raise against the north wind a barrier of tall cypresses, one may, nine days in ten, walk about sheltered from cold. The lemon-trees open in the very first days of the year their buds of white tinted with violet ; the pepper-trees, like weeping-willows which have not lost their leaves, let fall in confusion their long branches ; the pines, arbutus-trees, lentisks, and twenty other kinds of resinous trees, offer to the eye a soft gloomy shade, of which one never wearies. The sycoids form here and there thick green carpets ; stunted cactus, crouching in corners, or arranged in hedges, raise in confusion their thorny limbs ; hedges of rosemary flower all the winter, and draw down by their strong perfume the winged artists that labour on Hy-mettus ; the narcissus shows itself in February ; the anemones and daffodils in March ; at the end of April there are flowers everywhere. Then the melias adorn themselves with their violet bunches ; the chilly orange-trees bud without fear ; the vine plays with the almond-trees ; jessamine and passion-flowers

twine together along the walls ; the clematis stretches its long arms around the arbour, and the climbing rose-trees delight to spot with red the old palisades.

We had in our garden three uncultivated plots where a few handfuls of seeds of all kinds had been thrown in once for all. Everything flowered in April ; poppies, camomile, sainfoin, fumatory, wild poppies. During a whole month the flowers, the bees, butterflies, lizards, beetles, and the birds which hid their nests in the long grass, were mixed together, tumbling one over the other in wild confusion ; and beneath, the dull earth seemed to become animated with a swarming life. Above all this humming tangle floated a strong luscious scent of honey, which gladdened the heart.

Let us think no more of it ; for indeed all this luxury faded on the 1st of June, to make way for myrtles and oleanders, which retired in July before the dust and the grasshoppers.

The Queen has, without comparison, the finest garden in the kingdom. Good and bad years together, fifty thousand drachms are expended there—a twentieth part of the civil list. If there is anything worth envying in the little kingdom of Greece, it is the possession of this great garden ; I say great, on account of its extent and not on account of its design—it is an English garden full of winding paths without one avenue of tall trees. A gardener of the time of Louis XIV. would be shocked at it, and would exclaim that the king's majesty compromised itself in alleys of this sort. No offence to the good Le Nôtre ; the Queen's garden is a pretty thing, and M. Bareaud, who made it, a clever man.

No doubt, it might perhaps have been better to leave the ground as it was—naked, untilled, burned up, and tangled here and there with wild plants. Théophile Gautier was indignant at grass having been sown in such a picturesque spot, and that such fine rocks had been spoiled. But the Queen

wished to surround herself with shade, perfumes, bright colours, and the song of birds—what she asked for has been given her.

Those who have passed three summer months in Greece, know that the most precious good, and the one most worthy of being sought for, is shade—in the royal garden there are thickets where the sun never penetrates. The King's dining-room is a room under the open sky, surrounded by open galleries; the sides and the roof are of climbing rose-trees, crowded together, entwined and matted like the work of a basket-maker.

By one of those pieces of good luck which only happen to the fortunate, the Queen found, whilst laying out her garden, the remains of a Roman villa—something like two hundred square yards of mosaic. Part of this precious work was restored, the rest destroyed, and the Queen is in possession of a large gallery, and five or six delightful chambers, the pavement of which is supplied by the Romans, the decorations by camelias, and the walls by passion-flowers.

The principal charm of this garden for travellers from France is, that in it you see in the open air plants in flower, which we rear by the side of a stove. The orange-trees of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries are always rather like those curly trees which are given to children on their birthday, with six sheep and a shepherd. The Queen has a small orange grove which are really trees and not toys. She has palm-trees larger than those of the *Jardin des Plantes*, growing in the middle of a green lawn. What costs the most is the lawn, not the palm-trees. Nobody will ever know how much care, labour, and water, is necessary for keeping turf alive at Athens in July. It is a really royal luxury. To water her grass, the Queen has confiscated a certain number of water conduits, which were going in a vulgar way to carry their

water into the town to give drink to the citizens. Her Majesty has taken them into her service—the Athenians are the worse for it, but the grass finds itself all the better.

The ruins of the temple of Olympian Jupiter rise from the plain a little below the garden. Adrian had no idea that he was constructing this gigantic temple to embellish an English garden, and to please the eyes of a princess of Oldenburg.

The Queen likes her garden such as it is, but she would like it better if the trees were higher. She aspires to a high grove, but she will not obtain it, and will never console herself for this. Vegetable mould is too scarce; the roots of the trees do not extend to a sufficient depth; the winds that blow over Attica are too violent. I have seen cypresses a hundred years old upset in a second by the north wind. The Queen does not give in; she obliges her gardeners carefully to prune the trees, to allow them to grow higher. After each storm the labourers find two or three hundred trees with their roots in the air; they replant them as best they may, and set to work again to prune them.

The Queen's garden is public—it is fair enough that those who pay for it should have the right of walking in it. But as the Queen walks there too, and does not like meeting her subjects face to face, the public is only admitted after the time that their Majesties go out riding until nightfall. In summer, the Queen goes out sometimes at half-past seven in the evening, so that visitors have just the time to go in and come out again. If by chance the Queen does not go out before night, the garden remains closed all day. The soldiers who watch at the gates show an accommodating disposition towards their countrymen, and often allow them to enter before the stated hour. But, on the other hand, it often happens that they cross their bayonets before an ambassador at the hour when everybody may go in. The regulation is so well

drawn up and so cleverly carried out that the garden has nothing to fear from a crowd, and no one will ever be suffocated in its walks.

Athens possesses a botanical, or rather a nursery gardener's establishment, under State direction. The same plants are to be got there as from the tradesmen, and at the same prices.

Capo d'Istria founded at Tiryns an agricultural school from which much was hoped for, in the time when one still believed in the Greek nation. I have visited this ghost of a school, together with Garnier and Curzon. The sub-director was a young Italian emigrant, of a great Florentine family. He had always had a passion for agriculture, like all the young Italian nobility who, for want of a country to love, console themselves by loving the soil. In his exile he was happy in having found an honourable occupation, and one conformed to his taste; but he despaired of the school, of Greek agriculture, and of the future of Greece.

"Would you believe it," said he in that beautiful aspirated language spoken at Florence; "would you believe that this school, the only one of the kind in Greece, only counts seven students? Yet the cost of residence is not too high—twenty-five drachms a month! We have, as you see, a vast and commodious building; Capo d'Istria gave the school immense lands; France has sent us the finest models of agricultural implements. Well, the house is a desert, the implements rust, our lands are uncultivated; it is almost as difficult for us to find labourers as to get students. We are reduced to get the work done by women; and of these, too, we do not find enough."

We were standing in the middle of the garden, near an oleander which Capo d'Istria had formerly planted with his own hands. "There," said the Italian, "is the only thing which has prospered." Two of the seven students of the

school came and brought us some bouquets of roses. "Do you think," I inquired of their professor, "that these young people will one day profit by your lessons? Do they understand what you teach them?" "They understand sufficiently," he replied; "you must already know, that it is not understanding that they are deficient in. But when they have well understood, they go and explain to the others what they have just learned; it never comes into their head to apply it. You see that plot of flax? It has been the admiration of all the inhabitants of Argos and Nauplia. They used to ask me, 'Of what use are those little blue flowers?' I explained how the stalk of the flax is gathered, steeped, and crushed; how this little plant, with blue flowers, can yield a thread finer, softer, and more durable than all they make with their cotton. They used to exclaim, 'Ah, really, that is curious! one sees something new every day; I will tell that to my grandfather; he will be much astonished.' Not one ever thought of asking me for some seed."

I have since heard that this poor Florentine has been dismissed. He gave umbrage to a great German power.

A Frenchman, M. de Roujoux, Consul in the Cyclades, has founded an agricultural colony at three leagues from Athens, between Hymettus and Pentelicus. The village is called Carvati; it is well built, well enclosed, well provided, and peopled with more than two hundred individuals. The domain is composed of seven thousand five hundred hectares, of which a third is good land; the water which runs down from the two mountains keeps up in all seasons sufficient moisture. The founder of this colony, M. de Roujoux, was not only a man of great capacity, but also very clever; he had a private fortune considerable enough, and a sufficient salary to enable him to advance funds to his peasants, and to buy the most perfect agricultural implements; his official

position and his family relations gave him a great deal of credit, and a certain degree of power. Thanks to all these conditions of success, Carvati ought to prosper; a great deal was expected of Carvati; Carvati was shown to foreigners as one of the wonders of young Greece; professional men, who had seen Carvati, told wonders of it, and mentioned it in their books. M. de Roujoux died during my stay in Greece, insolvent and ruined, it is said, by Carvati.

I have thought that I ought to add this corrective to all that I have said of the fertility of the Greek soil. I still think, in spite of the example of M. de Roujoux, that foreigners as well as natives might there enrich themselves by agriculture; but I will answer for nothing; and I know that in the safest undertakings, it is not difficult to ruin one's-self.*

5. Cattle—The horse an unreasonable animal—Accident in travelling—A rider in a dressing-gown—Two prudent diplomats—The ass and Ajax—Flocks—Lamb à la Palikar—Shooting—Inutility of the license—Tolerance of proprietors—Birds of prey—Tortoises—Unnamed animals.

I have seen more than once, on Sunday, when listening to the band, small horses, which seemed taken down from the frieze of the Parthenon; these animals, with a short neck, body drawn close together, and an enormous head, are cousins of Bucephalus; they come directly from Macedonia or Thessaly.

Their first masters have trained them, as if to satisfy their conscience; when they have seen that they were resigned, or nearly so, to carry a saddle and a man, they have said that

* The insecurity of the country is another drawback to agricultural undertakings in Greece. On the night of the 28th August 1854, the house of Mr. Leves, an English resident in Euboea, was entered by five brigands, and he and his wife murdered after the house had been ransacked—the chief of this band was son of the village priest, and had received many benefits from Mr. Leves and his family. On the 26th March 1855, the house of another Englishman, Mr. Noel, in Euboea, was attacked in open day by a band of fifteen brigands, who carried off all the valuables from Mr. Noel's house, and from the neighbouring village, and destroyed what they did not take away.—Tr.

these horses could now make their way in the world alone, and they have sent them to Greece. Turkey has the providing of the Hellenic people with horses; the cavalry officers go for remounts to Smyrna or Beyrout; the horse-dealers and Agoyats simply go to Salonika; the number of horses reared in the kingdom does not deserve to be counted.

The Turks, as is well known, like to show off their horses; the Greeks exaggerate this taste; they only esteem horses of lightning speed, which gallop without touching the earth, and whose paces resemble a firework. All the Greeks belong to the grand school of the "fantasia." Sometimes at the ride you see a rider leap out of the road, throw himself at full gallop into the open country, disappear in a cloud of dust, and ten minutes after bring back a smoking animal covered with foam. All the time that this exploit lasts, all the riders on the highway are dragging desperately at their horses' mouths to prevent them from running away. The finest quality of these agreeable animals is emulation—the mother of great achievements; their chief fault is having no mouth, and feeling the bit no more than a wooden horse.

The modest horses of the Agoyats are capable of running away, just like the horses of the high society. It is not on the fortieth day of a journey that ideas of galloping enter their head; but, at starting, the fresh air, the sight of the fields, the influence of the spring, everything excites them, and it is not always prudent to lay the bridle on their neck. If you should chance to be three or four travellers together, and your horses think of racing, you are involved in a rather perilous steeple-chase.

The second day of my journey in the Morea, we were making our way quietly along towards the isthmus of Corinth, and the village of Kalamaki. We had just crossed the Scironian rocks, and I was thinking to myself that if my horse was as

tired as I was, he would lie down early. In crossing a little stream, Curzon got down to drink, and went on on foot; his horse left to himself went on in front. I was at the head of the caravan, and, without taking any notice, saw him pass, but an old Agoyat thought of catching him. The horse trotted, the Agoyat also trotted; the horse began to gallop; I began to laugh at seeing how much better organized for running four-legged animals are, than simple bipeds. But my horse, seeing his companion running, was indulging in his own reflections. He said to himself, "This is a very vain animal; because he has not got a rider on his back, he thinks he is going to leave us behind; we will soon see!"

The next thing was to start off at full gallop. I held tight the bridle, I held tight with my knees, I held on to everything I could; I gathered together my recollections of Leblanc's riding-school. Good or bad grace, there was no help for it, but to go on and race.

However, the baggage-horse, touchy like all people of low occupations, became indignant in his vulgar soul against the saddled animals who affected to gallop before him. "Because I have a few mattresses on my back, and a few boxes and a few plates, you think I am only a donkey! just wait; I will show you if I was made to carry burdens." At the first bound, our plates were on the ground—ten fine new plates! nothing left of them but chips; at the second, our mattresses were hung out on a lentisk bush; at the third, the animal was already gone. His colleague, who was carrying Leftéri, reminded of his duty by the presence of his master, and seized with horror at the sight of the ruins which ambition strews on its way, stopped short, and refused to put one foot before another. As for Garnier's horse, he had long been running after mine.

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At the end of an enormous minute, my horse arrived, always second, on the sea-sand. I wanted very much to push him into the water to cool; but do what I would to pull to the left, his competitor was going to the right, and he followed the right. A little further I saw within reach a rock of an imposing aspect. I thought of breaking my horse's head at it, but restrained myself on thinking of my own. A minute passed; it seemed I had been galloping for an hour. Behind me I heard a horse galloping, and the noise of hoofs dragging; I thought with horror that it was perhaps the farmer's horse, and attempted to drag my left foot out of the stirrup; the stirrup had caught between my shoe and the ground.

We had left the beach, and we were running over flat country, on a little peninsula. I thought over to myself what a deal of ground the horses get over in the Champ de Mars on race days; certain verses also of the story of Mazeppa came back to my mind, and its terrible chorus hummed in my ears. The peninsula was coming to an end, I found myself again in front of the sea, and this time the shore appeared to be precipitous. Curzon's horse stopped—I was saved; but hearing my horse galloping, he started off afresh. I was quite blown; I had one hand cut as if I had been gathering grass for a week; my ears were ringing, my sight confused; I made a successful effort to disengage my foot, and I jumped down, head foremost.

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and that they were offering me ices ; I heard five or six songs, which I promised myself I would remember. When I opened my eyes and came to myself, I was alone, lying on my back, fifty paces from my hat ; I perceived a great black bird in a tree—it was my cloak, which I thought I had fastened securely to the pommel of the saddle. I took a direction as well as I could by the help of the sun, and I walked, staggering a little, to where our people ought to be found. I had not gone twenty paces, when I saw Leftéri run up and ask what had become of his horses. I told him that they were not broken-winded, and that they had gone on in front to Kalamaki ; the poor fellow ran off in pursuit. After him came Garnier, safe and sound. His horse, having to choose between successful vanity and a ditch ten feet wide, had taken the wisest course. Alfred de Curzon asked of all the bushes for his lost papers and drawings, and the Agoyats accused one another of having caused all the misfortunes.

On reaching Kalamaki, we found Leftéri and all his horses. The amiable beasts had arrived, galloping all the way to the first houses of the village, where they had been stopped. Very fortunately ; for at the pace at which they were going, they might have gone all round the Morea, and returned to their stables.

The Greeks call a horse *Alogon*, that is to say, the animal above all others. *Alogon* also means unreasonable, and this translation does not displease me. “ Peter, go and saddle my unreasonable ! Harness the unreasonables, Nicolas ! ”

At the time when M. Piscatory inhabited his little palace at Patissia, a young French diplomat, to whom he extended his hospitality, came down one morning into the court, and saw an unreasonable that seemed very reasonable, and got on his back, from simple curiosity and without reflecting that he was not in a riding-dress. The unreasonable started off

like an arrow, and carried into Athens a rider in dressing-gown and slippers.

Last year the secretary and *attaché* of another Legation, hired at the riding-school two unreasonables, whose innocence was warranted. At a hundred paces from the town, the two young men judged it prudent to dismount; they had the courage to cross Athens on foot, leading their horses by the bridles. For an unreasonable horse too reasonable a rider.

The unreasonables are fed on dry barley during eleven months of the year, and on green barley for one month; the dry barley heats them abominably; in April they are turned out into a barley-field for twenty or twenty-five days; they come out thin and purged.

The powers who may occupy Greece militarily, will do wisely to send only infantry; our horses would not accustom themselves to this diet, and our soldiers would not manage with the horses of the country.

The pasturage of Bœotia and Locris remains green only for two or three months; no hay is made, and if it were, there would be no means of transporting it.

The donkey is less degraded in the East than with us. The poets have spoken of it as of a spirited animal. Homer compares Ajax to an ass without intending to humiliate him. The donkeys of the present day are not Ajaxes, but good little beasts, that are sure-footed, gallop if need be, and go ten leagues a day, when they please.

The oxen, which are so fine and numerous in Italy, are scarce and thin in Greece. The town of Athens possesses only five or six cows. No other milk is drunk than that of sheep; their butter alone is eaten—it is white, light, and agreeable enough, in spite of a hardly perceptible after-taste of tallow.

Sheep are part of the chief riches of the country; there are

more than four millions of woolly cattle in the kingdom.* They find food everywhere, they crop the daffodils, and, at need, thistles. Wethers are not kept; the ewes have no other use than to furnish milk and lambs. The milk is converted into fresh cheese; the fresh cheese changes its name next day, and is called *minsithra*—it is a delicious food. The *minsithra* is salted in barrels; the salted cheese is kept in skins, and is thus forwarded to all the towns of the kingdom. Before each *bakal* or grocer's shop, one sees a skin cut open, full of a white granulated substance, which the shopkeeper digs out with his hands; this is sheep's cheese.

The lambs are all destined for Easter. The day of that great festival, which the Greeks name to distinguish it the *lambri* or the brilliant, there is not a family in the kingdom that does not eat a lamb. On Good-Friday, the town of Athens is invaded by fifty long devils, dressed in the most picturesque rags, escorted by two hundred big curly dogs, and followed by ten thousand bleating lambs. All this crowd, animals and men, install themselves in the open spaces in the town, or in the uncultivated fields in the neighbourhood. The citizens are treated, during two nights, to a vast concert of bleating. On Saturday, all the men to be met with in the street carry, like the good shepherd, a lamb upon their shoulders. Each father of a family, on returning home, cuts the throat of the animal in the midst of his sons and daughters, empties it in as clean a way as he can, seasons it with aromatic herbs, and passes a stick through its body. The bowels are carefully preserved for frying. The meat thus spitted, is set before a large flaming fire of fagots in the courtyard or before the door. When it is thoroughly cooked,

* The number of sheep has been much increased since the aggression on Turkey in the spring of 1854. The farms of the chiefs of that unwarrantable foray are all well stocked with the produce of their brigandage in Thessaly.—Tr.

it is allowed to cool (the Greeks do not care about eating their food hot), and they then wait to fill their stomachs till *Christ has arisen*.

Seven-tenths of the subjects of King Otho eat meat only on that day.

The brigands, who buy lambs without paying for them, treat themselves pretty often to the roast I have just described, and the invention of which, it is said, belongs to them. A lamb roasted whole is styled, lamb *à la Palikar*.

Foreigners who are in the habit of eating meat every day, eat lamb during a great part of the year; lamb boiled, lamb roasted, lamb stewed, lamb fried, and lamb broth, form the staple of the food of the traveller. To vary this diet a little, boiled or roast chicken may be eaten; but the chickens are small, tough, bony, and dry as a summer's day; after all, lamb is better, at least it is tender.

The coasts of Greece are well provided with fish; yet fish is very dear at Athens. The sailors like better to run cruising from port to port, than to stay in a creek and spread nets.

On the other hand, shooting is a sport of which the Greeks are very fond; it is to them, if not the image of war, at least that of brigandage.

The Government lays sportsmen under the obligation of taking out a license which costs a drachm (about 9d.) for three months. But the sportsman says to himself, "Of what use is a permit when one has got a gun?—the best license is a good weapon. If the gendarme asks me for my gun, I will answer him like the Spartan of old, 'Come and take it.'" Shooting licenses will never enrich the exchequer.

Game will never enrich the sportsman. It is necessary to go a long distance to kill a hare or a woodcock. The sportsmen of Athens get themselves conveyed in a carriage five or

six leagues from the town if they do not wish to return empty-handed. Hares at Marathon, and red partridges at Ægina, are common enough; woodcocks are not too scarce in the ravines that surround Cephissia. The best weather for shooting is during the north wind; the snow which covers the mountains drives the game down into the plain; but the north wind does not blow every day.

The passage of the wild ducks gives fine opportunities to those in the neighbourhood of Lake Copais. I have seen cart-loads of these aquatic birds brought in to the market of Athens. The quails on their passage give food to Maina during a whole month; the poor creatures are so heavy on their arrival that they are sometimes knocked down with sticks.

The passage of the doves amuses the sportsman in spring and autumn; they are shot flying in the barley and sitting on the fig-trees. The passage of the thrushes has often made me beat about the fields in March and April. It is a war of ambuscade, in which the game and the sportsman play at hide-and-seek behind the olive-trees. The sportsman does not always get the best of it.

The Greeks have for the sportsman a tolerance perfectly fabulous, and which would shock the inhabitants of Normandy. You wade through the barley, you scramble over the walls of the enclosures at the risk of demolishing them, you overturn them, even, if you like, for they are made of unburned bricks; the proprietor sees you and says nothing. He thinks that a man who takes such liberties is no doubt a powerful lord, with whom he had better not meddle. I know a Frenchman who used to go three times a week to fire his pistols at the gate of an enclosure at fifty paces from Athens; the proprietor never murmured.

The only enemies the sportsman has to fear are the shep-

herds' big dogs. These curly monsters precipitate themselves in great numbers on any European who passes by; their masters, instead of keeping them back, often amuse themselves by setting them on; they are only to be got rid of by throwing stones. The town dogs, who ought to pride themselves on their urbanity, have not much more regard for those that pass through the streets after nightfall; and dandies, coming out of an evening party, do well to slip a few big stones into the pockets of their black coats. These animals have no respect for sticks. If you threaten them with a cane you are sure of a bite; but stones inspire them with a superstitious terror.

The game eaten in Greece is excellent—hares, snipes, thrushes have a delicious flavour. The red partridge, the only one you have an opportunity of shooting, is hardly eatable. Its flesh is hard, stringy, and insipid. The same fault is found with it in Algeria and all hot countries. If it could answer, it would say, "Then, why do you kill me?"

There would be found in the Morea, if they were well looked after, a few foxes and even a few jackals—eagles and vultures are to be met with without looking for them; Hymettus, Pentelicus, and all the mountains of the kingdom are peopled with them. I have seen flights of more than fifty vultures assemble over our garden before going together to the conquest of a carcase. I have met vultures peaceably taking their meal on the carcase of a donkey or a sheep, and I have brought away some large feathers plucked from the vulture itself.

The owl still inhabits the town of Minerva, but it no longer reigns there. The Acropolis is inhabited in summer by a charming species of hawk, called the kestrel. This bird, the smallest of the birds of prey, pursues insects, and especially grasshoppers. It is not wanting in courage, however.

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The next thing was to start off at full gallop. I held tight the bridle, I held tight with my knees, I held on to everything I could; I gathered together my recollections of Le-blanc's riding-school. Good or bad grace, there was no help for it, but to go on and race.

However, the baggage-horse, touchy like all people of low occupations, became indignant in his vulgar soul against the saddled animals who affected to gallop before him. "Because I have a few mattresses on my back, and a few boxes and a few plates, you think I am only a donkey! just wait; I will show you if I was made to carry burdens." At the first bound, our plates were on the ground—ten fine new plates! nothing left of them but chips; at the second, our mattresses were hung out on a lentisk bush; at the third, the animal was already gone. His colleague, who was carrying Leftéri, reminded of his duty by the presence of his master, and seized with horror at the sight of the ruins which ambition strews on its way, stopped short, and refused to put one foot before another. As for Garnier's horse, he had long been running after mine.

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At the end of an enormous minute, my horse arrived, always second, on the sea-sand. I wanted very much to push him into the water to cool ; but do what I would to pull to the left, his competitor was going to the right, and he followed to the right. A little further I saw within reach a rock of rather imposing aspect. I thought of breaking my horse's head against it, but restrained myself on thinking of my own. A second minute passed ; it seemed I had been galloping for an hour. Behind me I heard a horse galloping, and the noise of something dragging ; I thought with horror that it was perhaps Garnier's horse, and attempted to drag my left foot out of the stirrup ; the stirrup had caught between my shoe and gaiter.

We had left the beach, and we were running over flat country, on a little peninsula. I thought over to myself what a deal of ground the horses get over in the Champ de Mars on race days ; certain verses also of the story of Mazeppa came back to my mind, and its terrible chorus hummed in my ears. The peninsula was coming to an end, I found myself again in front of the sea, and this time the shore appeared to be precipitous. Curzon's horse stopped—I was saved ; but hearing my galloping, he started off afresh. I was quite blown ; I had one hand cut as if I had been gathering grass for a week ; my ears were ringing, my sight confused ; I made a successful effort to disengage my foot, and I jumped down, head foremost.

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We had left the beach, and we were entering some low country, on a little peninsula. I thought once a moment that a deal of ground the horses got over in the morning in staves on race days; certain verses also of the story of *Don Quixote* came back to my mind, and its terrible quality entered in my ears. The peninsula was coming to an end I found myself again in front of the sea, and this time the beach appeared to be precipitous. Curzon's horse stopped: I was saved, not hearing my galloping, he started off alone. I was quite blown; I had one hand cut as if I had been galloping grass for a week; my ears were ringing, my sight confused. I made a successful effort to disengage my foot and I jumped down, head foremost.

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of the diocese, by the municipality, or by the neighbouring monastery. Individuals present themselves in opposition to one another, as the farmers or sub-farmers of such a one who claims to be the proprietor, &c."

The Greek Government feels itself too weak to attempt to retake a mine from those who pretend to the ownership; but it thinks itself strong enough to take away an empire from its legitimate proprietor.

7. Industry—What Greece will send to the Exhibition of 1855—All manufactured articles consumed in the kingdom are imported—Table of imports—Progress of Turkey—Greece has but two kinds of industry: Spinning silk and ship-building—Conversation with a silk-winder of Mistra—Comparison of the cost of vessels at Syra and Marseilles.

One day that I was visiting a former minister of King Otho, the conversation turned upon Paris.

"I have lived at Paris," said the Right Honourable who was conversing with me, "and it is the town of all others that I most wish to see again."

"Well, come there in two years—you will see the Universal Exhibition."

"Yes, but I should like to see all that without its costing me anything."

"Go at the public expense."

"I was thinking of that; but under what pretext?"

"Will not a Governmental Commissioner be appointed for the Exhibition?"

"The idea is a good one; thank you for it. You have profited by your stay in Greece; you understand business; why have not you studied politics? I do not stand ill at Court—the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* protects me; the King will appoint me. I will take care that they give me a sufficient indemnity—the ministers now-a-days look so close! I

will go to Paris; I will show off the produce of our industry; I will claim for it a place of honour. People do not talk enough of Greece; the enthusiasm of Europe has grown cool; I will take care to warm it again. They will see what we can do!"

"By the bye," said I innocently, "what will Greece send to the Exhibition?"

"You ask what? She will send—Greece is not embarrassed. She will send—be easy, we have got enough to make people speak of us. She will send—currants!"

"No doubt. Excuse me; I do not know what I was thinking about. I forgot currants and the honey of Hymettus."

"I was going to speak of it. She will send twenty okes of honey from Hymettus. The honey of Hymettus is not so rare as is thought in Europe. They imagine that the national industry has degenerated. We will prove, if the King will appoint me commissioner, that our bees labour still more than in the age of Pericles. An immense vase full of honey from Hymettus!"

"You will send something else too."

"Do you doubt it? We will send a large bottle of olive oil, a cask of Santorin wine, a bale of cotton, a little madder, a box of dried figs, a bag of valonia, a large skein of silk!"

"A block of marble of Paros."

"Ten blocks of marble of Paros! if M. Cléantis will be so good as to give them. We will add a few okes of emery from Naxos, and a block of coal from Kumi. Be at your ease, Greece will maintain her rank in that great assembly of civilized nations."

"And as to industry, properly so called," added I with a little hesitation.

"What industry?"

"Industry—manufacturing."

"I understand you. Well! we will send a pretty Greek costume."

"Bravo! the idea is a good one; you know that I delight in your costumes; I warrant you they will be successful. Send a costume. What else will you send?"

"We will send a fez, an embroidered vest, a fustanella, a pretty sash"—

"No doubt, and after that"—

"We will send a Greek costume. That now is something! I defy all the nations of Europe to send a single Greek costume."

I took leave of the future commissioner, and on the threshold of his house, I passed over in my mind what Greece had sent to the London Exhibition. I remembered the disappointment I had met with on entering the enclosure reserved for Greek produce, when I saw some honey in a pot, some currants in a vase, a little oil, a little wine, some cotton, some madder, a handful of figs, some valonia, a cube of marble, and a glass case in which were hung up a few Greek costumes.

The national industry is always at the same point, and we shall all see again at Paris, what I had the grief to see in London.

The only two manufactories that have been established in Greece, that of glass at Piræus, and a refinery at Thermopylæ, have ruined the shareholders, and they have been obliged to abandon them.

All manufactured produce consumed in the kingdom comes from abroad: in Greece they do not know how to make one of those clasp-knives sold at Paris for five *sous*!

In 1845 the imports amounted to 22,300,000 drachms.

England took part in them to the amount of 7,300,000 drachms.

Austria,	4,000,000
France,	2,000,000
Turkey,	4,300,000
Russia,	2,000,000
Holland,	800,000
The Ionian Islands,	400,000
Malta,	500,000
Sardinia,	200,000
Tuscany,	800,000

Total, . . . 22,800,000 drachms.

The produce imported from the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Tuscany, is all English produce ; so that England imported goods to the value of 9,000,000 drachms.

The English goods imported are almost exclusively bar and wrought iron, and cotton tissues and thread.

Austria imports woollen and cotton fabrics, coffee and timber.

France, raw and manufactured hides, cloth, manufactured metals, hosiery, hardware, paper and books, and some cotton fabrics.

Holland, sugar and cheese.

Russia, corn, hemp, leather, tallows and other raw materials. Russian industry has, as is known, as much progress to make as that of the Greeks.

Turkey imports silks, salt-fish, wax, soap, corn, timber, cattle, &c. It will be observed, that after England, it is Turkey that takes the largest portion of the importations.

In 1849, Turkey was making a marked approach to the figure of English imports. The total importation was valued at 20,799,501 drachms.

England took part for	6,218,828 drachms.
Turkey, for 5,318,992 }	.	.	.	
Egypt, for 666,961 }	.	.	.	5,985,953
Russia, for	917,728

These are, it seems to me, figures that are not without interest, at the moment when the Greeks talk of Russian progress and of the decadence of Turkey.

I return to the industry of the Greeks. Apart from domestic industry, and the fabrics made in the houses for home use, I find nothing to mention, except the silk-winding establishments, and the shipbuilding yards.

There exist in the country two establishments for silk-winding which prosper without increasing; one is at Mistra, the other at Kalamata. If the Government gave some encouragement to this kind of industry, there would soon be ten silk spinning-factories in the kingdom.

I advise all those who wish to establish spinning-houses in Greece, to go to Smyrna and visit the factory of M. Mathon. M. Mathon is a Frenchman, born in Ardèche, and established at Smyrna for fifteen years. He has founded an establishment that may be compared with everything of the most perfect to be seen in France: two hundred young girls are employed there all the year round. His produce, which he sends to Marseilles, is much sought for there; the quantity of his business increases day by day; he enlarges his workshops, he increases the number of his artisans. It is true that Smyrna is a Turkish town, and that foreigners there are just as if they were at home.

I met one day at the house of M. Constantin Mavrocordatos, one of the proprietors of the spinning-house at Mistra. I complimented him on his workshops which I had visited a few months before. "Yes," said he, "they are pretty good; we manage to get along pretty well. We do some little good to the country; but we shall never be rewarded for it. We may do as much as we like, the best that can happen to us will be to amass a little money; but places, distinction, honours—all those things are not made for us."

"How so! when you give to Greece an industry which must enrich it!"

"Alas, sir, we are not citizens!"

"What! are you not Greek?"

"I beg your pardon; but we are Heterochthones."

It is not only the indifference of the Government, and the absurdity of the laws which oppose the progress of manufactures; but above all, the spirit of individuality and the rage for decentralization which possesses all the Greeks. When a workman knows his trade, he leaves the factory, puts his tools on his back, and goes from village to village, from house to house, crying out, "Have you any cocoons to wind?" The peasant gives the preference to these wandering spinners who work in front of his door, whom he can watch more closely, and who only ask for five or six drachms per oke of silk.

When Greece shall have got a Government, and the mines of Kumi shall be worked, and the country traversed in all directions by carriageable roads, and the law of the Heterochthones be repealed; the spinning works of Mistra and Kalamata will be able to give themselves the luxury of a steam-engine of four horse power, which will set in motion two hundred spinning wheels at once, and will spin silk at such a low price that the manufacturers will no longer fear the competition of their workmen.

The Greeks build ships at Syra, Patras, Galaxidi, and Piræus. These vessels are generally of fir; they are less solid, less well bolted, and less carefully built than those we build in France; but they sail well, and cost half less than ours.

At Syra a vessel of

100 tons measurement, carrying 140 tons, costs 17,816 fr.				
200	"	"	280	" 35,816
300	"	"	420	" 58,201

At Marseilles a vessel of

100 tons measurement, carrying 136 to 140 tons, costs 46,000 fr.					
200	"	"	"	285	" 88,000
300	"	"	"	425	" 122,000

Which makes that per ton,

	Measurement.		Lading.	
	Greek.	French.	Greek.	French.
Vessels cost	179 fr.	460 fr.	120 fr.	328 fr
"	179	440	127	308
"	193	408	138	288 *

If Greek shipowners pay 120 francs for what ours buy at 328, it is evident that the commerce of the Mediterranean belongs to the Greek navy.

8. Commerce.

When the commerce of Greece is mentioned, there can only be question of its maritime commerce; in a country where the roads are only footpaths, the only commerce possible is that of pedlars.

Greece communicates with the rest of the world only by sea; it touches Turkey on its northern frontier, but does not communicate—for there is no road going from Greece to Turkey.

The sea is the highway that joins Greece to the whole world—the sea puts Greece in communication with itself. I said above, all the Greeks are merchants; that was saying, all the Greeks are sailors.

The Greek navy is as ancient as the Greek people; the first time the nation made itself known to the world was, when

* Casimir Leconte, p. 384.

they went in their ships to sack the town of Troy. The true hero of Greece is not the impetuous Achilles, who only knew how to love, to hate, to weep, and to fight. Achilles is a man of the continent brought up far from the sea—Achilles has a sincere soul—Achilles does not calculate—Achilles gained nothing at the siege of Troy, except death and immortality—Achilles is only half a Greek. One would say, on the contrary, that Greece had wholly become incarnate in the islander, Ulysses, who knows how to navigate and to lie, who speculates on his affections and on his misfortunes; who, when he exchanges his arms with a friend, manages to gain by the exchange;* who, before killing the suitors, advises his wife to ask rich presents of them—Ulysses, the mariner, merchant, and swindling hero.

If Ulysses came to life again at the present time, and found himself placed in the midst of the Athenians, with fine *κνήμιδες*, before the coffee-house of Beautiful Greece, he would say to them, "I recognise you—you are my children. You love like us the tawny gold and sparkling silver; like us you love the property of others. Like us you have strong-built ships, which glide over the back of the sea; you understand buying and selling and cheating. Like us you covet a great city, situated under the rising sun, beyond the deep seas. You hope when you have taken it to reduce the citizens to slavery, and to sit down with folded arms, in its well-built palaces. But, believe me, if you do not wish to prepare for yourselves bitter regrets, wait like us for the favourable moment. Wait till Jupiter shall have given you skilful and courageous leaders—till Vulcan shall have forged

* Diomed made an exchange with ninety-one per cent. profit.—*Iliad*, VI. 234-6.

"Ενθ' αὖτις Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρίνας ἰξίλιτο Ζεύς,
δὲ πρὸς Τυδιδῇν Διομήδεια τέυχ' ἄμειβε,
χρύσια χαλκείων, ἱκατόμβοι' ἰνναβοίων.—*Tr.*

for you invincible arms; and especially take care to be two against one—for there lies all the secret of war."

They tell, in the bazaar of Athens, the story of a merchant captain who would have been the admiration of Ulysses. This good man had gone to Lisbon; he had sold his cargo and his ship besides. His sailors asked him, "How are you going to take us back home? You promised to bring us back to Piræus."

"Make yourselves easy," answered the captain; "I will see to all that. You will soon be on the road. Meantime, will you take a sail on the sea? I have sold the vessel, but the boat remains. The buyer has left me a little mast which is still good, and a sail which is not too much torn—I propose a little trip to you."

The sailors embarked without suspicion. He brought them, loitering by the way, to Gibraltar; from Gibraltar he conveyed them to Marseilles, where he was, without fail, to get a good passage for them. From Marseilles he took them to see Toulon; from Toulon he coaxed them on to Genoa. At the end of six months the boat entered the Piræus in triumph.

There was in that sailor the stuff for a diplomat—there is in every Greek the stuff for a sailor.

Two islanders met in the port of Syra:—

"Good morning, brother! What are you doing?" (That is to say, "How are you?")

"Well, thank you. What news is there?"

"Dimitri, the son of Nicolas, is come back from Marseilles."

"Has he made much money?"

"Twenty-three thousand six hundred drachms, it is said."

"It is a great deal of money."

"For a long time I have been saying to myself, I must go to Marseilles; but I have got no boat."

"If you liked, we two would make one together. Have not you got some wood?"

"I have got very little."

"One has always enough to build a boat. I have got some sail-cloth, and my cousin John has got cordage—we will club together."

"Who will command?"

"John; he has already navigated."

"We shall want a little boy to help us."

"There is my godson Basil."

"A child of eight years old!—he is very small."

"One is always big enough for sailing."

"But what cargo shall we take?"

"Our neighbour Petros has some valonia; the papas has some casks of wine; I know a man at Tinos who has some cotton. We will look in at Smyrna, if you like, and take in some silk."

The boat is constructed after a fashion; the crew is raised from one or two families; whatever goods friends and neighbours may be disposed to sell are taken in. They go to Marseilles, passing by Smyrna, or even Alexandria; the cargo is sold and another taken in; and when the vessel returns to Syra, its cost is defrayed by the freight, and the partners have besides a few drachms to divide as profits.

This manner of navigation *by shares* allows the Greeks to reduce the freight much more than our merchant captains would be able to do. I have said that their vessels cost sometimes two-thirds less than ours; it is not wonderful, therefore, that their masters offer a diminution of five or six francs per ton.

In 1838, Greece possessed 3269 commercial vessels; in 1850, she had 4046, amounting to 266,221 tons. The amount of freight for one year is valued at fifty million

drachms. The Greek trader slips in everywhere, neglects no business, disdains no expedient, and changes his flag each time that he finds it his interest to do so. Also the coasting trade of the Mediterranean belongs almost entirely to Greece. In 1846, the commerce of Constantinople was divided as follows :—

Greek flag,	967,000 tons.
English and Ionian,	505,000
Russian,	385,000
Sardinian,	305,000
Austrian,	284,000
French,	70,000
Neapolitan,	51,000

This little kingdom, without population or capital, had twice as much business with Turkey as England, and thirteen times more than France. The Government which thought of breaking off with Turkey, understands very little the interests of the country.

The Greek navy, which we see is prosperous and brilliant, would be much more so if the Hellenes had not contracted two bad habits—one is called piracy, the other baratry.

All my readers know piracy, at least by reputation. It is an industry which has lasted out its time. In ten years, thanks to the discovery of steam, pirates will be as rare in the Archipelago as highwaymen in Beauce.

Baratry has better prospects. When a Greek captain has sold his cargo and his vessel at a good price, he tears his garments, hangs to his neck a little picture representing a shipwreck, and comes thus decked out to tell his owners, "The vessel has perished; we forgot at setting sail to put a penny in the money-box at the prow. Saint Christodulus or Saint Spiridion has revenged himself. I hope we shall have better luck another time." This little speculation is called

baratry. It is not easy to prevent it; for the captains are good actors, the sailors good supernumeraries, and "lies are easily told by a man who comes from a distance."

Greece has but one steamer, the *Otho*. It belongs to the king. For a long time yet, the mercantile navy will not make use of steamers. It is easy for six individuals at Syra to build and equip a sailing vessel; but they have not yet learned to construct machines or to make boilers.

For the carriage of goods that cannot wait, like cocoons, the Greeks have recourse to the steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, or of our *Messageries Impériales*. They embark themselves on the Austrian or French steamers when they are in a hurry, which rarely happens to them. All the East is still ignorant of the value of time. However, I have sometimes seen, in going from Athens to Syra, the steamer encumbered with Greeks. They always take the fourth class places, without any respect of persons. Senators, deputies, the most respectable persons, settle themselves on the deck, with their wives, their baggage, and their children. Each one carries his bed with him. Once on board, they spread out their bedding and lie down. They sleep, or talk, or eat; they carry on a quarrel from one bed to another, and the deck resembles the dormitory of a college in a state of insurrection.

In general, the Lloyd steamers go rather faster than ours; I do not, however, advise any one to take them. The vessels, the cabins, the beds, the cookery, are of a more than doubtful cleanliness. The Greeks, who do not pride themselves on cleanliness, prefer going on board the Austrian steamers, because they cost rather less, and especially because the administration will make private agreements with individuals.

The Lloyd, founded by M. Bruck at the time, and on the occasion of the War of Independence, connects Athens with Trieste, Ancona, the kingdom of Naples, the Ionian Islands,

Patras, the Isthmus, Syra, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the coast of Syria.

The *Messageries Impériales* put Greece in communication with Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Messina, Malta, Smyrna, Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt. A steamer, stationed at Piræus, plies regularly between Athens and the towns of Salonika, Chalcis, Syra, Nauplia, Hydra, Marathonisi, and Kalamata. All the vessels of the Company are secure and comfortable; the officers well-bred, polite with men, and gallant with the ladies. There is a doctor on board each steamer.

The Greek Government does nothing for the maritime trade.

There exists in the kingdom but one lighthouse, placed on an islet in front of the town of Syra. Mariners have been asking for three or four more these twenty years. In spite of their just remonstrances, in spite of the shipwrecks recorded every winter, the ministries that have succeeded one another have all turned a deaf ear. Commerce owes nothing to the Government, which owes everything to it.

I would even assert, if I did not fear being accused of being paradoxical, that the Greek marine was more flourishing under the Turkish dominion than it is now. We no longer see in the islands any of those colossal fortunes which the Condouriotis, and so many others had amassed before the War of Independence. Commerce found, under the Turks, facilities which are wanting to it at the present time. I will give an instance which will appear incredible to all civilized people. The island of Eubœa or Negropont is so close to the continent at Chalcis, that a bridge has been thrown across the strait (Euripus) which separates them. This bridge was moveable in the time of the Turkish domination; *it is now fixed*. Vessels are condemned to make an immense round-about; and

Chalcis, which was and which ought to be an important entrepôt, remains for want of a flying-bridge only an inconsiderable village.

Greece possesses a good port, the Piræus; two excellent roadsteads at Salamis and Milos. The roadstead of Syra is middling; it is neither sufficiently shut up nor deep enough; little would be required to close it; nothing is done. An infinitely safer anchorage would be found at Delos; it is not thought of. Delos has been allowed to become a desert, and Syra has become a large town.

It is a curious thing this good fortune of Syra, which is now the most commercial island of the Archipelago. It was nothing but a rock at the beginning of the War of Independence; but it was Catholic, and France protected it; under the protection of its religion and of our power, Syra, instead of suffering, profited by the war. The persecutions carried on against the Greeks sent it inhabitants; the piracy which it practised with impunity gave it capital; it confiscated for the purpose of selling them the supplies of arms which we used to send to Greece, and on the miseries of the country it founded its wealth.

The most serious obstacle that hinders the progress of Greek commerce, is the want of capital. The legal rate of interest on money is ten per cent. for ordinary loans, and twelve per cent. in commercial business; but the only loans made are, so to speak, usurious; the Government knows it, and cannot hinder it. To repress usury, would be to repress agriculture and commerce.

In 1852, the Minister of Finance stated to the Chamber that the greater part of the vine-dressers, who cultivate the currants, were ruining themselves by borrowing at fifteen and twenty per cent.

The labourers borrow their seed at thirty per cent. for

eight months, which makes forty per cent. per annum. The lender pays himself at the harvest, at the time when the corn is thrashed.

To give assistance to agriculture and commerce, a national bank was established in 1842. Like all useful foundations, the bank was created by private individuals and foreigners, under the eyes of the Government. A private individual suggested the idea, private capital was offered, France advanced two millions; a Frenchman, M. Lemaître, organized everything; King Otho interposed no obstacle.

The capital of the bank was primarily fixed at 5,000,000 drachms; but the fourth article of its statutes stated that this might be increased.

On 31st December 1852, it amounted to 5,396,000 dr.

The bullion in the coffers amounted to 1,387,311 dr. 98 l. The shares are of 1000 drachms; but in 1852 the bank itself issued them at a premium of 150 drachms.

The operations of the bank are—Discounting; taking up bills; loans on mortgages; loans on securities.

The central administration is at Athens; a branch was established at Syra in 1845, and another at Patras in 1846; there was then an intention of founding two others at Chalcis and Nauplia; but they have not been found necessary. The office at Patras is now as important as that of Athens.

The bank issues notes of ten, twenty-five, and a hundred drachms; these notes are current throughout the kingdom, and are accepted without difficulty.

The sum of the operations of the bank, which in 1847	
amounted to	22,740,194 dr. 22 l.
in 1851, amounted only to	19,376,000
and in 1852, to	19,317,000
In 1852, the profits amounted to	807,921 dr. 85 l.

The shareholders received a dividend of eighty-five drachms, which, added to four drachms of a reserve fund, made a total of eighty-nine drachms, or about nine per cent. on the nominal capital.*

No one could deny the immense services which the National Bank has rendered to Greece. Notwithstanding the high rate of discount and of interest, it has facilitated business, and furnished resources to agriculture. At the same time it afforded to capital a most advantageous investment. Why, then, has it not made more progress in eleven years?

It is that the Greeks are convinced that the destiny of the bank is bound up in the person of its director, M. Stavros. Although the whole business is not yet carried on in a very regular manner; although the arrears amount to more than 500,000 drachms; although the bank has sometimes been deceived by its valuers as to the worth of mortgaged lands; although forgers have imitated a certain number of notes, and obliged the administration to make new ones—the bank has acquired the confidence of the public, because it knows the talent and capacity of M. Stavros. But after his time, popular prejudice maintains that there will only remain bunglers or knaves. “If Stavros died to-morrow,” a Greek said to me, “I would not trust ten drachms to his successor.”

“But if the State undertook the administration of the bank?”

“That is quite another thing. I would not trust it with ten lepta.”

The Greeks must needs be traders to the bottom of their souls, when the miseries of their condition, and the spectacle of their country, have not disgusted them with commerce. When they glance over the map of the world, they are able

* In 1854, the dividend has been of seventy-five drachms. We must remember that many shares have been bought at a rate of 1150.—*Tr.*

to say to themselves—"Wherever the seas extend, Greek commerce penetrates along with them; in all the ports which I see, from Archangel to Calcutta, Greek merchants are to be found who are rich, or are becoming so. Constantinople, Odessa, Trieste, Marseilles, see Greek commerce flourishing. The Rhallis have founded in London one of the three or four great counting-houses of the universe; and this family of Greeks is alone richer than the whole of our kingdom. I discover only one country where it is impossible for Greeks to make a fortune—that is Greece. What is the reason?"

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY LIFE.

1. A tradesman's family—A Fanariote family—A peasant family—
A Palikar family.

I HAVE often seen at Athens a tradesman's family assembled at their evening meal. I was not a guest; I was only a spectator. In passing before a house, I used to see light in those subterranean chambers, which usually serve as dining-rooms; I used to come near and look. If it had been guessed that I was there, they would have shut the shutters: the Greek does like the philosopher—he conceals his life. I know of nothing so mean and poor as the appearance of these repasts, or so frigid as these family meetings: there is an absence of ease everywhere, even in their movements—no cheerfulness, no gaiety; the husband is sulky, the wife complaining, and the children squall.

The hearth, that natural centre of the family, and which the ancients held as sacred, is wanting in most of the houses. The basement-rooms are as warm as cellars, and it is useless to light a fire there. A smoky lamp lights up the scanty meal; a dirty servant-maid waits at table. There is little or no linen, never any plate; the children drink out of copper cups; the father helps himself first, then the mother; the children put their hands into the dish whenever they choose. The meal ended, and it never lasts long, the father goes out

walking ; the mother puts the children to bed, and sits waiting for her husband. Those caresses, of which parents are so prodigal with us, are almost unknown among them ; all these towns-people are sad and miserable. The difficulty of getting a living, the want of necessaries, vanity continually rebuffed, and especially the uncertainty about the future, will for a long time prevent that intimacy from springing up, without which we cannot conceive the existence of family.

Among the Fanariotes, family is about what it is with us. The wife, in everything the equal of her husband, fulfils gracefully her duties of mistress of the house ; the children show an affectionate respect to their parents ; the mother kisses her son morning and evening ; they are rich enough to love one another.

It is among the peasants that family must be seen and studied.

One evening, at the end of May, after a long ride in the mountains of Arcadia, our guides made us stop at the village of Cacolétri. The first house we came to invited us to it with an irresistible charm. It was not that it was better or more curious than the others ; it rose, like its neighbours, from amidst a little thicket of northern and southern trees, chilly olive-trees, hardy pear-trees, fig and walnut-trees ; in front of it, as of the others, was an humble loom, where the young girls of the house pass the day in weaving cotton. All these cottages are built on the same plan as in a phalanstery. True, it is the simplest plan of all, that which nature seems to have taught all men—four walls and a roof, a low door, where we rarely missed knocking our heads, and two narrow windows closed by shutters ; chimney, none at all, the smoke escapes as it can ; the roof consequently is of a beautiful black colour, and as it is never swept, the soot hangs down in stalactites. The furniture is unvaried—a few large earthen jars : these

are the granary ; they keep there their oil and grain, when they have any ; a few hollowed trunks of trees, a few baskets of osier or reeds plastered with cow dung—these are the cupboards ; a few coarse felt carpets for beds, sometimes a skin hung up against the wall ; this is the cellar. In the houses of the more rich, a wooden chest may be met with ; it is there that they shut up the things which they deem precious, which, however, are far from being so. Money is so scarce in these country districts, that a girl's dower is paid in clothes ; the inhabitants, as in the world's early days, make a direct barter of fruits for milk, and of milk for cotton. I have seen our Agoyats pay for purchases with nails. If this chest, which shuts up the treasures of the house, were opened, one would doubtless find in it the same riches as those possessed by the shepherd of La Fontaine,—

. " Des lambeaux,
L'habit d'un gardeur de troupeaux
Petit chapeau, jupon, panetière, houlette,
Et, je pense, aussi sa musette."

The most interesting portion of the furniture is the cradle. It is so humble, this cradle of the poor man, it takes up so little room, it lies so close to the ground that one passes by it without notice, and you see it without guessing that within a little man is growing up. A few days before marriage the bridegroom goes into the neighbouring forest, chooses a tree, and sets fire to it at its foot—it falls ; then the young man cuts off a piece of the trunk, or of some great branch ; he takes off the bark, splits it in two, leaves one half, and in the other hollows out a little space. It is in that hollow that all his children will sleep, one after another, and that their mother will rock them by an imperceptible motion of the foot, singing the while some song, perhaps this one :—

" Nanna, nanna, my dear son,
My dear little Palikar,

Sleep well, my dear child :
I will give you something good :

Alexandria for your sugar,
 Cairo for your rice,
 And Constantinople
 To reign there three years;
 And then three villages,

And three monasteries;
 The towns and villages
 To take pleasure in,
 And the three monasteries
 In which to pray.*

Nanna or *nanni* is like the French word *dodo*, one of those vague words of which no one can give an explanation, and which every one understands.

On the threshold of this poor house we had caught sight of some splendid costumes, and a family of statues.

There was in the foreground a young woman, tall and well made, and with a majestic appearance almost royal. Her blue eyes looked upon us with tranquil curiosity, like the vagueness of those large eyes of the statues, which for twenty centuries contemplate the tumultuous life of men. Her face, of a fine oval, had the graceful paleness of marble; it was the *Velléda* of *Maindron* with still purer lines and greater calmness. Two long tresses, falling unartificially down her cheeks, lengthened her face still more, and made it somewhat dreamy. Her waist, unconstrained by stays, showed supple grace and fresh vigour. Her hands and naked feet had such delicate joints that any duchess might have envied them; her whole being was such a flower of beauty that she would have embellished the richest dress, without receiving from it any additional beauty. Her dress, wonderfully suited to her, showed a tasteful consciousness of what most adorned her. As many costumes as there are women may be met with in these country districts—nothing varies more capriciously than the dress of these peasant women; they choose at will the pattern which most becomes the beauty of each—each one is an artist whose costume is a masterpiece.

The young woman had thrown over her head a large red and yellow handkerchief, the point of which fell down be-

* I have said that ambition is the foundation of the Greek character. Is it not a curious sight, this peasant woman promising Constantinople to her brat?

tween her shoulders. The long cotton shift, which hung down to her feet, was ornamented with a small red and black pattern, embroidered round the neck and sleeves like the design on a Tuscan vase. A short garment, with narrow stripes, covered her breast without confining it, and fastened below the bosom; a black sash, thickly folded, was loosely wound round her waist; an apron and thick coat of white woollen, sparingly embroidered with gaudy colours, completed her dress and adornment. Her hair, hands, and neck, were loaded with coins, rings, necklaces, and pieces of glass of all kinds; and she wore below the bosom two large embossed plates of silver, like small shields,—humble luxury, ornaments of bad silver, transmitted from mother to daughter, and which have a value only from the recollections attached to them, and the strange grace which they add to beauty. This woman, thus clothed, astonished the eyes by her singular splendour.

Her husband might be about five years older than herself, that is, about twenty-three or twenty-four. He was very tall, without seeming lanky, and slender without being thin. His features, purely chiselled, had something childlike, notwithstanding the presence of a growing moustache; and his long black hair, falling over his shoulders, especially gave him the shy physiognomy of a peasant of Brittany. He wore a jacket and fustanella; sandals, or rather mocassins without heels; woollen gaiters, which stand pretty well instead of stockings; a cotton scarf, embroidered by his wife, was wound like a turban round his head; his belt, tightly wound round, was armed with a dagger with a horn hilt—an inoffensive weapon, and whose innocence I would warrant.

The father and mother of the young woman lived in the house, which belonged to them. They gave their son-in-law lodging, that is to say, a corner in the cot, and he worked for them. The father was an old man—still green, gay enough,

and very active. The whole house seemed to obey him cheerfully, but he showed a certain deference to his son-in-law. He asked his advice before taking us into his house. The young man answered, "What do you fear?—they are Christians like ourselves, and will do us no harm."

The old woman was like almost all the women of the country—fat to a degree neighbouring on corpulency. She seemed full of respect for her husband and for her son-in-law. Woman in the East persists in thinking herself inferior to man. She has almost everywhere a harsh and complaining voice, which at first astonishes one. This poor sex, oppressed for so many centuries, only speaks in lamentation.

All the family, even the little children, who ran away at our approach, were of remarkable beauty, in spite of their poverty and dirt. The use of a comb is unknown in these parts, and their fine hair is as uncultivated as a virgin forest. These long and delicate hands never see soap, except when they wash the linen at the spring, and those pretty rosy nails will be everlastingly in mourning. The water of the neighbouring torrent is too cold for taking a bath in it.

The supper of these poor beautiful statues pierced our hearts. They sat on the ground, and ate with their hands some herbs plain boiled, and some wretched maize bread. A little boy of twelve or thirteen sat apart without eating; his father took from the dish a handful of herbs and gave it to the mother, who passed it on to the child, who refused to take it. He felt the first shivering of fever. The mother returned the mouthful to her husband, who ate it. After the meal, which lasted a quarter of an hour, each one threw himself down, in his clothes, on an old mat or on some tattered piece of coarse stuff. The two old people set themselves next the fire, then the children. The beautiful young woman wrapped herself in an old coverlet, and lay down on the bare ground;

her husband rolled himself in a thick capote, and placed himself between the family and us. The most comfortable part of the house had been left to us, and we were on some boarding a little space above the ground.

I was next the young couple, and before going to sleep, I reflected that this hard earth had been their nuptial bed, and would be their deathbed, and that the happiness and misery of ten or fifteen people were shut up, pell-mell, within these four walls.

In the morning, everybody awoke before four o'clock ; they rubbed their eyes, this was their whole toilet. When we were up, there remained in a corner a sort of shapeless bundle. "There," said Garnier, "there is something asleep under that." This thing was three little girls ; the eldest of them, about thirteen or fourteen years old, had beautiful fair hair and black eyes, a complexion like milk, an antique profile, and a soft and serious face. The smallest, a child of hardly six, had one of those faces from a "Keepsake," such as only Tony Johannot can paint, and as the English engraving can alone reproduce.

Among the rich Palikars, their families are not without a certain grandeur.

One day at Mistra, I went to take a letter of introduction to a young deputy of some cleverness, who has had quite a French education, who speaks French, and dresses in the European manner to go to the Chambers, but who in his province carefully observes the old usages of the country. I was told that he had gone out in the morning, only to come back in the evening, and that I should find him in the open street.

His mother received me with the cordial dignity of Penelope doing the honours of her palace to a guest of Ulysses. She had round her five or six maids, to whom she distributed their tasks. Under the doorway about twenty young men

armed and unarmed played, talked, or slept; they were the friends or relations of the masters of the house. I thought I had found my way into the middle of the *Odyssey*, in that heroic life of which Homer has made a picture so exact, that it can be verified every day.

2. *Marriage, a purely religious act—Betrothal—Divorce—The mother of a family—Speech of a mother of a family to the Queen—Mortality.*

The Greeks marry young. Marriage is a subject of conversation among young people of sixteen; they marry rather rashly, and without any certainty as to the future. If they took a wife only when certain of being able to maintain her, the country would become depopulated.

Marriage is a purely religious act. Those who have drawn up the civil code confess with pain that the clergy will always be intractable on that subject. All that reason has been able to obtain is, that the marriages should be registered at the office of the mayor: but the priest alone has the right of marrying.

Betrothal, another religious ceremony, has almost as sacred a character as marriage. In certain districts, Missolonghi for instance, the betrothed enjoys all the privileges of a husband. Before celebrating the marriage, they wait till it give promise of the first fruits. If the bridegroom, after having conscientiously performed the betrothal, withdrew from the sacrament, his refusal would cost him his life. The story is told of a betrothed who ran away the eve of his marriage on board a Portuguese ship: he perished at Lisbon, stabbed by a knife.

If it be difficult to break off a marriage which has not been completed, nothing is easier than to undo it when it has been performed. The papas, I have said, are by no means incorruptible, and, if one only knows how to set about it, he will discover in the most regular union five or six irregularities

which necessitate the nullity of the marriage. If you had lived forty years with your wife, they will make it a duty to declare that you have been married through error, and that that person is nothing to you. But the cost is heavy, as says Panurgius.

If it please you to have been married, and you yet wish to be so no longer, a divorce shines out for everybody. There is a person in Athens who has divorced three times, and who can invite her three husbands to her table, without the public finding fault.

Let us make haste to observe, that divorce is a luxury which middle-class people never allow themselves ; the country is peopled with exemplary couples. All the villagers become *enceintes* at the end of the spring, and are confined unanimously in March or in April. These good creatures live without passion or flirtation. Once married, the most elegant peasant woman no longer cares about pleasing even her husband : she finds her whole pleasure and glory in bringing up the greatest number of children she can. She thinks herself fine enough on Sundays, if she can go out walking with her husband in front, and followed by five or six urchins.

The mother of a family has a profound pity for women who have the misfortune to be barren. When we travelled, the men used to ask us all if we were married, and the women, whether our mothers had many children. It is related, that at the time when King Otho went over the country with the young Queen, to show her to his people, the wife of a demarch, or mayor, who had come to compliment her Sovereign, tapped her without any ceremony, and said, "*Eh bien ! y a-t-il un héritier là-dedans ?*" The Queen must have regretted at that moment the majestic etiquette of the German courts.

The emulation of the mothers of families ought in twenty years to have doubled the population of the kingdom ; but the fever has taken care on that head. In summer the chil-

dren die off like flies ; those that live, for the most part have shrivelled legs and swollen stomachs till the age of thirteen or fourteen : the parents save what they can, and do not trouble themselves much about crying for the rest ; they know that up to the age of thirteen their children's life is provisional. I asked a high functionary one day how many children he had had ; he counted on his fingers, and replied, "Eleven or twelve, I do not know which ; I have got seven left."

Under the Turkish rule, the mother, when she could write, kept a register of the state of the family ; she took note of the birthday of each of her children. Unfortunately, all mothers were not lettered ; besides, papers fly away, in spite of the proverb about writing remaining. Also a great part of the Greek nation are ignorant of their age. Each time that our good Petros is asked his age, he answers imperturbably, "My mother had put it down in writing, but she lost the paper." This happy ignorance allows people to make themselves younger with impunity. Whenever Petros went to take out passports for his young masters and himself, he set us down, one thirty-five, another forty years old, and carefully reserved for himself the fine age of five-and-twenty.

Now, all births ought to be registered at the churches and at the mayories ; but registry at the church is valid, and the mayors profess a profound contempt for documents.

3. Money marriages—Hunting for foreigners—An adventure.

Marriages are contracted rather hastily in the country : it is not always so in the town. Dwelling in Athens accustoms minds to speculation : there are there more wants to be supplied, more resources to be sought for. A young man looks out not only for a wife but for a portion. Unfortunately marriage portions are rarer than brides. A girl with six

thousand francs ready money, and who is used to wear feathers, is not a bad match.

Moreover, young men who are rather ambitious go and look for a wife abroad.

They do not go to France, nor England, nor to Germany, although there are precedents; they prefer addressing themselves to the Greek ladies of Wallachia and Moldavia. There are to be found in those two principalities a sufficiently large number of rich families encumbered with daughters; and young men there are rare. The Greeks from Athens are welcome there; they parade before the eyes of the young ladies the title of prince, which they have conferred on themselves; they speak of the Court of King Otho and of its splendour, of the honours which await them there, and of the brilliant prospects which they will prepare for their children; they employ whatever eloquence they have in making the best of their merits, whatever these may be, and at this game they win ten or fifteen thousand francs income.

In the beginning, these splendid marriages were not within everybody's reach; they were only for the Fanariotes. But all Greeks have the love of gain and a silver tongue—even Spartans may be seen going to Wallachia to seek for an heiress. O shade of Lycurgus!

On their side, the chief ambition of the girls of Greece is to marry a foreigner. It is not that foreigners are more attractive than the natives. I think I have already said that the male population is very handsome.

It is not that French or English converse more agreeably than the Greeks. Do not hope to be loved or sought for on account of your wit; whatever might be your portion of it, would have no hold on them.

The real reason, the sad reason is, that in their eyes all foreigners are rich.

Vainly would you labour to persuade them that you possess nothing : if an officer swears that he has nothing on earth but his pay, they will reply with the most charming smile, " Handsome stranger, how agreeably witty you are ! " It is M. de Chateaubriand who has given us this reputation for wealth. Every girl who marries a Frenchman is convinced that she marries M. de Chateaubriand. English, French—travellers of all nations, without excepting the Germans, the least prodigal of all travellers, each is rich, each is opulent—all are confounded under the pompous denomination of *milord*.

I had no opportunity of studying at Athens that war of ambuscade which the young Greek women carry on against foreigners ; but I observed it at leisure amongst the Greeks of Smyrna.

Here, moreover, is a conversation which I heard in Greece, and wrote down an hour afterwards ; I will warrant its exactness, if not its veracity. A young Frenchman, who was going to embark for a short voyage amongst the islands, was taking leave of one of his countrymen who had been settled in Athens for some years.

" For God's sake," said the veteran to the novice, " before going into a house, find out if it contains marriageable daughters."

" And why so ? "

" You ask why, unhappy wight ! You don't know, then, what husband-hunting is, such as it is carried on from Genoa to Smyrna, in Italy, in Greece, in Asia, in the whole of the Mediterranean ? Have you never heard tell how man, rare game in all these countries, is tracked by women ; what a general battue is made for him ; how he is watched by the mothers, how traps are set by the daughters, how the fathers and brothers take aim at him ? Listen to me : I passed a few days in an island of the Archipelago, at the house of a

good man, sufficiently well thought of, of good position, an official person, and one of the first of his island. There was a daughter in the house, young, pretty, and armed with that Asiatic eye which goes through your soul. From the first day, I thought I saw that she looked upon me with marked favour. To make sure whether I was not mistaken, I took the first favourable opportunity to give her a hearty kiss. She returned it immediately, like a disinterested girl, unwilling to keep back anything belonging to another. So from one opportunity to another, we were beginning to understand one another very well, although she did not know a word of French, and that love, the great teacher of all arts, had not thought of teaching me Greek. . . .

"I observed in good time that all the family favoured the freedom of our love-making; the father did not appear; two great big brothers maintained a careful eclipse; the vigilant mother only watched over the cares of the household. I caught scent of a whole regiment of uncles and cousins, invisible but present. One day I took a stolen look at this maiden's chamber; it had but one outlet, and the windows were barred like those of a mouse-trap. Of course I took care not to venture in. . . .

"My friend, may my experience preserve you from all misadventure! Recollect that a marriage contracted abroad in the presence of the Consul is valid in France in the sight of the law; and that, in the sight of the Catholic religion, every marriage is valid even if celebrated by a Greek priest; do not forget that you are in a country of microscopical marriage-portions, and that a girl with thirty thousand francs is an heiress; that education is still rarer than fortune; that economy is a virtue unknown to the daughters, and that a mother thinks she has done her duty when she has drilled each of her children for the pursuit of a husband.

Another day I will tell you with what baits they are taught to inveigle a man, by what favours they attach him to themselves, by what consolations they make him wait patiently under the eyes of their parents ; and when I have told you all, you will guess what a rich harvest of prosperity one would bring upon one's head, by marrying a girl brought up at Smyrna, at Syra, or even in the chaste town of Athens. However, Athens is the place where you run the least risk, and damaged virtues are rarer there than in the other large towns."

"Because there are fewer girls to get married?"

"What else?"

4. Recollections of the heroic times : Marriages during the War of Independence—A minister of King Otho paid a hundred piastres for his wife.—A bride in a box!

The Philhellenes, who have survived the War of Independence, have sometimes told me after dinner of the marriages which were made in the heroic age of modern Greece. "Everything is much changed!" they used to say, with a military sigh ; "those were the times for adventures."

In those times women were rare ; people snatched them from one another ; they disputed for them sword in hand ; they drew lots for them ; they sold them ; they shared them by an amicable arrangement. After the taking of a town, they renewed more than once the story of Briseis, who, after having seen her husband and three brothers fall under the blows of Achilles, consoled herself on hearing Patroclus say, "Do not weep ; Achilles will take you for his wife." At the sack of some town or other of the Morea—of Corinth, if I am not mistaken—a young Palikar bought one of the women, who formed part of the spoil, for a hundred Turkish piastres. He lived a long time with her, then married her when he had leisure ; then he became a minister of King Otho. His wife, who is no longer young, as may be supposed, has always con-

ducted herself well. For about one hundred and fifty francs (at the rate at which the piastre then was), the Palikar had bought, without knowing it, an incalculable amount of domestic virtue.

There was shown me one day in the theatre another inhabitant of Athens who made his fortune—I mean his marriage—after a still more original fashion. The heroine of my story was born in Constantinople some f——, but do we ever ascertain a lady's age?—some forty years ago, without exaggeration. An Englishman living in Athens, a Mr. X., had become enamoured of a young Armenian of Constantinople, who had a sister. The two sisters were handsome, and marriageable: it was the eldest he loved. It was impossible to ask her in marriage: the laws of Turkey do not permit an Armenian to marry a Frank. Another expedient remained—one a little more violent; but, when an Englishman has time to be in love, he does not do things by halves. Mr. X. resolved to carry off the object of his affections; and she did not say no. At Constantinople, elopements are not made in post-chaises—there being neither post-chaises nor carriage-roads. It was agreed that the damsel should pack herself, as comfortably as possible, into a cedar-wood box, pierced with small holes; that she should be booked in the ordinary manner in a ship bound for Athens,—and that, on landing there undamaged, this charming packet should assume the name of Mrs. X. The vessel was about to sail, the box was in readiness—care having been taken to provide both biscuits and sweetmeats as food during the voyage. But when the time came for getting in, the young lady hesitated. Her sister—kindly creature!—did all she could to encourage her; but all was unavailing. “Come, sister,” said she, “be brave! four days will soon be over, and in four days, with fair wind, you will reach Athens. You will not have every comfort, to be

sure ; but have we ever that in this life ? One readily bears a little squeezing to gain a husband : bear witness, corsets !”

The elder sister laid herself down in the box, but got out again immediately. She screamed like a peacock each time the lid was lowered. At last she cried that she would rather remain unmarried all her life, and dress the hair of Saint Catherine of Armenia, than travel to her nuptials in a box.

“ Reflect,” said the younger sister, “ here is a good cedar-wood box that will be lost.”

“ Oh ! we will keep our bonnets in it,” replied the elder.

“ And this poor Mr. X., who is awaiting you—have you no compassion for him ? For my part, I feel quite grieved.”

“ Oh, little sister,” said the elder impatiently, “ if you are so bent upon this journey, why not take it yourself ?”

“ Indeed, I have thought of it,” replied the younger.

“ You ! you would go and marry Mr. X. ?”

“ Why not ?”

“ Think of the proprieties, sister !”

“ Why do not you think of the proprieties ? Is that what stops you ? It does appear to me that you fear but one thing—and that is, being rumpled : I am braver than you.”

“ So be it,” said the elder ; “ a pleasant journey to you !”

Preparations were made ; the younger one embraced her sister, entered the box, was carefully set down on the bridge, and arrived in Athens as brilliant as a doll just brought from Nuremberg.

Who was surprised ?—it was Mr. X.

Mr. X. was one of those methodical Englishmen who say : “ I am making ten thousand a year ; in 1830, I shall have two hundred thousand ; in January 1832, I shall be married ; in 1833, I shall have a boy, in 1834 a girl ; in 1835, I shall retire from business.” It was about the end of January 1832 (I don’t guarantee the dates), that the marriage-suit was

ordered; Mr. X. had no other lady in view; to wait longer would have been to derange all his plans; the two sisters somewhat resembled each other, with this difference, that he loved the fair one, and married the brunette: he was wedded. Mrs. X. has never been carried off since her marriage.

5. Chapter on wounds with a penknife,* and with the knife.

The sacredness of the conjugal tie is sufficiently respected in Greece—the reason is very simple.

Love is a luxury, especially if illicit. The great Balzac (the one who is just dead), has he not drawn up the account of illegal passions, and shown that the most economical case of *crim. con.* costs at least fifteen hundred francs a year? At this price, there are very few Greeks who have the means of being criminal.

There are also very few to be found who have leisure for it—the men are in the market-place of their village, occupied in arranging the destinies of Europe; the women are in the fields, working with a hoe and with a child slung behind them.

The mother of a family—that fat woman, who produces children as a tree brings forth fruit—does not think of love, and does not make men think of it.

The women generally live apart from the other sex. Parties are rare. At the village balls, the women dance together, and the men together.

Besides, the Greek women, like the Italians and women of other hot countries, are armed with an incredible indifference. The debilitating heats of summer enervate even vice itself. In these privileged climates, chastity is as easy as sobriety.

Add to this, that private life is open to broad daylight; there is in reality but one town in the kingdom, and Athens

* "*Coup de canif dans le contrat*,"—expression for conjugal infidelity.—*Tr.*

is as much a small town as Carpentras or Castelnaudary. If the grocer Themistocles, or the barber Pericles, met with a family misfortune, the whole town would know it on the morrow, and the little boys would call out to him, "*Kérata*," that is, Sganarelle.

In the country, the superintendence which everybody exercises over each individual, is a hundred times more easy than with us, since there is not such a thing as a forest, a wood, nor a grove to speak of.

The Greeks are dreadfully jealous, for they are very vain. The word *kérata*, which they drag in on every occasion, and which children of three years old bandy among one another, is an insult very severely felt when it has a true meaning. Some years ago, a working man was walking about one Sunday listening to the band, with the wife of another. The husband went straight up to him, stabbed him full in the chest with a knife, and stretched him dead on the spot. Nobody disturbed the murderer, who was able to go home again very quietly. Some said, "It was the husband;" others, whilst examining the wound, exclaimed, "Well hit!"

High society has, as everywhere else, morals of its own. The chronicle of scandal of Athens is rich enough to supply a little Brantôme. But these intrigues have a peculiar character; love has very little to do with them, all depends on vanity or interest.*

When Lady Montague passed through Vienna, care was taken to inform her of what were fashionable manners, and to tell her that all the ladies of the Court made choice of a lover, to obey the fashion. Usage required, in addition, that this lover, to show his magnificence or his affection, should assign

* The greater part of these scandalous tales rest, there is good reason to believe, on no better foundation than the habitual gossip and calumny of the Greeks. A foreigner, however, cannot be blamed for believing what they say of themselves, and taking them at their word.—Tr.

to the lady of his choice a small income in proportion to his fortune.

I do not say that this fashion has been imported into the Court of Greece; far from it. It is asserted, however, that the greater number of the women who are wanting to their duties, think it very just that they should be rewarded for their fault, seeing that virtue is natural to them, and that all trouble deserves a recompense.

The women are much more jealous than in Turkey. The wife of the Minister of War learned last year that her husband was false to her; she went to the house of Madame —, at the hour of the siesta, found the doors open, the servants asleep, and her husband in fault. She got into a great passion, and tore off the red cap of her rival, who bit her so as to draw blood. His Excellency thus exposed, felt it a duty to beat his wife; she opened the window, and called in the guard. The affair was hushed up next day; after all, the whole town knew of it. The injured husband was in Maina, occupied, by order of the minister, in the pursuit of the monk Christophoros. He learned all, but made no complaint; he might have obtained the condemnation of one of the great men of the country; he preferred making himself beloved by him.

The morals of the people, I repeat it, are very pure; and the poor do not follow the example of the rich. There is, however, in the market-place of Athens, a little crawling tribe, which lives by the grace of God, a little by alms, and a little by *stealthy thefts*. These are foundlings. Public charity sends them to nurse, till they are able to stand on their own legs; they are then told to walk alone. Nothing prevents them from attaining to honours, if they succeed in living. The Greeks have none of the unreasonable prejudices against illegitimate children of our peasants and some of the

middle classes. The famous Karaiskaki was a bastard, like Romulus, and the son of a nun.

6. Family feeling.

There are very few people who have a family name ; their baptismal name suffices. But as there are in the kingdom thirty thousand Basils, as many Athanasiuses, as many Peters, Georges, and Nicolases, without mentioning the Aristides and Themistocles—each one adds to his name a by-name, or the name of his father. People call themselves, Peter son of Nicolas, or Nicolas son of John, or Peter the Albanian, or Peter of Nauplia, or Black Basil, or Short George. The Mavromichalis, the greatest family of Maina, ought to be called in English Black Michael.

The infinite variety of these names, which are so arbitrarily formed, will for a long time prevent the growth of what we call pride of name. A very numerous family may be composed of a hundred different names, and have no apparent connexion between them ; but it will not for that be the less closely united. The duties of relationship are stricter among the Greeks than with us ; here are two proofs of this, which I take at hazard from the highest and the lowest of society.

M. Rhalli, president of the Areopagus, an ex-minister, and one of the principal men of the State, had placed one of his cousins as a servant in a house I was acquainted with. He used to come from time to time to the master of the house, and ask, "Are you satisfied with my cousin ? If you have any complaint against him, send him to me, and I will give him a dressing." I only know of two countries where such a trait is credible—Greece and Turkey. It denotes at the same time a strong feeling of equality, and a profound respect for family ties.

Our cook was a poor devil, who earned six hundred francs

a year, and was neither lodged nor fed. He maintained at his expense the widow of his brother, and her five children. Such an action would be admired with us; at Athens it was not even praised. A man fulfils his bounden duty, when he charges himself with lodging and feeding the widow of a relation.

The right of primogeniture, that principle destructive of family and society, which is only good at best for rendering property immoveable in the same hands, will always be unknown in Greece. Those who believe in the equality of men, believe with still stronger grounds in the equality of brothers.

It is known that in Russia the sister is not equal to her brothers; the daughters inherit only a fourteenth part of the father's fortune. The laws of Greece will never establish such a barbarous iniquity.

Equality has become so much a part of their morals, that the sons are almost equal to their father. They have for him respect and deference; they do not obey. It is known that this was the same in antiquity. The father of a family was a friend to his son, more wise and more respectable than others; he was not, as at Rome, a master, and at need an executioner. In the *Odyssey*, Telemachus never trembles before Ulysses.

Rome had laws against parricide; Solon refused to make any. These laws, the shame of any society, are as needless now as when the Athenians voted the laws of Solon.*

* This prestige no longer exists, even if it existed till so recently as M. About seems to suppose, indeed every cide, except sui-cide, seems to be common. On the 29th March, at Athens, a fisherman killed his mother, an old woman, sixty years of age, by stabbing her below the breast; he was in the habit of ill-treating his sister, and his mother had interfered on this as on former occasions. This occurrence is thus related in a Greek newspaper:—

“ΦΗΜΗ ἐν Ἀθηναῖς τὴν 19 Μαρτίου Σάββατον 1855. Τὴν 17 τοῦ συνίβη ἐνταῦθα στυγερὰ καὶ ἀποτρόπαιος πράξις. Νῖος τις Ἀθηναῖος ἐφόινους τῇν — ἱεροκτονίᾳ μητέρα του, ἱματήρας τὴν μάχαιράν του ὑπὸ τοὺς μαστοὺς τῆς. Ὁ μητερολόις, συλληφθεὶς παραχρῆμα ὑπὸ τῆς Ἀστυνομίας, παραδίδῃ εἰς χεῖρας τῆς Δικαιοσύνης διὰ τὰ ὑποστή τὰ ἐπίχαιρα τῆς ἀπονομιμῆς πράξεώς του.” — Τυ.

The mother of a family gives orders to her daughters, and obeys her sons. She is a woman. Telemachus said to Penelope,—

“ Your widow'd hours, apart with female toil,
And various labours of the loom beguile ;
There rule, from palace cares remote and free,
That care to man belongs, and most to me.”

Let us recapitulate in a few words these observations on family life.

Marriages are contracted and broken off freely ; woman is neither a slave nor shut up ; unions are fertile, and that is the principal, if not the sole object, of marriage ; the brothers are equal among one another, and to their father ; relations give one another help and assistance, whatever may be the difference of their conditions of life ; the husband and the wife herself, are jealous of their rights, and defend energetically the sacredness of marriage.

Liberty always was the ruling passion of the Greek people ; the love of equality is the very foundation of their character ; jealousy is a consequence of the feeling which all the men have of their rights ; the fertile chastity of marriage is the fruit of the climate. All these characteristic features belong to the people and to the country.

The feelings of humility and fear which one remarks in the women, result from their ignorance. Coldness and ill-feeling between relations, marriages with foreign and corrupt nations, the trickery of the girls, the despicable calculations of their parents, the venality of certain women, the abandoning a large number of children in the highways, the mortality which depopulates families, are immediate or distant consequences of poverty.

In a word, all that is good in family life belongs to the Greek nation ; the bad is accidental.

The Greek people is sick ; but it is not incurable.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION.

1. The government—Analysis of the charter—The King gave it against his will—Ministers and functionaries—The Chambers—A deputy whose election cost fourteen men—The Senate—Judicial body; all magistrates may be removed—Power of the King—Feelings of the people—The King a foreigner and heterodox—He has no heir-presumptive.

GREECE is by name a constitutional monarchy.

On the 30th March 1844, the King took the oaths to observe the charter voted by the National Assembly.

The charter guarantees to citizens, equality before the law, personal liberty, liberty of the press, abolition of confiscation, elementary and superior education at the public expense, and religious liberty.

In fact, the press is free, instruction is given gratuitously to all classes; but equality before the law is a chimera, personal liberty is violated, confiscation has been replaced by spoliation, the mob burned with impunity the house of a Jew, and the courts of justice imprisoned a man who had uttered in his house a heterodox opinion.

“The legislative power is exercised by the King, the senate, and chamber of deputies collectively. The King’s person is sacred, the ministers are responsible; the King enjoys all the rights allowed to constitutional monarchs. The deputies are elected from among persons over thirty years of age, who possess some property, or an independent profession. They

are named for three years, and receive two hundred and fifty drachms a month during the session. The electoral body is composed of all men of twenty-five years of age, who possess any kind of property, or exercise an independent profession in the province in which they have their political residence. It follows, therefore, that all the electors of thirty years of age are eligible.

“Senators are named for life by the King: they must be forty years old; they receive five hundred drachms a month, even when there is no session.”

In fact, the power of the King is only limited by the diplomatic body. Every minister is ready to do anything for the sake of keeping his place. These men, poor, ambitious, without principles, and brought up in such a miserable school of politics, only aspire to gaining as long a time as possible their eight hundred drachms a month. They know that their position is precarious, that no ministry has lasted, and that the quidnuncs of the coffee-house of “Beautiful Greece,” announce every morning the formation of a new cabinet. They only think, therefore, of keeping in their places, and of making the best of their temporary tenure of State affairs. Each one on coming into power takes care to surround himself with his creatures. He does so from prudence and from duty; from prudence, not to be betrayed by his subordinates; from duty, to reward the devotion of those who have served him. A minister who did not make a clean sweep in his department, and did not put devoted officials into the places of those that knew their business, would pass for a fool, and an ungrateful person. He would lose the friendship of his clients, and would become the laughing-stock of his enemies. It follows that all the staff of the administration is renewed with each new ministry; that men of capacity are never formed in the offices; that the officials of all ranks, not hav-

ing any certainty for the future, lay hands on all that is within their reach ; that the State has no old servants, and that there is in the kingdom but one civil functionary who has been able to acquire the right to a pension. A more distant, but not less necessary consequence of such a state of things is, that the King never finds any resistance either in his ministers or in any of the other officials.* All feel themselves to be either in fault, or at least incapable ; they know that their fortune holds by a thread, and that even if they had more talent and honesty, the ill-humour of the King, or the caprice of the Queen, might overthrow them : experience has taught them that the only virtue prized at Court is obedience ; and they obey.

The King holds the senators and deputies in his hand, equally with the prefects and ministers.

Neither did the Governments which gave to Greece an absolute monarchy consider seriously enough the character of the people and the state of the country, nor did the revolutionists, who tore from the King the constitution of 1844, take into account the ignorance and barbarousness of the nation. If ever it could be said that a country was not ripe for liberty, it has been in speaking of Greece. Not that men's minds are closed to political ideas, far from it. All Greeks, without exception, are apt to discuss public affairs—all talk of them, if not wisely, at least with a knowledge of them—all take a passionate interest in the smallest debates of the session. I will say more : all know thoroughly the public men who are quarrelling over the public interests, and, if balloting for a list could be applied in any country, it would be in Greece. But they want the two first virtues of a citizen—probity and moderation. All the electors, without exception,

* It also has the effect of increasing the class of functionaries, already much too large for the country.—*Tr.*

are to be bought, and if King Otho wished to get an assembly of deaf and dumb elected, he would obtain it by paying the price. Add to this, that political passions never shrink from assassination, and you will understand why the day of an election is sometimes like a market day—sometimes like that of a battle. I have heard a deputy say, "My election cost us fourteen men." He did not reckon in that number the men that the opposing candidate had expended.

The Government disposes of the budget for the elections which are bought, and of the army for the elections which are carried by force.

The chambers once assembled, if there is not a majority all ready, nothing is easier than to make one. A man who receives two hundred and fifty drachms a month, and who is compelled to lodge his electors, is never an independent man.

The senate, rich with six thousand drachms a year, and irremovable, has two guarantees of independence; but it makes no abuse of them. In a country where all men, without exception, aspire to public offices, the senators are held by their clients and by their families.

In all countries the judicial body—the natural guardian of the law—can and does defend right from the caprice of the Government. This is a part which it has played not only in constitutional monarchies, but also in countries governed absolutely. Frederick II., who was not a constitutional king, recognised, however, that there were judges at Berlin. King Otho has never suffered that there should be judges at Athens; for he does not allow of irremovable magistrates. The charter established the principle of the magistracy being irremovable; but the King, since he allowed a constitution to be snatched from him, has only thought of how to take it back again.

He is, then, absolute master in his kingdom. That is not saying that all hearts are his. If Otho were the best and most intelligent of kings, his people would never forgive him his religion nor his origin. Bavarian and Catholic, for the orthodox Greeks he will always be an ill-baptized foreigner. Lastly, how should the people attach itself to a prince who has no heir-presumptive? The principal argument of the partisans of monarchy is, that monarchy is a stable government, and that the regular transmission of power in the same family prevents revolutions and assures the public peace. That is why, the moment a sovereign dies, they make haste to cry out to the people, "The King is dead, long live the King!" That is why all sovereigns, when they have no child, designate their heir beforehand, so that the subjects may be convinced that they will never want for masters, and that the power will fall without convulsion into the hands prepared to receive it.

Greece is still ignorant of whom she will obey after the death of King Otho. Prince Luitpold, third son of the King of Bavaria, had first been promised; but it is settled that the new king must be of the orthodox religion, and Prince Luitpold prefers being Catholic to being king. The fourth son of King Louis, Prince Adalbert, consents to embrace the Greek religion; his brother, Luitpold, cedes his rights, the London conference has authorized his substitution. But Prince Adalbert, who fears either that a direct heir will survene, or a revolution which may upset the throne of Greece, will not change his religion before changing his state, and refuses to abjure his faith before he holds his crown.

If it is to be the misfortune of the Greek people to pass from one Bavarian to another, Prince Adalbert will land at Piræus—a foreigner and unknown, and the nation will have to begin afresh to make acquaintance with a new king.

2. Administrative divisions—Greek officials—The passengers of the *Otho* and *Amalia*—Story of a young *employé* of the Foreign Office, who was afraid of water like Panurge.

The kingdom is divided into ten nomarchies or prefectures, and into forty-nine eparchies or sub-prefectures. A single sub-prefect can administer two eparchies at the same time.

NOMARCHIES.	EPARCHIES.	CAPITALS.
ATTICA and BEOOTIA. Capital: Athens	{ Ægina, . . . Megaris, . . . Attica, . . . Thebes, . . . Livadia, . . .	{ Ægina. Megara. Athens. Thebes. Livadia.
EUBŒA. Capital: Chalcis.	{ Chalcis, . . . Xerochori, . . . Carysto, . . . Scopelos, . . .	{ Chalcis. Xerochori. Carysto. Scopelos.
PHOCIS and LOCRIA. Capital: Lamia.	{ Parnassis, . . . Doris, . . . Locria, . . . Pbthiotis, . . .	{ Amphissa. Ægition. Atalandi. Lamia.
ACARNANIA and ÆTOLIA. Capital: Missolonghi.	{ Valtos, . . . Vonitza, Xéroméron, Missolonghi, . . . Lepanto, . . . Trichonia, . . . Eurytania, . . .	{ Ambracia. Vonitza or Anactorium. Missolonghi. Lepanto. Agrinion. Karpenisi or Kalidromi
ARGOLIS and CORINTHIA. Capital: Nauplia.	{ Nauplia, . . . Argos, . . . Hydra, . . . Trezene, . . . Spetzia, . . . Corinth, . . .	{ Nauplia. Argos. Hydra. Poros or Calauria. Spetzia. Corinth.
ACHAIA and ELIS. Capital: Patras.	{ Patras, . . . Ægialia, . . . Kalauryta, . . . Elia, . . .	{ Patras. Vostitza or Ægion. Kalauryta. Pyrgos.
ARCADIA. Capital: Tripolitza.	{ Mantineia, . . . Gortys, . . . Cynouria, . . . Megalopolis, . . .	{ Tripolitza. Gortys or Karytana. Agios Petros. Leondari.

NOMARCHIES.	EPARCHIES.	CAPITALS.
MESSEZIA.	Triphyllia, . . .	Cyparissia.
	Olympia, . . .	Andritzena.
Capital: Kalamata.	Pylos, . . .	Navarina.
	Messenia, . . .	Nisi.
	Kalamata, . . .	Kalamata.
LACONIA.	Lacedæmon, . . .	Sparta.
	Epidaurus Limera, . . .	Monemvasia or Malvoisie.
Capital: Sparta.	Gythion, . . .	Marathonisi.
	Cetylon, . . .	Cetylon.
	Syra, . . .	Hermopolis.
	Zéa, . . .	Zéa.
CYCLADES.	Andros, . . .	Andros.
	Tinos, . . .	Tinos.
Capital: Syra.	Naxos, . . .	Naxos.
	Santorin, . . .	Santorin (Thera).
	Milos, . . .	Milos.

The eparchies are subdivided into demarchies or cantons. The rural communes are administered by municipal functionaries, who are called *paredri*, that is, adjoints of the demarch. All the municipal functionaries are named by the king; they are all paid. It has hitherto been impossible to create gratuitous functions. "Nothing for nothing," is the motto of the administration. However, I must own that all the officials show the greatest eagerness to get fed, lodged, and above all, conveyed for nothing. At the last journey the King made, more than a hundred persons had asked and obtained the favour of travelling with him as far as Trieste. The little steamer *Otho* was encumbered with officials; some lay down on the deck, others perched on the masts. In the winter of 1852-53, the corvette *Amelia* was lost in sight of Piræus. She was overloaded with functionaries, with the wives of functionaries, and the children of functionaries; but a little, and the kingdom would have lost in that shipwreck a quarter of the staff of the administration. The loss would easily have been made good, for "there is enough of such goods."

The Greek officials think it as much a matter of course to do their business at the expense of our Government, as at the expense of their own. France has always shown herself to be so generous! Such a minister-plenipotentiary did not hesitate to order a steamer to get the steam up to convey a deputy, self-styled, devoted to France. Now, these abuses have disappeared, and when our steamboats convey an agent of the Government, it is at the request of the King, and for business of importance. Whilst the question of the succession was being discussed by the London Conference, the King had occasion to send to Trieste an official of the Foreign Office. A young man of a great Fanariote family was selected, and the French minister allowed him to proceed to his destination on board one of our screw steamers, a fast sailer and well commanded, the *Chaptal*. The *Chaptal* entered the Adriatic in very bad weather. The Greek diplomat was seized by a panic which can only be compared to that of Panurge. "*Holos, holos, je naye! vrai Dieu, envoie-moi quelque dauphin pour me sauver en terre comme un beau petit Arion! Bebebe-bous bebe, bous, bous!*"—Commander, set me on shore, I beg of you, wherever you like, so long as it is on shore." "*Fie, what an ugly cry, baby!*" answered Commander Poultier, a man as hardy, adventurous, and deliberate as brother "Jean des Entommeures." "And your despatches, diplomatist without a heart?" "The despatches may go to the devil, Commander, my good friend: *let us get out of this danger, I beg of you*. I know what they contain, my cursed despatches—nonsense, dear Captain, pure nonsense. Do you believe in diplomacy—you? *Bouboubouboubous!* I take everything upon myself; put in anywhere. Is not that the coast of Illyria that I see on our right? How comfortable one must be there! Commander, are you a father? think of my weeping family! *Hélas! cette vague enfondrera notre nauf! Bebebe-bous, je*

meurs, je naye, mes amis. Je pardonne à tout le monde." "Mgna, gna, gna," says brother John. "Commander, I call upon you to put me ashore; you answer for my life. Greece will ask you to account for it. Remember that my name is S——." "Remember it yourself, my little friend," answered the Commander.

3. The capital transferred from Astros to Ægina; from Ægina to Nauplia; from Nauplia to Athens—What becomes of deposed capitals—The Government should have been established at Corinth, or at least at Piræus—Influence of archæology—Rage for building—Aspect of Athens—The bazaar—Lord Egin's clock—The new town—Modern monuments—Offices of the Ministers—Prospects of Athens.

During the War of Independence, the Assembly which proclaimed liberty, and which governed the country, sat in the little town of Astros, south of Nauplia.

Count Capo d'Istria, named President of the Republic at the beginning of the year 1828, established the seat of Government in the village of Ægina. The fluctuating and restless population, which seeks for public employment, came thither in a body. Houses were built in quantities, and the village became a town.

In June 1829, Capo d'Istria transferred the capital to Nauplia. Ægina was deserted; the houses that had been built fell into ruin; the town became again a village; life and activity fled with the Government. There are not in the kingdom either enough men or enough capital to allow of two towns at the same time being flourishing and populous. The port of Ægina is surrounded by ruins which date from twenty-five years ago. The house of Capo d'Istria is no longer habitable. Any one can enter it; the door is broken in; the windows have no longer any panes. A large vine which formerly climbed up the wall now spreads over the ground in the middle of the court-yard.

The islanders of Ægina, in order to settle on the sea-side, and to people the capital of Capo d'Istria, had abandoned the ancient capital, situated on a mountain. There are, then, in an island three leagues in length, two ruined towns, of which one is completely deserted, and the other only contains one inhabitant for every two houses.

Nauplia grew up in her turn. The crowd arrives; streets are laid out; houses rise up. In the month of December 1834, the Government transfers itself to Athens, and Nauplia is done for.

It was King Otho, or rather his father, who wished that Athens should become the capital of the kingdom. This was more an archæological than a political choice. The capital would have been much better placed at the isthmus of Corinth, at the centre of the kingdom, between the east and west, astride upon the two seas. It would have been nearer to Trieste, Marseilles, and London, without being further from Alexandria and Constantinople. Vessels lose two days in doubling the Peloponnesus. The plain of Corinth, moreover, is more fertile than that of Athens; the climate is milder, the air more healthy, and water twenty times more plentiful. But the King fancied, no doubt, that he would become a great general in the land of Miltiades, a great seaman in the country of Themistocles, and a profound politician in the city of Pericles. Corinth might have become, in a short time, a commercial town, and one of the principal marts of the East. It has two ports which are sufficient for merchant vessels. The Lloyd steamers touch at all times at Lutraki and Calamaki. Athens is not on the highway of commerce, and vessels stand out of their course when forced to put in there. But Athens is named Athens.

When the King came to settle there, with all the central administration of the kingdom, the capital was but a village

in ruins, surrounded by an arid plain. A house was hastily built, which did for a palace, the court settled as it could into the neighbouring houses, and the officials encamped.

If at that time common sense had been consulted, Athens would have been placed at the Piræus. The capital of a nation of seamen ought to be a seaport; and as everything had to be made, it would not have cost more to erect a town in one place than in another. Piræus, besides, is much less unwholesome than the site which has been selected. But public health, as well as the interests of commerce, had to yield to archæology. If the King could have slept in the bed of Sophocles, he would have thought himself capable of writing tragedies.

Athens increased rapidly, as Ægina and Nauplia had done. The Greeks are very enterprising, and always ready to build. The congregation of people without homes, who occupied or solicited places, so much raised house rents, that house-builders realized large profits. It was not a bad business to borrow money at twelve per cent. for building. The house gave eighteen or twenty per cent., and the proprietor was the gainer. Even now, any Greek master of a sum of ten thousand drachms, hastens to build a house worth fifty thousand, which is loaded with mortgages before it is covered with tiles. Nine-tenths of the houses of Athens are in the same condition, yet the rage for building has not diminished.

The Greek masons are not unskilful. Stone costs nothing; and Hymettus supplies a kind of marble which is better than stone, and does not cost more. The plaster, which is very bad for sculpture, is excellent for building purposes. Wood only is dear; I have already said why. Poor people can, if necessary, build inhabitable houses without stone. They knead earth with water, put it into moulds, and dry it in the sun; and they make in this way unburnt bricks, which may

last four or five thousand years. A large number of the monuments discovered at Nineveh were not built otherwise.

The modern town occupies part of the site of the town of Adrian. The town of Theseus, old Athens, extended between the Acropolis and the ports: one may measure on the bare rock the site of the little houses of the time of Pericles, and trace the break-neck streets which have preserved the antique ruts in which jolted the chariot of Alcibiades. The Roman houses have left no traces: the soil is so much raised by rubbish of all kinds, that excavations must be made to a depth of three yards to discover the ancient soil.

The Turkish village which formerly clustered round the base of the Acropolis has not disappeared: it forms a whole quarter of the town. There are narrow alleys, huts of the height of a man, yards in which chickens, children, and pigs crawl pell-mell between a dunghill and a heap of fagots. An immense majority of the population of this quarter is composed of Albanians.

The bazaar is at the same place as it was during the Turkish rule. There is still to be seen there the clock which Lord Elgin gave to the town, to console it for all that he carried off. It was thus that navigators in the good old times used to buy gold ingots for glass necklaces and threepenny watches.

The bazaar of Athens has no more resemblance to the bazaar Bonne-Nouvelle than any other bazaar in the East. It is simply the mercantile quarter of the town. Orientals, who like peace and silence, take care to set apart trade in a separate corner. The shopkeepers do not live near their shops; they come in the morning, and go back in the evening. During the whole of the day the shops are open, and you find in the bazaar everything you could desire—meat, letter-paper, cucumbers, and yellow gloves.

The town is cut in four by two great streets, the street of

Æolus, and the street of Hermes. The street of Hermes is the continuation of the road from Piræus; it ends at the King's palace. It is a straight line, broken in two places by a church and a palm-tree.

The street of Æolus is at right angles to the street of Hermes. It begins at the foot of the Acropolis, and is prolonged by a road a mile in length, leading to the village of Patissia. These two streets are lined with shops and coffee-houses. The European shopkeepers do not condescend to confine themselves in the alleys of the bazaar, and a few Greek shopkeepers, like them, have placed themselves on the road of customers, to spare strangers the trouble of looking for them. At the intersection of the two streets is the coffee-house of Beautiful Greece, the place of meeting of all the male population of the town.

In the triangle formed by the palace, the street of Hermes, and that part of the Æolus street which extends towards Patissia, is situated the *Neapolis* or new town. This quarter of the town is continually augmented and embellished. Pretty houses are to be met with at each step, in the middle of gardens, and daintily ornamented with pilasters or columns. The streets are not laid out very regularly, nor are they carefully levelled, and a great foss, in reality an open sewer, traverses this fine quarter throughout its whole length. These little houses, though rather pretentious, form a sufficiently smiling panorama. They are usually of three stories, of which one is underground; the basement, like the cellars in our countries, is cool in summer, and warm in winter: both in summer and winter the inhabitants withdraw thither to take their meals. The receiving-rooms are on the ground floor, the bedrooms on the first floor, after that comes the roof. The legations of France, Bavaria, England, and Russia, are in the new town. The two modern monuments of the town, the palace and the

university, are in the new town ; the civil hospital, and the asylum for the blind, are also there ; it is in the new town that the French ambassador laid last year the first stone of a Catholic church. The population draws to that quarter, as at Paris to the Champs-Élysées. In February 1852, I found the French school in the midst of uncultivated land ; I left it surrounded by houses.

The town of Athens is not encumbered with modern public buildings ; and of all that has been done in twenty years, the façade of the university is the only work that has been well executed. There remains, moreover, a great deal yet to be done. The ministers' offices, and the courts of justice, are placed one above a shop, another on the first floor of a tavern, another in an ill-favoured house in a street doubtfully inhabited. I have seen justice enthroned in garrets which would not satisfy a water-carrier. The ministers lodge at their own expense, wherever they please ; at an inn, if they find it more economical. They take no trouble about coach-house or stables ; the minister of foreign affairs is the only one for whom the State hires a hackney coach to call upon the ambassadors.

Athens is a town of twenty thousand souls, and two thousand houses. It is the presence of the Government which has caused the erection of all these buildings, and which keeps all these people assembled on the same spot. This capital by accident has no roots in the soil ; it does not communicate by any roads with the rest of the country ; it does not send to the rest of Greece the produce of its industry. That part of the population that has nothing to expect from the Government, does not turn its eyes hopefully to Athens. The town has no suburbs ; the few villages which surround it have no care for its existence ; the plain is in a great measure uncultivated, and the labourers who till any part of it are the

same wretched people who sought their livelihood there before the arrival of King Otho. In a word, nothing would any longer retain this population of twenty thousand people at Athens, if the Government were to transfer itself to Corinth ; and one would soon see Athens as deserted, and as much in ruins, as *Ægina* and *Nauplia*.

4. Justice : no justice—Integrity of the judges—Their patriotism—Justice rather hasty : *Leféri* in prison—A trial for a breach of the peace—Prisons—Punishment of death—An abominable tragedy.

Greece possesses a council of state, an audit office, an *Areopagus* or supreme court, two courts of appeal, ten police courts, three commercial courts, a hundred and twenty justices of the peace, assize courts, a jury, lawyers, notaries, ushers, and no attorneys. Yet there is no justice in Greece.

It possesses a provisional civil code, borrowed from Roman law, the Code Napoleon, and German legislation ; a commercial code based on our own ; a penal code, very complete, very methodical, and very mild ; a code of civil process, comprising eleven hundred and one articles ; a code of criminal law, which offers every desirable guarantee to justice and to the prisoner. Yet there is no justice in Greece.

Judges are neither irremovable nor incorruptible. Are you protected by a man in power ?—your affair is a good one. Have you a few thousand drachms to spend ?—it is an excellent one. There are two justices of the peace in Athens. "Which is the more honest of the two ?" I inquired of a magistrate of a higher rank.

"Neither one nor the other," was his answer.

The judges have a most unbounded patriotism. I have heard a magistrate, in talking of the Duchess of Plaisance, say, "Her heirs will not inherit the property she possesses here."

"What ! so much money as is owing to her."

"Our courts of justice will never let a foreigner get a verdict."

"But she has excellent mortgages."

"Oh, mortgages! that is our strong point."

In fact, place a sum on a first mortgage: to-morrow the borrower forges a false contract of marriage, which carries out of your hands the security you thought yourself sure of.

Justice has rather brutal manners with poor people. One morning, Leftéri came to us quite out of his mind. "What is the matter now, poor Leftéri?"

"Effendi, I am just out of prison."

"What had you done?"

"Nothing. I was giving my horses their barley, when I was seized by the collar without being told why. When I was locked up, I was told, 'Give thirty-six drachms and you will be let out.'"

"You owed, then, thirty-six drachms?"

"I did not owe a lepton; but the Customs officers pretend that I had imported Turkish horses. It was no use my saying that all my horses had been bought at Athens; I was told that I might explain after I had paid thirty-six drachms."

This poor fellow, who was imprisoned without trial, did not owe the sum claimed. We knew it better than any one, since he had travelled with three of us in Turkey. Yet it was impossible to obtain the restitution of his money.

I was present as a witness at a small trial for a breach of the peace. A low fellow, half tavern-keeper, half soldier, had insulted some Frenchmen on the road to Patissia. The clerk of the magistrate, acting as public prosecutor, demanded all the severity of the court—I mean of the justice, against the prisoner. All his argument was reduced to this, "Consider, your worship, that the complaint has been made by the

French Minister! France, &c." The prisoner, who, moreover, was certainly guilty, did not know what answer to make to what was brought forward. A street boy of about twenty, who was amongst the audience, called out to him, "Would you like me to plead for you?"

"No; don't bother me."

"I will get you acquitted."

"Very well, then, go on. I name you my counsel!"

The young scamp came forward, and, addressing himself to all the public, exclaimed loudly: "What! are they talking to us of France and of Frenchmen? Are we not all Hellenes? Yes, we are all Hellenes, O my brothers, and a Hellene is always innocent! (Marks of approbation.) Besides, the indictment has lied. I was present myself the day when that resigned victim, that gentle soldier, that timid tavern-keeper, was insulted, struck, wounded, by a horde of barbarians from the north!"

Thereupon the barrister extemporizes himself into a witness, and, without even taking the oath, heaps lies upon lies. The public, composed of ten or twelve vagabonds, made chorus with him; it was during the first excitement on account of the affairs of the East, and the gentle soldier, who had full well earned a month's imprisonment, got off with twenty-four hours. And I would not swear that he underwent even that. Witnesses do not willingly depose against criminals, the gendarmes are not very scrupulous as to conducting them to prison, and the gaolers from time to time leave the door open. The wise man makes a store of friends.

There is in the whole kingdom but one prison supplied with a good lock. It is the penitentiary of the castle of Nauplia. Everywhere else the prisoners have one foot in the cage and the other in the street. The Greek Government would do well to go and study the prisons of Corfu.

The most horrible of all punishments inflicted by justice, is in every country the easiest of application. One escapes from prison and the galleys, there is no escape from the tomb, and a man is soon dead.

It is not so in the kingdom of Greece, and the application of capital punishment was impossible there till 1847.

The Government sought for an executioner in the country ; it found none. It had two or three brought from abroad ; it saw them massacred by the people. It thought of making use of soldiers as executioners ; the Senate did not allow it. At last they found a man sufficiently starved to lend his hand to the sad work of human justice. This wretched man lives alone, far from Athens, in a fortress where he is guarded by soldiers. He is brought in a vessel clandestinely the evening before the execution ; he is hastily reconducted as soon as he has performed his work ; before, during, and after the exercise of his functions, soldiers surround him to protect his life.

When the Minister of Justice was fortunate enough to find an executioner, there were in the prisons thirty or forty under sentence of death, who were patiently waiting for their turn. These arrears were liquidated one way or other.

The guillotine is erected at a few paces from Athens, at the entrance of the grotto of the Nymphs. The scaffold is of the height of a man, and the horror of the spectacle is increased by it ; it seems to the spectators that they have only to stretch out their hands to stay the knife, and they feel as if they were accomplices in shedding blood. But that which adds to the interest of this legal tragedy, is that the patient defends his life. The law ordains that he shall walk freely to punishment, and that his hands shall not be bound. Now the greater part of those that are sentenced, brigands by profession, are vigorous men, who never fail to struggle with the executioner. Every execution begins by a duel, in which

justice always has the upper hand, for she is armed with a dagger.

When the culprit has received eight or ten wounds, and has lost all his strength with his blood, he goes freely to execution, and his head falls.

The people return to the town asking themselves how they could best assassinate the executioner. This is the morality of this tragedy.

5. Army and navy—Effective force of the army—The useful army and the useless army—Ingenious application of the conscription—School of the Euelpides, and prospects of young officers—Material of the navy—The men—Two sailors per officer.

The Greek army, which was reorganized in 1843, is composed,—Firstly, of two battalions of infantry of the line, of eight companies each, these two battalions forming an effective force of fifty officers, two hundred and twenty-seven non-commissioned officers, and two thousand soldiers.

Secondly, Of two battalions of light infantry, of six companies each: these two battalions contain an effective force of thirty-six officers, one hundred and thirty-eight non-commissioned officers, and fifteen hundred and twenty-six soldiers.

Thirdly, Of a division of cavalry of two troops, with an effective force of twelve officers, thirty non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and forty men.

Fourthly, Of three companies of artillery, of an effective force of twenty-one officers, forty non-commissioned officers, and two hundred and fifty soldiers, including the baggage train.

Fifthly, Of a company of artillery workmen, of an effective force of five officers, twenty non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and three workmen.

Sixthly, Of a corps of *gendarmerie*, of an effective force

of fifty officers, one hundred and fifty-two brigadiers, and twelve hundred and fifty gendarmes, of whom one hundred and fifty are mounted.

Seventhly, Of eight battalions of frontier guards, each battalion of four companies: these eight battalions comprise an effective force of one hundred and forty-nine officers, two hundred and seventy-two non-commissioned officers, and fifteen hundred and thirty-six soldiers.

Eighthly, Of a corps of the Phalanx, in which have been inscribed the names of old officers of irregular troops, who had been recognised as having a right to a reward. Formerly the Phalanx was composed of nine hundred officers; it was reduced to three hundred and fifty—it has again risen to four hundred and forty.*

The effective force of the Greek army, including the central administration, the arsenals, the clothing commission, the military hospitals, the officers and soldiers pensioned or on half-pay, amounts to eight thousand five hundred men, of whom ten hundred and seventy-one are officers; the officers alone would form a little army; the generals, who are seventy in number, would make up a strong detachment.

The only two corps which have rendered any service to the country, are the *gendarmerie* and the frontier guards. These irregulars are like a second *gendarmerie*, established in the provinces the most exposed to brigandage. They are of all the soldiers those that cost the State the least. They receive forty-two drachms a month, and their bread. They find themselves in food, arms, and clothing; they sleep in the open air, wrapped up in a thick cloak. When some of them are brought to Athens on service, they are really a curious

* Note of M. Guérin, French Consul at Syra. M. Guérin, after having taken part in the expedition of Marshal Maison, remained for several years in the service of the Greek Government and contributed largely to the organization of the army.

sight, with their picturesque rags, their muddy fustanella, and arms of their own choice.

It was in 1836 that the increase of brigandage, and the insurrections in Acarnania, made the Government decide on assembling a corps of irregulars. The greater part of the soldiers that were enrolled, had formed part of the old bands; their former chiefs were given them for officers. These ragamuffins pacified Acarnania, and repressed brigandage: Greece owes them a hundred times more than to the regular army, which costs much more.*

The frontier guards, and also the gendarmes, are all enlisted voluntarily; they enlist for two years.

The *gendarmerie* costs the State about 750,000 dr. a year.

The corps of frontier guards about 850,000 dr.

Total, 1,600,000 dr.

One million six hundred thousand drachms are sufficient for paying for the lodging, equipment, pay, and keep of the three thousand five hundred men, and one hundred and fifty horses, which compose the serious and useful army of the kingdom.

The regular soldiers, who serve especially for parade, were recruited by voluntary enlistment till 1838. Since that time, they are fixed upon by the conscription; but the conscription is not an easy operation in a country without a staff of civil officers.

The annual contingent is fixed at twelve hundred men;

* In the autumn of 1854, General Kalergi, Minister of War, prepared a measure for the gradual incorporation of these irregulars into the regular army. The motives for this were the lawless conduct of these irregulars, their frequent connivance with the brigands, the encouragement given by them to border outrage, and to the system of Palikarism, which culminated in the aggression on the neighbouring provinces of Turkey. Moreover, brigands frequently put a crown on their fez, and then, passing for irregular soldiers, lodged themselves upon the wretched villagers.—*Tr.*

the duration of the service is limited to four years. The Government makes known to each commune that it has to furnish so many soldiers each year, and the municipal administration undertakes to find them.

Now Greece is divided into a multitude of parish kingdoms, and each district lives in subjection to one or two individuals more rich or more powerful than the others. If equity does not reign in Athens, she has not taken refuge in the country. It happens therefore that neither the chiefs of the village, nor their friends, nor their clients, are subjected to the conscription; and the poor devils who are compelled to draw lots, never fail to be drawn for the conscription. If by any awkwardness they should draw a good number, they are made to begin again till they meet with a bad one. Such an individual has drawn lots as many as seven times.

Besides, the unfortunates thus enrolled against their will and against right, are not threatened with becoming officers. The army list is encumbered, and the military school of the Euelpides, which is a sort of compromise between La Flèche and Saint Cyr, every year throws into the street a dozen adjutants, subalterns, without prospects before them. They have seventy-five drachms a month given them, whilst waiting for more. Some wait as long as seven years for a sub-lieutenant's commission.

The navy is not less encumbered than the army; I mean encumbered with officers, for the material is not embarrassing.

The Greek fleet was considerable after the War of Independence; Capo d'Istria wished to force the commanders to give up their vessels to the Russian officers: the commanders preferred blowing them up.

Since that period, the number of ships of war has continually decreased. In 1842, Greece possessed thirty-four small

vessels ; she had only fourteen in 1851 ; now the fleet is composed of one corvette, three schooners, three cutters, one gun-boat, one balaou, one guarda-costa, and one small steamer ; in all, eleven vessels, of which the only important one is the corvette *Ludovic*.*

It is too evident that such a fleet can neither protect Greece against foreign powers, nor protect the public safety from pirates ; it is precisely of as much use as the regular army, which frightens neither brigands nor foreigners.

This futility costs the Greek people 1,150,000 drachms in ordinary years.

The seamen of the navy amount to eleven hundred and fifty men who do not go to sea.

For these eleven hundred and fifty men, there are four hundred and fifty officers ; there are rather more than two men to each officer.

6. Education—Gratuitous instruction—Inclination of all Greeks to the liberal professions—The student servant—Literature—Fine arts—A word on the antiquities—M. Pittakis—Conduct of the Government.

In the kingdom of Greece, you may count one great university, a military school, a polytechnic school, a normal school, a school of agriculture, a seminary, seven lyceums, an immense institute for the education of girls, a hundred and seventy-nine Hellenic schools, and three hundred and sixty-nine communal schools : but it is well to get at an understanding as to the meaning of each word.

We have already spoken of the school of agriculture, and of its seven students. The polytechnic school is simply a school of arts and trades where sculptors learn moulding, and painters

* In the beginning of 1854, the Russians sold, or pretended to sell, to the Greek Government, three ships of war—a corvette, the *Ariadne*, and two brigs, the *Orpheus* and *Percus*.—*Tr.*

learn to daub sign-boards. The normal school forms elementary teachers ; we will speak presently of the knowledge which the papas have acquired in the seminary ; and the subaltern adjutants who come out of the school of the Euelpides are neither learned men nor heroes.

The Hellenic schools are those in which a little ancient Greek is learned ; the communal or Romaic schools, those in which strictly elementary instruction is imparted. The number of these schools is not in any way exaggerated : the poorest and least populous of our departments have more of them.

The seven lyceums are much beneath our communal colleges, and the university of Athens, with its thirty-two professors, is not comparable to the Sorbonne. Athens possesses an observatory, a library, a collection of instruments of physical science, a museum of natural history, an anatomical museum, a museum of pathological anatomy. All this is reduced to a few instruments out of repair, a few specimens in disorder, and a few stuffed lizards. It did possess a collection of coins, but the conservator carried it off to Germany.

The instruction of the university of Athens is divided into four faculties, of theology, philosophy, law, and medicine.

The faculty of philosophy comprises thirteen classes : Greek literature in general ; explanation and analysis of Greek prose and verse writers ; rhetoric and philology ; philosophy ; astronomy and mathematics ; natural history ; ancient history and Greek antiquities ; modern history and that of the middle ages ; statistics ; archæology, and history of art ; physics ; general chemistry ; Oriental languages.

It is to be seen that the Greeks call philosophy, as in the time of Thales, the whole sum of human knowledge : the faculty of philosophy alone fills the place of a faculty of letters and a faculty of sciences.

I think that it is useless to point out how small is the space

allowed to science. A class of astronomy and mathematics, a class of natural history, a class of physics, and a class of general chemistry, can only give to the students but superficial notions. But I have said that the Greeks have no taste for purely speculative science, that they acquire eagerly only useful knowledge, and that they only study with pleasure when they learn at the same time a science and a trade.

The omission of the languages and literature of the West will be observed: the Greeks fancy that their ancestors knew everything, and they are mistaken.

The classes of the faculty of philosophy are much less frequented than the others; it is because they do not terminate in any lucrative profession.

In the first years which followed the foundation of the university, all the youth studied law: when the courts of law were fully occupied, they fell back upon medicine. Now, the kingdom possesses an army of judges and lawyers, and an army of doctors, without speaking of an army of officers.

The only thing I admire in public education in Greece is, that it is gratuitous for all classes, from the village schools up to the classes of the university.

But this absence of expense has its dangers; it favours beyond measure the inclination which draws the youth towards the liberal professions.

What is not less remarkable, is the sustained application of the school-boys; children of all ages follow their studies with an indefatigable eagerness. These young minds, serious from their childhood, and early initiated to the difficulties of life, never lose sight of the diploma which will procure them their bread.

I have seen in a little village fifteen children squatting in the sun, book in hand, before the door of a school. In France, it would be impossible to hold a class in the open air; the

attention of the scholars would be equally divided between the people who pass, and the swallows flying by; the school-master would get the remainder. These studious urchins saw us go by, us and our baggage, and an event so rare in an out-of-the-way part of the country, hardly made them raise their heads.

At Athens, every sort of student is to be found, excepting the student that never studies.

The begging scholar is not rare; the student-servant is the commonest of all. Petros, two years ago, brought up from the country a nephew of his, a native of Leondari in Arcadia; he got him admitted into the house as an apprenticed servant, and into the college as an apprenticed man of letters. If the youth is intelligent—and he will be so, no doubt, for his uncle has not robbed him of his share—in five or six years he will enter the house of a Fanariote as valet, and the university as a medical student. At the end of two or three years' study in each profession, he will go some fine morning and say to his master, dusting the furniture at the same time—

“Is Monsieur satisfied with my service?”

“Yes, Basil.”

“Monsieur has never had to complain of me?”

“No.”

“Then may I hope that Monsieur will be so good as to allow me to continue to take care of him?”

“Without any doubt.”

“In the capacity of doctor? Yesterday I passed my examination with some success.”

That is why no more ploughboys are to be found.

This terrible ambition, with which all the Greeks are possessed, is not a passion to be despised. It does not make the happiness of the people, but it raises it above nations richer and more happy. Man does not live only by bread. A Greek

who has nothing to put in his mouth, breakfasts off a political discussion or an article of a newspaper.

In 1852, Athens possessed nineteen printing-houses, containing forty presses, eight foundries, and ten lithographic presses; Syra, five printing-houses and one foundry; Tripolitza, Nauplia, Patras, and Chalcis, had also printing-presses. There were published in Greece, twenty-two newspapers and four periodicals. These four periodicals, as well as fifteen of the twenty-two newspapers, appeared at Athens; the others were published at Syra, Tripolitza, Nauplia, Patras, and Chalcis.*

The newspapers are about the whole of the literature of the country. The few books that have been printed in modern Greek are translations from the French, such as *Telemachus*, *Paul and Virginia*, *Atala*, *Picciola*, &c. The original literature is composed of a few inflated tragedies, a few emphatic odes, and a few histories of the War of Independence. I do not speak of theological works.

The popular songs, published by M. Fauriel, have led some readers to believe that all Greeks were inspired, and that poetry flowed over in this fine country. But it must not be forgotten that a good number of these so-called popular songs have been gathered from the albums of the young ladies of Smyrna. More than one has been thought in French and written in Greek by a young rayah who had been through the schools. The only original songs were the Clephtic songs, and the source is dried up. Greece, such as she is to be seen at the present time, is a country of prose.

* These newspapers appear one day and disappear the next. They are chiefly filled with recriminations against some person or party, and little else that is useful. The number of them is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that each party, and often each public man in Greece, has his newspaper. Such a thing has been seen as two ministers sitting in the same administration, attacking one another in the columns of their respective newspapers.—*Tr.*

If the nation is not poetical, still less is it artistic. Everybody, without exception, sings out of tune and through the nose; they have neither the sense of colour nor the sense of form; they are neither painters, nor architects, nor statuary. It is possible to have wit to the value of a million without being an artist worth a penny.

Travellers are duly warned that they will not find in the kingdom one work of art signed with a modern name, except perhaps a few agreeable buildings of M. Caftanzoglou.

As to the masterpieces of antiquity, they are not innumerable. All the paintings have disappeared, as may be supposed. The sculptures took their departure for Rome in the time of the Cæsars; for Venice, in the time of Maurosini; for Germany, in the time of Gropius; for England, in the time of Lord Elgin; for Russia, in the time of Orloff, and under the presidency of Capo d'Istria. It will never be known how much the Russians carried off or destroyed in the Archipelago at the time when they had made themselves masters of it, and the Athenian archæologists still speak with grief of the diplomatic liberalities of the ingenious president.

What remains to Greece of all the works of her sculptors, is, the western frieze of the Parthenon, the fine Cariatides of the Erechtheum, and some fragments of masterpieces mixed up with the ruins of mediocre works.

But if the sculptor has little to study in Greece, the architect finds a whole world. The Acropolis, that is to say, the fortress of old Athens, is still a nest of masterpieces. Whatever you may have heard said in praise of the Parthenon, believe me on my word, enough has not been said to you; and the immense size of the edifice, the grand simplicity of the design, the beauty of the material, and above all, perhaps, the fabulous delicacy of the execution, are able to surprise the most forewarned eyes and the most prepared enthusiasm.

It does not enter into the plan of this book to depict the monuments of ancient Athens; the history and description of them will be found in special works, and particularly in the two volumes of Beulé, which concludes what is to be said of the Acropolis. I prefer relating with what care the people and the Government preserve the antiquities.

The Government lets nothing be lost. The care of the antiquities of Athens is confided to the worthy M. Pittakis, correspondent of the Institute of France, and the most honest *savant* of his country. M. Pittakis was born at the foot of the Acropolis. From his birth he instinctively loved the monuments of his country: when a child, he used to slip into the Acropolis and decipher the inscriptions, without thinking of the Turkish sentinels, or of the kicks that he received: when a young man, he was in all the fights and assaults; the first under fire, the first on the breach, the first in the Acropolis, to see if some column had not been broken, or some cornice chipped: old, he rests himself going from one temple to another, and protecting, like a jealous lover, the Acropolis his love.

A guard of pensioners, an antique and solemn garrison, defends the Acropolis against the devouring hands of those collecting tourists who travel with a hammer in their pocket, and who would lament the money they had spent if they did not bring away the nose of a statue to ornament their country-house.

The Government severely forbids the commerce and exportation of antiquities. These are all the services which it renders to archæology.

The statues, or the fragments which are discovered, are heaped up either at the Propylæa, under the covering of the sky, or at the Temple of Theseus, under a bad roof. The town has no museum; the casts of all the Elgin marbles are pre-

served in a little mosque. It was England that sent them; last year she offered to give to Greece the casts of all the statues of the British Museum on the condition that a museum should be built. The Government recollected that a subscription had been opened with that object, and that thirty thousand drachms or thereabouts had been collected. The collectors were inquired for, some of them were found, even some money was discovered; but the interest of the sum had disappeared, carrying away in its flight a good half of the capital.

M. Typaldo, conservator and founder of the library of Athens, whose persuasive eloquence begged from Europe seventy thousand volumes, was received with honour at the Court of the King of Naples, and they promised him, as in fairy tales, to grant the first wish he might express. He asked, for the town of Athens, a cast of the Farnese bull. This enormous group is hidden in a corner of the town, I do not know where: who knows if it will ever be unpacked.*

There exist in many parts of the Greek territory tumuli where one would be certain of finding antiquities. The administration does not make any excavations; more than once individuals, and even governments, have offered to undertake the work, on condition of receiving a reasonable share of the profits; all the offers have been rejected.

The foundations of the Propylæa are falling into ruin. M. Wyse, the English Minister in Greece, proposed to have them repaired at the cost of his country, provided it were allowed that this restoration should be signed with the name of England. The Greeks refused: the Propylæa will fall, if needs must be; but Greek vanity will not be humiliated.†

* It is but within a very short time that the Neapolitan Government even received any thanks for this gift.—*Tv.*

† Greek vanity, however, received a stimulus, and the foundations of the Propylæa have been put into better repair.—*Tv.*

The trade in objects of art is forbidden ; that is not saying that the Government buys them. It is satisfied with confiscating them. Poor Antonio had bought antique vases for fifteen hundred drachms ; they took his vases from him, but without giving him back his money. What happens ? Brokers carry on a clandestine trade, and conceal all their goods under their cloaks. If some piece of marble is too large or too heavy to be carried about in secret, it is broken in pieces, and they retail a statue as they would a sheep for sale.

The poor people in Italy show a religious respect for the works of art which form the riches of the country : the poor people in Greece respect nothing. I have seen shepherds carefully breaking the fragments of the temple of Phigalia, from simple curiosity, and to see whether they were of marble or of stone. The sportsmen of Athens rarely pass by the rocks of Colonus, without discharging their guns at the marble pillar which stands on the tomb of Otfried Müller. M. David of Angers gave to the town of Missolonghi a graceful statue of a young girl stooping down and deciphering, amidst the tall grass, the almost effaced name of Botzaris. The old master, last year, passed near Missolonghi before returning to France ; he could not resist the desire to see again a work which he had tenderly caressed. The population of Missolonghi came out to meet the great artist, whom an unlooked for chance sent to them ; the Demarch, and principal inhabitants of the town, addressed a long verbose letter to M. David ; but the young virgin of marble is mutilated by having been repeatedly fired at.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGION.

1. Constitution of the Church in Greece—Its independence—History of the *Tomos*—Russian intrigues—The monk Christophoros—Organic law on the Holy Synod—Law on Episcopacy—The lower clergy: its resources—The papas of Isari.

It is known that the schismatic Eastern Church is divided into four large patriarchates, the seats of which are at Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria.

When Greece was a Turkish province, the Greeks naturally depended on the patriarchate of Constantinople. The War of Independence virtually freed the small Church of the kingdom of Greece. Since 1833 it depends only on itself.

The Constitution of 1844 established the fact, but changed it in principle.

The independence of the Church in Greece was not however officially recognised by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and it was of importance that the question should be settled, with the agreement of both parties, by a solemn act.

The Emperor of Russia did not wish that Greece should separate herself from the patriarchate of Constantinople. The Patriarch is devoted to him as to a champion—violent and impassioned, if not disinterested. The Holy Synod is an instrument he makes use of to act upon the populations; he foresaw that Greece, by detaching herself from the metropolitan, escaped from his protection and action.

The partisans of Russia pretended that Greece could not, without schism, separate from the Church of Constantinople. Yet Russia, which is completely independent of it, does not pass for schismatic in Greece.

The partisans of Russia maintained that the Church of Greece could not legitimately shake off the spiritual yoke of the Holy Synod to submit to a temporal power. "Yet," they were answered, "you see that in Russia the spiritual is the very humble servant of the temporal."

The Greeks, who were patriotic and jealous of the political and religious independence of their country, said, "What need have we to treat with the Holy Synod? Is it not a principle of our religion that all the bishops were at first equal and independent one of another? If the Bishop of Constantinople has taken the first rank, it is because the Emperors gave it to him. In all times, the right of restricting or of extending episcopal jurisdiction, and of decreeing the independence or the subordination of churches, has belonged to the temporal power: so thought our ancient councils. Now, the Greek nation, in conquering its freedom, has succeeded to the rights of the Eastern Emperors; it can therefore decree the independence of its Church."

This theory was developed with much warmth, cleverness, and erudition, by M. Pharmakidis, formerly secretary of the Holy Synod—the most capable and liberal man of the Greek clergy. In the name of freedom he demanded that the Church should be placed exclusively under the King's government, without depending on any foreign authority.

The King yielded more than he should have done to the influence of Russia. The result of a long negotiation between the Greek Government and the Patriarch of Constantinople was a bull, or *tomos*, signed by the Patriarch and the Synod. The *tomos* set forth that "*the right of separating or of uniting*

ecclesiastical provinces, of placing them under others, or of declaring them independent, had at all times belonged to the Œcumenical Synods." It granted therefore to the Greeks, as a favour, a separation which they could claim as a right.

Moreover, it did not grant it without restriction. "But," it stated, "so that canonical unity . . . may be observed, the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece must . . . must," &c. "If any ecclesiastical affair should occur, . . . it would be well that the Holy Synod of Greece should refer to the œcumenical Patriarch, and to his sacred college."

So the Patriarch and Synod of Constantinople granted conditionally to Greece, what she had a right to take without conditions.

The *tomos* did not satisfy either the friends of independence or the partisans of Russia. The clergy as well as the people were divided. The *anti-tomos* of M. Pharmakidis excited the enthusiasm of some, and the fury of others. They preached for and against it in the churches, and a few shots were fired in the country on account of *tomos* and *anti-tomos*.

The discussion of the two organic laws, intended to apply the principles contained in the *tomos*, was expected with a feverish impatience: one of these was to establish the functions of the National Holy Synod, and the other to organize the episcopacy. The King made a journey to Germany to improve his health and to gain time.

It was only in June 1852, two years after the signature of the *tomos*, that the law on the Synod was brought before the chambers. The Russian party thought the moment a fitting one to redouble their exertions. The bill set forth—the supreme ecclesiastical authority resides in the Holy Synod, *under the sovereignty of the king*. It was shown to the people that it would be the height of imprudence to place the Church of Greece under the sovereignty of a Catholic prince. Russia,

who is not scrupulous as to the choice of means, even excited a fanatical monk, who ascended the pulpit, and coarsely declared to the Greeks that they had a schismatic king, a heretic queen, and a damned government. This hot preacher was called Christopher Papoulakis. He found, with the aid of Russian money, impassioned and armed admirers. The Government wished to arrest him; he took refuge in Maina. All the forces in the kingdom were occupied in his pursuit for a whole month: all the forces of the kingdom were of no use; he was given up by one of his friends to whom the police had promised an annuity. The traitor was a priest.

Russia, beaten in Maina, took her revenge in the Chamber of Deputies. She bestirred herself so well, that the commission charged with the examination of the bill, suppressed the ill-sounding clause, *under the sovereignty of the king*. The cabinet was divided, the Minister of Public Worship, M. Vlachos, belonged to the Russian party; it was he that brought in and secured the passing of the amended bill.

The first article lays down that the orthodox * independent Church of Greece, being a member of one sole universal and apostolic church of the orthodox faith, is composed of all the inhabitants of the kingdom believing in Christ, confessing the sacred symbol of the faith, and professing all that the Holy Eastern Orthodox Church of Christ professes, having for a head and founder Jesus Christ our Lord and God. It is governed spiritually by canonical prelates; it preserves, in their integrity, like all the other orthodox churches of Christ, the holy apostolical and synodical canons, as well as the holy traditions.

In virtue of the second article, the superior ecclesiastical authority of the kingdom resides in a permanent synod,

* A wit was asked, "But, after all, what is orthodoxy? And what is heterodoxy?" He replied, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is the doxy of other people."

named the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece, invariably sitting in the capital of the kingdom.

This Synod is composed of five members, deliberating by vote, taken from among the prelates occupying a see in the kingdom, of whom one is president, and the other four councillors. The presidency belongs of right to the metropolitan of the capital. The councillors must return each year to their provinces, unless the Government retains one of them; it cannot retain more than two.

The annual session of the Synod begins on the 13th September of each year. Before entering on their functions, the members of the Synod take the oaths, in the following form :—

“ Majesty, upon the sacred character with which we are invested, we certify that, ever faithful to your Majesty, our king and our master, submissive to the constitution and the laws of the country, we will not cease to apply all our efforts to accomplish, with the aid of God, our duty in the administration of the Church, preserving intact, like all the other orthodox churches of Christ, the holy apostolical and synodical canons, as well as the holy traditions. As witness of this oath, we invoke the All-powerful. May He grant to your Majesty long days and perfect health, maintain your kingdom unshaken, render it prosperous, *aggrandize* it, and fortify it for all ages.”

The King names a royal commissioner to the Holy Synod, who takes an oath before entering on his duties. The supervision of everything that takes place in the kingdom being inherent in the supreme power of the King, the duty of the royal commissioner is to be present, without voting, at all the sittings of the Holy Synod, to countersign all the copies of the acts and decisions of the Synod relative either to its internal or external functions. Any decision come to, or act done

by the Holy Synod, in the absence of the King's commissioner, or not bearing his seal, is void.

The functions of the Holy Synod are either internal or external. In the first, its action is quite independent of the civil power. In what relates to acts which are connected with the rights or public interests of the citizens, the Holy Synod acts in concert with the Government, and with its assent.

The internal functions of the Church include the pure and faithful teaching of the dogmas; the forms of divine worship according to the formulas anciently imposed on the Church; the execution of the duties laid down for each order of the clergy; the religious instruction of the people, save and except any injury to the constitution or laws of the State; ecclesiastical discipline; the examination and ordination of those intended for the priesthood; the consecration of churches and books on doctrine; and the rules of the Orthodox Church instituted for that purpose. The Holy Synod supervises the rigid maintenance of the sacred dogmas professed by the orthodox Eastern Church. Whenever it has positive information that any one seeks to disturb the Church of the kingdom, by preaching, by teaching, or by writings that are heterodox, by means of proselytism, or in any other way, the Holy Synod demands from the civil authority the suppression of the evil; and with its authorization, it addresses to the people paternal counsels to turn aside the injury which religion might suffer from such attempts. It inspects, moreover, the contents of works for the use of youth or of the clergy, whether imported from abroad or published in Greece, as well as pamphlets, pictures, or other representations bearing on religious subjects. Whenever it is informed that such publications contain anything opposed or detrimental to the divine dogmas, the sacred mysteries, the canons of the Church, religious instruction, the feasts and ceremonies recognised by the orthodox Eastern

Church, it claims the assistance of the Government to put a stop to the use of these books in the schools. It denounces to the civil authority the author or ostensible editor, the printer, bookseller, or vender—so that the civil laws may be applied to them, if they are of the laity; if they are of the clergy, they are reprimanded by the ecclesiastical authority, which denounces them to the Government, for it to punish them conformably to the provisions of the civil laws. Among the internal functions of the Synod, it is worth while to mention particularly that in virtue of which it is invested with the right “of watching that ecclesiastics shall not mix themselves up in political affairs.” The precaution was a necessary one; is it of any use? I do not believe it.

“The principal external functions of the Holy Synod are—the care of arranging the ceremonies in the celebration of religious festivals, in so far as would not be contrary to the forms which the Church admits of; the rules and regulations of establishments for the education, preparation, and correction intended for the clergy; extraordinary religious festivals, especially when they are to take place on working days, and outside of the church.”

“The other most important provisions of the organic law on public worship, concern the excommunication of laymen, which must always be preceded by the approbation of the Government; the powers in the question of marriages allotted to the ecclesiastical by the side of the civil authorities; the part taken by the bishop in cases of divorce, a conciliatory part, which does not prevent, however, the effect of the sentence of dissolution pronounced by the civil tribunals. It is after the transmission of the copy of this sentence by the public prosecutor, that the bishop, on his side, pronounces the dissolution of the marriage.” *

* *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*, 1862-53.

It is a curious thing this double intervention of the religious and of the civil power in marriages and divorces. Marriage is performed by the priest: the civil power has nothing to say to it; it can only sanction the union, by regulating in the best way possible the different interests and rights which it gives rise to. Marriages are dissolved by the court of justice, and the religious authority is forced to unbind, on the order of the judges, what it had bound of its own authority.

It will not be said that the King of Greece has never dreamed of conquests; he forces the Holy Synod to pray for the aggrandizement of his kingdom.

It will be observed that in the list of the functions of the Church, there is no question of the teaching of morality. Greek Catholicism is a petrified religion which has no longer any life in it. The only duties which it prescribes to men, are the signs of the cross made in a particular manner, and in a certain number, genuflections at such a place, worship mathematically regulated of certain stereotyped, and, so to speak, geometrical images; the recitation of certain interminable formulas which have become a dead letter; the observation of certain fasts; the remaining idle during a multitude of festivals which devour half the year; and finally, the obligation of feeding the priests and enriching the churches by perpetual alms.

After the law which organized the Holy Synod, the law on the Episcopacy was passed.

The kingdom is divided into twenty-four episcopal sees—one of which is directed by a metropolitan archbishop, president of the Holy Synod; ten others are directed by archbishops, residing in the capitals of the nine other departments, and at Corinth; the remaining thirteen are simple bishoprics.

If the army is encumbered with officers, the Church does not yield in anything to it; it is encumbered with prelates;

twenty-four bishops for nine hundred and fifty thousand souls is a great many.

The bishops are named by the King on the presentation of three candidates, chosen by the Holy Synod among the clergy of the kingdom. They take two oaths, of which one is purely religious, the other purely political.

The King can only dismiss a bishop if he has committed a crime entailing interdiction. He can only displace him after the advice of the Synod and in conformity to the canons. The Emperor of Russia has more elbow-room in his States.

The metropolitan receives six thousand drachms a year; each of the ten archbishops five thousand; each bishop four thousand. They take, besides, a fee for licenses of marriage and divorce, and for the issue of anonymous letters of censure. The use and weight of these sort of charges are known. When a theft has been committed, the dispossessed owner, instead of putting up notices which would not be read, or circulating a notice by the public crier which would move no one, addresses himself directly to the bishop, and begs him, on payment, to reclaim the article stolen. The prelate, from love of justice, and for a moderate sum of money, sends to all the parishes of his diocese a thundering circular, in which he showers down anathemas on the anonymous author of the crime. If the bishop knows how to scold, the culprit makes restitution. A thievish and superstitious peasant is not afraid of offending God, but he fears the threats of his bishop. I know a gun which returned to its owner by the sacred road.

The inferior clergy receive no salary from the State. They levy certain portions of the harvest, but they live especially by the altar. They marry, baptize, bury, and exorcise for a fee; they confess people in their own houses for a slight consideration. The business of priest or papas is sufficiently lucrative without being too laborious, and the greater part of

the Greek priests bring up comfortably a little family. If the altar does not yield enough, if the harvest of alms is bad, the papas finds other resources in agriculture or in commerce. He tills a field, he opens a shop, or keeps a public-house. At Ægina, I was lodging with Garnier in the house of an *anagnostis*, or reader. This good man appeared satisfied with his condition. I asked him one day if he would not try to get raised to the dignity of papas. "No," said he, "I should not earn much more, and I should have too much to do. My vineyard yields me so much, my church so much. I have so many hours for work each week; and I have enough leisure left to drink a glass with my neighbours when I desire it, or to make my little Basil dance upon my knee. Why should I have any ambition?"

The Government maintains five missionaries charged with spreading the Divine Word in the country districts. It pays in the capital for two professors of sacred music, who bring up the youth in the melodious art of singing through the nose. The State pays for the board of twenty scholars at the seminary founded by the heterochthone M. Rhizaris.

One morning as we were stopping to breakfast in a cot, in the village of Isari, the crowd came as usual, pressing round us and staring into our plates. The most remarkable of our visitors was a robust and thick-set sapper, whom I recognised by his long beard and black cap, to be the papas of the village. He came without any ceremony, and squatted down next me. He addressed me, and finding that I answered, he uttered cries of admiration :

"Du grec ! il sait du grec ! du grec ! quelle douceur !"

In his simple enthusiasm he swore an eternal friendship for me at first starting. As there are no secrets between friends, he began to tell me of his affairs, the age of his wife and of

his horse, the number of his sheep and of his children, mixing up everything, confounding everything, and speaking of everything at once.

"And you," said he, "what is your age? You are very young to be running about the world. How old are your friends? How so! that one is only thirty, and he already wears spectacles! Why doesn't he speak Greek? I hope it is not from contempt. Are you rich? Are your parents merchants or military? Have you got any brothers and sisters? From what country are you? Frenchmen! ah, really, I have heard tell of that nation! But tell me now, is your country on the sea-side? Is it large? Have you got rivers like ours? Do you cultivate mulberry-trees? Have you got sheep? *Do you carry on any kind of industry?*"

I was saying to myself, "If the papas also fills the functions of schoolmaster, the children of the village will be learned!"

Leftéri, less patient than myself, interrupted him with that Greek familiarity, which takes its rise in a strong feeling of equality, "Papas, you are an inquisitive chatterbox; you are boring us." The good man made haste to call me to witness that he was not bothering us. As fast as he talked, I wrote down the conversation. He caught hold of my paper, armed himself with an enormous pair of spectacles, and gravely looked at it on all sides, "Ah, you know how to write! Do you by any chance know how to spell?"

"Pretty well, Reverend."

"Politeness orders me to believe you; they say, however, that it is a very arduous science."

In fact, orthography is a serious difficulty in Greece, where the same sound can be written in five or six different ways.

"Have you got a king in France?" continued the inquiring papas.

"We have not got one at this moment.

A peasant timidly advanced, that no doubt the country was administered by captains. "Ignoramus!" said the priest, "since it is a large country, it must be governed by generals!"

The country clergy will be capable of instructing the people after they have been themselves to school.

2. Monks—Monasteries in the Ottoman territory—A monastery for two purposes in the town of Janina—The Greek Government has shut up several monasteries: it should have shut them all up—Ignorance, laziness, and turbulence of the monks—Their hospitality—A day at the monastery of Loukou—Reflections and feelings of the Hegoumenos on the profession of a monk—Megaspilæon—Monastery libraries.

The Greek clergy was more numerous under the Turks than it is now. The Turks are one of the most tolerant nations of the world. In the island of Cyprus, under the Turkish rule, there may now be reckoned more than 1700 monks or priests to a Greek population of 75,000 souls; and it is not ten years since these 1700 individuals—all rich or with good incomes, are obliged to pay taxes.

There is at Janina a convent of women which contains two hundred persons. It does not shut them up so closely as to prevent their going every day into the town, to visit the sick, attend to housekeeping, and especially to exercise a commerce which the canons of the Church have never recommended. The Pashas of Janina, to put an end to a scandal at which the Turks are indignant, have more than once wished to sweep clean this house which made an abuse of their toleration; but the Greek population, and especially the clergy, made such outcry that the convent could neither be shut up nor reformed.

The Government of the kingdom of Greece found the country infested with monks. It has shut up many of the

monasteries ; it should have closed them all. The soil is in want of arms, the population does not increase, and the celibacy of these monks is as injurious to the country as the fever or the pestilence.

If even these monasteries were workshops or schools ! But the best privilege of the Greek monks is to learn nothing, and to do nothing. These asylums of ignorance and laziness only echo to idle discussions, political gossip, anti-national intrigues, and the praises of the Emperor Nicholas !

With this exception, the Greek monks lead rather jolly lives ; they want for nothing, and happiness usually inclines men to benevolence.

I passed a very agreeable day at the monastery of Loukou, near Astros ; thanks to the loquacious hospitality of the Hegoumenos or superior. On our arrival he was occupied with having his hands kissed by three or four rustics of the neighbourhood ; he slipped away from their homage to run up to us, to bid us welcome.

He was a man of about forty-five, very fresh, very vigorous, with a fine beard and a good figure. He offered us, on dismounting, some tobacco of his own growth in pipes of his handiwork ; then, whilst Garnier and Curzon were making a water-colour sketch of his church, he did the honours to me of the house and garden. The house was rickety, but the garden was in a good state. "Here are our hives," said he ; "we gather honey, and you will tell me what you think of it ; the honey of Hymettus has the perfume of thyme, the honey of Carysto smells of roses, but ours has a decided taste of orange-flowers."

"I suppose," I replied, "that the honey of your bees does not make up all your income ?"

"No ; we have two mills, a few corn-fields, and two ploughs ; the peasants keep them going. Our olive-trees

give the greater part of our wealth. In good years we sell as much as 10,000 okas of oil (about 25,000 lbs.) We have got a few flocks hard by—our shepherds live in tents.”

Whilst we were visiting together some Roman ruins near the monastery, the sheep-dogs came near us with an evident intention of tasting our skin; the Hegoumenos, notwithstanding his dignity, picked up some stones and defended his guest.

At the end of a quarter of an hour's conversation he entered on politics, and that lasted for a long time. He took in the “Age” (*Αἰών*), a newspaper of the Russian party, published at Athens, and which, during ten years, has sown intolerance in Greece and insubordination in Turkey. I had no difficulty in seeing that my reverend friend was devoted soul and body to Nicholas, and that he cared for King Otho as much as for the Emperor of China.

When politics were exhausted, I brought him by degrees to speak to me of the labours and troubles of his condition.

“We have,” said he, “little to do. When the services are ended, and we have chanted all that is prescribed by the canons, and made all the signs of the cross ordered by the Church, our task is finished. I have got a good chest as you see, and I sing very well for two hours together without tiring. As for the signs of the cross, which is a rather more tiresome exercise, I am not one-handed, thank Heaven! My stomach is used to the necessary fasts; and besides, I compensate myself on other days.”

This good man talked of his Church as a trader of his shop, and of his prayers as a mason would of his trowel. The church bell rung, the evening service was going to begin. I conducted my host to his business, and he chanted the evening service while our supper was being got ready.

We had hardly sat down when the whole monastery entered tumultuously, the Hegoumenos at the head. We had before

us a public of fifteen monks, who wished to see how the Franks take their food. The youngest of the apprentices had a roguish air, which reminded us of Peblo. All these importunate and serviceable people overpowered us with presents. They poured out the honey of their bees, the milk of their goats, the olives of their orchards, the fresh and salt cheese of their sheep, a resinous wine which Garnier appreciated, and two or three kinds of muscat wine in bottles—all of their own growth. The Hegoumenos refused to partake of our dinner. He had dined in his own circle; but he gave us his company, and the evening passed off gaily.

"And what are your pleasures?" I asked him, as Athalie asked of the young Eliacin.

He insinuated that, first of all, he enjoyed the purest pleasure which God has given to man—that of doing nothing. He added, that I had only to look at my glass and my plate, to see two other sources, from which, from time to time, he drew some satisfaction. He ended by declaring, that he had ceased lamenting those pleasures which his condition forbids him, but that he had round the monastery some leagues of forest and mountain, where he could hunt, run, and subject his body by fatigue. "Come and see me next year," said he, "spring or autumn, whenever you have leisure. We will go out hunting together, we will empty some of those old bottles, and you shall see, my son, that the profession of monk is a profession for a king!"

"Amen!" said the audience; and we went to sleep.

The little monks had deprived themselves for us of their room, their bed, and even of their coverlets; the poor little devils passed the night under a shed in the pale star-light.

Next morning at daybreak, Leftéri came to wake us; the horses were ready. We wished to wait till morning service was over, to take leave of the Hegoumenos; but he came out

of the church, without respect for canons, and all the monastery left their prayers to come and say good-bye to us.

The hospitality you meet with at the convents is gratuitous ; only it is good taste to give a dollar to the little monks, who never refuse it, and to drop an offering into the church-box ; they take care to show it you.

In some monasteries, as at Megaspilæon, the congregation of parasites is so great, that the monks only give to their guests a lodging, and bread and wine ; they sell the rest.

This Megaspilæon is the largest monastery in Greece. It contains about two hundred monks of all ages, who sleep in kennels, and eat bad fare. The fame of this house is founded on an image of the Virgin, graven, it is said, by Saint Luke.

The monastery, leaning against a huge hollow rock, resembles in building and colour the shops of the gingerbread sellers to be seen at fairs. It is built of white wood. Each year an artist of the family erects some new pavilion above all the others, and a painter of the monastery daubs it with bright-red or blue.

The King's room, in which we had been lodged, to show us honour, is the masterpiece in this style ; the decorations are fantastic without being clumsy ; the view is admirable. We slept on a large sofa, stretching all round the walls of the room. The *good old men*, that is what the Greeks call the monks of all ages, do not err by excess of cleanliness.

The monasteries of the kingdom possess a few prayer-books. Herein I have said enough as to their libraries.

3. The churches—All the Greeks practise their religion, but do not lead better lives for that—Character of Byzantine Catholicism—Festivals—The carnival—Lent—Sins occasioned by Lent—Night of Easter—Firing of guns—The children of Mistra.

Are there in Greece more churches than houses ? are there

more houses than churches? this is a point which I should like to see settled.

Are there more working-days than feast-days in the year? It is allowable to doubt it.

In Athens and its neighbourhood, more than three hundred churches may be counted, of which five or six are nearly inhabitable; the others are sheds, which the shepherds would despise. They have four walls, and sometimes a roof: in one corner is an extinguished lamp, and one may sometimes distinguish on the wall an arm of St. Michael, or a leg of the horse of St. George. The furniture of the temple consists of a few stones in a heap, a few pieces of wood, some fishermen's nets, if it is near the sea-side, or the carcase of a sheep, that has come to die there out of the way.

Yet none of these churches are positively abandoned. They have their day in the year: once at least that little glass lamp is lighted, and a little incense is burned, a few prayers are chanted, and five or six persons cluster round the priest in that narrow enclosure.

In the opinion of all Greeks, it is a pious work to erect these huts; it is a sacrilege to destroy them. That is why these monuments of poverty and of ignorant devotion remain.

Each church is divided into two compartments; the choir is separated from the nave by a wall, in which two or three openings are pierced; the priest sometimes shows himself to, sometimes conceals himself from his congregation.

All Greeks, without exception, believe in their religion, and go to church.*

Greece contains neither philosophers, nor free thinkers, nor latitudinarians. I understand by latitudinarians, those boasters who reject a religion without knowing it, and affect a scepticism in which meditation has had no part.

* Whatever exceptions there are, are Ionians not Hellenic Greeks?—Tr.

In Greece, it is good taste to go to church every Sunday, to take holy water, make signs of the cross, fast during the four Lents, and carry a lighted taper at Easter.

"Where are you going?" says a man of the world to a dandy. "I am going to beg the papas to come and confess me to-morrow."

The man of the world does not smile.

There is, then, among the Greeks neither respect of persons nor hypocrisy; each one observes his religion because he believes in it, and no one fears to appear ridiculous in fulfilling its duties.

Is the nation more moral on that account?—by no means. The schismatic Greek religion is a dead letter; it prescribes no virtues, but only grimaces; it abounds in minute requirements and vexatious prescriptions; it excels in macerating the flesh without profit to the soul; it wearies the arm without fortifying the heart; it prostrates the body to the earth without raising the soul to heaven: this religion, daughter of the lower empire, partakes of Byzantine imbecility.

I have seen twice in Greece the great Lent, and the solemnity of Easter; I have thus been able to observe this religion in its mortifications and in its festivals. A happy accident allowed me to pursue this study at one time in the town, at the other in the country; but the citizens and rustics resemble one another very much both in pleasure and in mortification.

The Carnival is celebrated at Athens as at Privas, at Mortagne, or at any other little town. The masks that walk about the town, are ugly and dirty; they prefer ancient disguises, pasteboard helmets and shields of painted paper; the streets are filled with the heroes of Homer. The chief amusement of the masqueraders is to take a long fishing-rod, and tie a cake at the end of the line. All the children run up in

the hope of getting a bite at the cake ; the cake gets hustled a hundred times, and licked fifty more before it is bitten ; the fisherman draws it away quickly when it is in danger. It is not allowed, as you may suppose, to touch it with the hand, and any attempt of that kind is severely checked. What adds to the buffoonery of this diversion, is that the fisherman takes care to stand near a brook, and that any awkward fish soon becomes a fish in the water.

There is another game, of which the origin seems to be very ancient, and the meaning of which is still unknown. A painted post is stuck in the middle of the street : from the top of it hang down as many as ten or twelve cords. Each masquerader takes one in his hand, and all together turn round the post, in confusion and in all directions, but taking care not to entangle the cords.

The Carnival, like all the other festivals, is rather dull. If the Greeks amuse themselves much, it is within themselves ; their gaiety is neither joyous nor lively.

Lent begins on Monday, and Shrove-Tuesday is no longer a day of carnival. On Monday, all the populace of Athens assembles at the columns of Jupiter, to begin together the mortifications of forty days. A great consumption takes place there, of garlic, onions, and all sorts of raw vegetables. There is a great deal of singing through the nose, a little drinking, and not a little dancing. After this religious ceremony, each one returns home.

I know of nothing more fit for irritating the disposition than the Greek Lent. They not only deprive themselves of meat, but they interdict themselves the use of butter, eggs, sugar, and often of fish. They only eat bread, caviar, and herbs seasoned with oil. Indeed, Lent sets the minds of all on fire, and makes all the political and religious passions to effervesce.

It will be believed that, if the Greeks restrict themselves to such a severe diet, it is not for the pleasure only of eating mouldy olives ; it is especially to gain heaven. But the odds are, that Lent sends more people down below than to heaven ; so much does it make them commit sins of envy. I have never seen a Greek eating olives without hearing him say, " Won't I just eat meat on Easter-day ! "

During the holy week, which they call the great week, this longing for meat, which is neither repressed nor satisfied, becomes increased to frenzy. The *great Thursday*, *great Friday*, and *great Saturday*, pass by with an exasperating slowness. Our host, the *anagnostis* in the island of Ægina, used to repeat to me every day, at his meals, " You shall see how I will drink wine on the day of *the brilliant* ! how I will dance ! how I will get drunk ! how I will fall flat as a pig, with my face on the ground ! " This man was naturally sober, and without the fast he perhaps would never have got drunk at all.

It is with these pious thoughts that the people and the clergy abridge the length of the fast. They think they do enough for their salvation in interdicting themselves forbidden meats ; and they imagine that the submission of the stomach dispenses them from that of the heart.

The Saturday before Easter, at midnight, the fast ends, and the festival commences. All the churches are crowded with people ; in the largest of these buildings a throne is placed for the King and Queen ; outside, in the open space close by, a platform strewn with flowers is set up for them, and they stop there for a moment before going into the church. It is there that the clergy goes to receive them, and announce to them the resurrection. When it strikes midnight, the cannon thunders, the music strikes up, Bengal lights are burned, all the town flares up, and each person lights a candle,

which he holds in his hand. At this moment the Court enters the church. The Catholic King and the Protestant Queen carry enormous tapers; the ministers and all the high functionaries have rather smaller ones; the common people content themselves with penny tapers. The ceremonies last about two hours in the midst of a suffocating heat; everybody is standing up. I have seen a young man of twenty faint from fatigue and heat. The women, perched in the high galleries, rain down the wax from their tapers on the heads of the men.

The prayers ended, each one runs home to eat his lamb; they do not wait till next day; more than one famished creature brings to church a little piece of meat, which he eats at the last stroke of midnight.

The Greek people love noise, and firing of guns is indispensable to their happiness. They think, like the Arabs, that no festival is a fine one without powder; the festival of Easter resounds with a perpetual file-firing. But as the people have the habit of killing one another from excess of joy, and as the Palikar always forgets a bullet in his gun, and often has the skill to kill his enemy by awkwardness, the police took it into its head to prevent these *fusillades* of Easter, at least in the capital. In 1852, the magistrates of Athens had taken such precautions that they answered for public tranquillity. Also it was impossible to close one's eyes during two nights; there was no more firing in the streets, but guns were fired from the windows, in the courtyards, and, at need, up the chimneys.

Three or four years ago, the young Mainotes of Mistra, on the occasion of the Easter festival, borrowed their father's guns, and divided into three camps—representing the Russian, the French, and the English parties. But a little, and they would have come to blows, under the eyes of their proud and

happy parents. But at the moment of beginning the action, the French and English united against the Russians, and the strife ended without a blow being struck !

On Easter Tuesday, all the people assemble round the temple of Theseus ; it is the second festival of the columns, and the return to that which commences the fast.

It is at these two festivals that one may command a single view of the types, costumes, and manners of the Greek people. Nothing is wanting, neither the mountaineers of Parnes, nor the King, who goes there on horseback with his Court.

4. A Greek funeral.

The next day after my arrival at Athens, I was wandering about the streets to make acquaintance with the town. I heard, a few hundred paces off, a horribly monotonous music ; I ran thither and saw a funeral going by.

At the head of the procession walked three or four boys, carrying some of them a cross, some of them an image on the end of a pole. A man carried the lid of the coffin, covered over with black paper, strewn with white crosses ; a little further off came the music, the papas came behind the musicians, and relieved them from time to time with some airs of a dirge in a grave and melancholy tone.

The coffin was carried on people's arms ; a dead woman was dressed in a blue gown, scattered over with narcissuses and sweet-smelling flowers. Her uncovered face had an expression of serenity which resembled sleep. To put aside carefully the horror inseparable from the sight of death, the faded colour of her lips had been restored with a little carmine.

Behind the coffin walked three tall young men with sickly faces, one of whom will not long delay to follow his mother.

They went separately, each supported by two friends. They wore no other mourning than a black crape on their red caps. Almost all those who formed part of the procession were in coloured jackets, white fustanella, and red or blue gaiters. All the faces had a look of quiet gravity which one does not often see at our burials;—it is true that the procession was chiefly composed of relations of the deceased. I have before said that Greek families are numerous and complicated.

They entered the church; the coffin was placed in the middle of the nave, near the holy of holies, and that part of the church where the priests alone have the right to enter. The company remained standing—there are no chairs in the churches.

An old woman distributed tapers to everybody. Twenty or thirty street boys who were playing in the street, hastened to take some, and assisted at the ceremony with a gravity which would have done honour to senators.

The papas, with their long hair and flowing beard, chanted the prayers for the dead. I had made up my mind to examine whether these men, who have not renounced family affection, fulfilled their ministry with more emotion than those who have no longer any family but in heaven. It seemed to me, on the contrary, that they plied this sad task like men in a hurry to finish it, and to return to their homes. The prayers were sung in the vulgar tongue, and yet, whether it was that the singing rendered the words unintelligible, or whether the people have lost the habit of seeking for a meaning in their prayers, the audience seemed only to be listening to their own thoughts.

When the service for the dead was ended, each of the relations and friends came near the deceased, and kissed her hands and body. A religious and solemn character is thus given to the last mark of affection which the dead receive.

It is difficult to see, without a profound emotion, sons coming before the altar to give the last kiss to their mother.

The procession moved slowly towards the cemetery. On the road, men and women stopped, and covered themselves with signs of the cross with that mechanical profuseness which I have already mentioned. The funeral crossed the Ilissus, getting a little splashed—the bridge was not yet built. Such a passage would excite some laughter in France; here, the ceremony lost nothing of its gravity.

The corner of the cemetery inhabited by the poor, is of a sufficiently original appearance. They do not put a wooden cross over each tomb; they content themselves with sticking in the earth, crossing them a little, the two staves which have served to carry the coffin. On the highest of these two branches, the relations of the deceased come and place a pitcher, of which they break out the bottom. This sort of offering is of high antiquity.

I did not observe that the body was placed in the earth with much more attention than in our civilized cemeteries. There were the same exclamations: "Push it! pull! that way! this way! press down the feet! take care of the head! at last it's in!" Coarse ceremony! well fitted to disgust people with dying in a civilized country. Happy is the man who dies pierced by an arrow among savages! He is eaten by his friends with respect, or at least with gratitude.

They then proceeded to another ceremony, still more repulsive. They stripped the deceased of all the ornaments with which she had clothed. The gown of blue merino, which had been shown on the road to all the town, was taken off—she was left in a poor black gown. They took back again the embroidered pillow which she had under her head, and put in its stead a bag full of earth. They even began to take off some common white gloves which she had on her

hands, but one of her sons, who no doubt suffered, as I did, to see that poor stiff body treated in that way, made a sign that they should leave them. There only remained in the coffin a few flowers and an apple—slight provision for so great a journey.

Each of her friends made haste to throw a handful of earth into the tomb, and ran ten paces further off, to a place sheltered from the wind, where cigarettes were lighted. The beadles, the choristers, and a few friends, emptied a large bottle of wine which had been brought; then they took their departure to the house of the dead to sup there.

I came back quietly home, preceded by the choristers, who were hitting one another on the back with the crosses, and throwing stones at the images of St. George and St. Michael.

5. Superstition and intolerance.

In front of the house in which we lived at Corinth, were lodged a poor woman and her only son. The child was puny and humpbacked.

A Vlach passed by, leading a bear by a chain; he led his beast about the country picking up handfuls of lepta. Our unfortunate neighbour went to this man and gave him some money to make his bear walk over the body of her child. She then bought a few hairs, which she chose herself from the back of the beast. She hoped to make a charm with them to straighten the body of her son.

The Greeks in the country districts believe in witchcraft. To their ideas, a doctor is an enchanter authorized by the Government; a prescription is a collection of magic words. They do not take it to the apothecary, but soak it in boiling water, and swallow the infusion.

There remains some little Paganism in the bottom of the people's mind. There is to be seen in a dirty quarter of

Athens, a column, the last fragment of a temple of Æsculapius; those who desire the cure of a sick person, take a hair from his head, or a thread of his garter, fasten a ball of wax at each end, and come and attach it to this column.

The Greeks, who are the least scrupulous as to honesty, observe very strictly the precepts of the Church, and blindly obey the papas. When a mother sells her daughter to a rich person, she always stipulates that so much shall be given for the daughter, so much for the parents, and so much for the Church. I have had the honour of dining with an assassin, and the misfortune of shocking him. We were at Ægina, and we were eating a lamb *à la Palikar*, in the open air, and in the middle of Lent. A Greek, whom we did not know, came and sat down by us, ate our bread and our figs, drank our wine, and withdrew, much shocked at our conduct, after he was well filled. I learned next day that this sulky guest had the death of a man upon his conscience, and that justice was looking for him prudently, in such a way as never to find him. He thought himself, however, a better Christian than us.

The Greeks required that the constitution of 1844 should proclaim a State religion. The chief of the State does not profess the State religion; but he must, will he nill he, render it public homage five or six times a year.

The other Roman Catholics are tolerated, like the King. They have got three bishops and an archbishop in the Cyclades, at Naxos, Tinos, Santorin, and Syra. But I will not answer for it, that if the sovereign were Greek or Russian, the heterodox religion would escape persecution.

Jews are very rare in the kingdom, and the violence of the populace of Athens is not calculated to invite them. At the Ionian Islands, under the protection of England, the Jewish race lives and prospers.* It is observed, that in the

* Yet, even under English protection, the police at Corfu are, or were till very lately,

island of Corfu, the deaths exceed the births among the Greeks, and the births the deaths among the Jews ; so much so, that it is easy to foresee, that at the end of a certain number of years, the island will only be peopled with Jews.

The Jewish race with us has more honesty, courage, intelligence, and beauty, than among the nations of the East.

The natural intolerance of the Greek mob is daily excited by the preaching of Russia. When the Government brought Mr. King, a Protestant clergyman, before the courts of justice, on the charge of proselytism, the *Age* formally called on all orthodox citizens to go and join the audience to encourage the judges to severity, and to deter them from a cowardly complaisance. I had thought at first that this brutal fanaticism was the privilege of ignorant people, and of vagabonds ; I was under a mistake.

In the first days of the summer of 1852, I made a visit to M. —, Professor of Law at the University of Athens. I found him in the fire of composition, in his shirt-sleeves. Assuredly, Demosthenes was less ardent, and less dishevelled, when he was preparing his harangues against Philip.

"Can you understand," said this violent man of law, "the weakness of our Government? To allow such a book to appear! You will see the author will not even be punished! Ah! if we were in Russia, they would seize my *Pharmakidis*; they would shut him up in a nice little room, very hot in summer, very cold in winter; they would just bleed him a little every two days; they would give a little handful of rice every morning for his food, and at the end of three months of this treatment, they would say to him, 'My friend, you have been sick, we have attended to you, now you are cured; go in peace, and take care of a relapse.'"

obliged to lock up the Jews at Easter, to protect them from the fanatical violence of the populace.—*Tr.*

CHAPTER VII.

FINANCE.

1. General observations on the state of finance in Greece—Greece lives in a state of bankruptcy from its birth—Taxes are paid in kind—Tax-payers do not pay the State, which does not pay its creditors—Budget *d'exercice* and budget *de gestion*—The resources of the country have not increased in twenty years.

THE financial system in Greece is so extraordinary, and so little resembles ours, that I think it necessary, before entering into the details of the budget, to set forth here a few general observations.

Greece is the only example known of a country living in complete bankruptcy since the day of its birth. If France or England were to find themselves in this situation for one year only, terrible catastrophes would ensue : Greece has lived for more than twenty years in good fellowship with bankruptcy.

All the budgets from the first to the last are in deficit.

When in a civilized country the budget of receipts is not sufficient to cover the budget of expenditure, this is remedied by means of a loan made within the country. This is a means which the Greek Government has never attempted, and which it would have tried without success.

It was necessary for the protecting powers to guarantee the solvency of Greece, to enable her to negotiate a loan abroad.

The resources supplied by this loan have been squandered by the Government without any advantage to the country ;

and the money once spent, it was necessary for the guaranters to pay the interest from simple benevolence ; Greece could not pay it.

Now, she gives up the hope of ever paying off her debt. In case the three protecting powers should continue indefinitely to pay for her, Greece would not be much better off. Her expenditure even then would not be covered by her resources.

Greece is the only civilized country in which taxes are paid in kind. Money is so scarce in the country, that recurrence to this way of tax-gathering has been obligatory. The Government first tried to farm the taxes ; but the farmers, after having rashly taken engagements, did not act up to them, and the State, which is without power, had no means to compel them.

Since the State has undertaken to collect the taxes itself, the cost of collection is more considerable, and the revenue is scarcely augmented. The tax-payers do what the farmers did—they do not pay.

The rich proprietors, who are at the same time influential personages, find means to defraud the State, either by buying off or by intimidating the officials. The officials, ill paid, without a certainty as to the future, sure of being dismissed on the first change of ministry, do not, as with us, take care of the interests of the State. They only think of making friends, of humouring the powerful, and of making money.

As to the small proprietors, who must pay for the great, they are protected against distraint either by a powerful friend or by their own poverty.

The law never is in Greece that intractable personage that we are acquainted with. The officials listen to the tax-payers. When people talk in terms of familiarity, and call one another *brothers*, they always find means to come to an understanding.

All Greeks know and love one another a little ; they do not know anything of that abstract being, called the State, and they do not at all love it. Moreover, the tax-gatherer is prudent ; he knows that he must not drive any one to exasperation, that he has some ugly passes to cross to reach home, and that an accident easily happens.

The nomad tax-payers, the shepherds, the wood-cutters, the charcoal-burners, the fishermen, take pleasure, and almost make it a point of honour, not to pay taxes ; these good people remember that they have been Palikars ; they think, as in the time of the Turks, that their enemy is their master, and that the best of the rights of man is to keep his money to himself.*

It is for this reason that the Ministers of Finance, up to 1846, prepared two budgets of the revenue : one, the budget *d'exercice*, indicated the sums which the Government ought to receive within the year, and what it had a right to. The other, the budget *de gestion*, indicated what it hoped to receive. And as Ministers of Finance are subject to make mistakes, to the advantage of the State, in their calculations of the resources which will probably be realized, it would have been necessary to make a third budget, showing the sums which the Government was certain of receiving.

For instance, for the produce of the olive-yards of the public domain, farmed out to individuals, the minister inscribed in the budget *d'exercice* of 1845, a sum of 441,800 drachms.

He hoped (budget *de gestion*) that of these 441,800 drachms, the State would be so fortunate as to receive 61,500.

But this hope was at least presumptuous, for in the preceding year the State had received, under that head, neither

* The present Minister of Finance, M. Pericles Argyropoulos, has considerably increased the revenue by scrupulously exacting a more impartial collection of the taxes, and by seeking to remedy the evils above described.—Tr.

441,800 drachms nor 61,500, but 4457 drachms, 31 lepta—that is to say, about one per cent. of what was due to it!

This monstrous disproportion between the *rights* acquired and the sums realized, show pretty clearly the weakness of the State, and the selfishness of individuals.

“In countries in which the public accounts have arrived at a regular organization,” said the minister, M. Metaxas, in his report, “the financial statement of accounts is established by *exercice*, whilst the account *de gestion* is only produced by way of information, and as a temporary result. The causes which have taken from the estimates a part of their value, are to be found in the tardiness and interminable delays which the realization of receipts meets with, and which also leave, after several years, a considerable sum of arrears on each of them, the recovery of which begins to become doubtful. These arrears have not allowed of the closing of any budget since 1833, and they now amount to a considerable sum. The existence of such an abuse, which forms the chief failing of the financial system in Greece, explains itself no doubt, for the first years, by the difficulties of collection in a country where everything was new, among a people harassed by long struggles and ruined by war, with an administration hardly organized, and which had to struggle against its own inexperience.”

M. Metaxas expressed himself thus, on presenting his budget of 1845. His successor, M. Ponyropoulos, on bringing before the Chambers his budget of 1846, did not draw up a budget *de gestion*, and the habit has been lost. The State does not wish to foresee, as a principle, that it will not be paid what is due to it. But though the budgets that followed are more regular in their form, the State continues vainly to solicit recusant or insolvent debtors.

There is one more observation, suggested to me by the

examination of the different budgets from 1833 to 1853 ; it is that the resources of the State have made no perceptible increase in twenty years.

From 1833 to 1843, the total revenue received during the eleven years, was in reality 138,412,648 drachms, 94 lepta ; or, on an average annually, 12,582,968 dr., 0·9 lep.

The expenditure during the eleven years has been, 152,627,336 drachms, 33 lepta ; and, on an average annually, 13,875,212 dr., 39 lep.

The total deficit, 14,212,687 dr., 39 lep.

The annual deficit, 1,292,244 dr., 30 lep.

In 1846, the expected income amounted to a sum of 14,515,500 drachms.

The budget of 1847 was the same as that 1846, except an expected increase of 360,725 dr., 79 lep. in the receipts.

Since that time the State revenues have undergone a considerable diminution :

In 1850, by the blockade of the Piræus by Admiral Parker, which stopped the maritime trade of the Greeks during a whole season, while an unusually severe winter killed whole flocks, caused a large number of olive and other fruit-trees to perish, and reduced the exportation of oil by two-thirds, and the harvest of oranges and lemons by nine-tenths :

In 1851, by the scarcity of corn, which condemned Greece to import it to the value of twelve million of drachms instead of two million, and caused a large quantity of specie to leave the country :

In 1852, by the disease in the vines, which destroyed two-thirds of the vintage of currants, and deprived the treasury of one of its principal revenues :

In 1853, by the scarcity from which we still suffer, and from which the Greeks, worn out by four bad years, suffer more than we do.

2. Income—Direct taxes—Usufruct: a tax only possible in Greece—Customs—A minister who hopes his agents have deceived him—A Government which ruins itself by its coinage—Why Greece only coins pence—Immense domain bringing in almost nothing—Hot springs of Thermia, a very dangerous remedy—Useless forests—The State is paid neither by its debtors nor its farmers.

The State income is composed of: Direct taxation; indirect taxation; the produce of public establishments; national property; sale of national property; ecclesiastical revenues; receipts on old debts; divers revenues; sums advanced by the protecting powers.

The *direct taxes* represent more than half the State revenues; they include—

1. Tithes, or land-tax, which are levied in kind. The tax-gatherer is present at the threshing of corn, at the gathering of tobacco, at the making of oil, and he immediately takes a tenth part of the harvest. The State undertakes to warehouse and to sell the produce which it has levied. It will be readily perceived how irregular is such a mode of collection, and how detrimental to the State. If the harvest is abundant, it is obliged to sell at a low rate the share which it receives; if the harvest fails, nothing is left for the State. But it will be impossible to levy the land-tax in money so long as currency continues to be so scarce in the country.

2. Usufruct. This is a kind of tax which exists only in Greece, and the existence of which is explained by the history of the country.

The State is proprietor of a large part of the territory—it possesses nearly all the lands which the Turks possessed before the War of Independence. Some, those situated in the Morea, belong to it by right of conquest; it has paid for the others, and an indemnity of twelve millions, five hundred

thousand drachms, has made it the legitimate proprietor of these.

A portion of the national lands has been rented out regularly, another portion has been irregularly occupied by individuals, who have tilled the ground, planted trees, and even built houses, without mentioning it to the Government. As this occupation is very ancient, and as many of these farmers, in their own right, are so from father to son, it is necessary to recognise a kind of right of prescription in their favour, which does not render them proprietors, but which does not at all allow the field which they have brought into cultivation to be taken from them. The State, in order thoroughly to establish its rights, at the same time that it respects an abuse by which it profits, imposes on all those who cultivate national property, a contribution of fifteen per cent. on the harvest, in addition to the tithe. The revenue of these lands is therefore charged with an impost of twenty-five per cent., payable in kind.

3. The tax on bees, the tax on cattle, licenses and taxes on buildings, are paid in money.

4. The land-tax on grants is not paid. The State has given lands to almost all the heads of families, either as a recompense or to prevent them dying of hunger. These properties, besides the tithes, are chargeable with a tax of three per cent., payable in money. But the proprietors either refuse to cultivate their lands, or cultivate them for themselves without any intention of reimbursing the State.

The *indirect taxes* consist of the Customs duties, stamp duties, quarantine, harbour, and navigation dues, fines, licenses to carry arms, and consular fees.

The Customs duties form about a quarter of the public revenue. They have not been established to protect the na-

tional industry, which has still to be formed, but to procure resources for the treasury. For that reason, export as well as import duties have been established ; the import duties are at ten per cent., the export duties at six per cent. *ad valorem*.

Smuggling is so easy in Greece, and the nature of the country favours it so well, that the treasury is annually defrauded of a considerable sum, and the statistical accounts are deprived of positive information on the state of the import and export trade. M. Christides, Minister of Finance, said in his statement on the budget in 1852—

“ You will observe, gentlemen, the difference which exists between the imports and the exports ; the balance of trade is against us, and in a heavy proportion. *One idea alone consoles us ; it is, that the estimates, the enumeration, and the weighing of the objects exported, are probably not exact.*”

The Stamp duty brings in as much as a million of drachms yearly. The other indirect taxes are of little importance.

The cultivation and sale of tobacco, the sale and manufacture of gunpowder, are free ; the playing-cards, made in the kingdom at Syra, are subject to a duty ; but they are so coarse and ill painted, that only contraband cards are used.

The *public establishments* might be a great resource ; they bring in hardly anything.

1. The mint only coins copper. In the beginning they coined pieces of silver of five drachms, of fifty lepta, and of twenty-five lepta. But by an inexplicable error, they forgot to retain from each coin the cost of manufacture. In this way the issue of silver coins, instead of enriching the State, as in all other countries in the world, was ruining it. So much the more so, since speculators, induced by the purity of the coin, withdrew the drachms from circulation, to melt them down or export them.

The Government, instead of changing the standard or the weight of the silver coins, took the course of not striking any more. The copper money which it makes is rather coarse; it has not even the King's effigy. The profits on the manufacture are about forty per cent., but so much has been coined, that the country is encumbered with it. When I used to send to get a ten-drachm note changed, Petros sometimes brought me back a hundred penny-pieces in his handkerchief. At Syra, the Austrian zwanzigs, which are worth, according to the tariff, ninety-five lepta, are exchanged for ninety-nine or a hundred lepta of copper money; the copper therefore loses four or five per cent.

Whenever the Government shall coin silver money at a moderate profit, it will render a great service to commerce, at the same time that it increases the State revenues.

It will be well, when this reform is made, to add to it another rather important. The men who gave to Greece her monetary system, searched in their books for the value of the drachm of antiquity, and having discovered that the drachm was worth ninety centimes of French money, they decided that the drachm should be a coin of the value of ninety centimes. Thanks to this archæological reasoning, Greece has a separate currency like that of no other country. Would it not be a hundred times simpler to give to the drachm the standard and weight of the franc, and to put the currency of Greece in relation with that of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont? Since, in this wretched country, everything has to be melted down again, even the money, let us try that everything may be for the best. The more enlightened Greeks have recognised the advantage of the metrical system; the Government has decreed its use throughout the kingdom: why make an exception for the coinage? The five-franc piece would circulate in Greece, as in France, at its real

value, without being exposed to that stock-jobbing which makes it rise and fall every day.

According to the tarif established by the Greek Government, the five-franc piece is worth 5 dr. 58 l.; the Austrian dollar 5 dr. 78 l.; the dollar or colonnato of Spain, and the Mexican dollar 6 dr.*

The Austrian zwanzig, the most abominable coin in Europe, is the one that circulates the best; it is worth, according to the tarif, ninety-five lepta; but the half-zwanzig does not pass, and shopkeepers will not take the zwanzig, or take it at a considerable discount, if the figure twenty, which it bears, is effaced.

The silver money of the Ionian Islands, excellent coins, do not pass. Half-crowns are usually changed at a loss, whilst English gold is at a high premium. Twenty-drachm gold coins, with King Otho's effigy, are sold like curious medals, for as much as twenty-one drachms.

It is evident that such an abnormal state cannot endure long without detriment to Greek commerce—everything would be remedied by the coinage of a gold and silver coinage like ours, and which, like our own, should give two per cent. profits on the coining.

2. The service of the mails costs more than it returns. The Greeks write little. Letters have to be carried on foot or on horseback on very bad roads, or by sea, making use of foreign steamers. Greece has only one steamboat, which serves rather for the King's pleasure than for conveying despatches. In those parts of the Archipelago where foreign steamers do not touch, the service is very irregularly performed by trading or fishing vessels, to which a small allowance is paid.†

* Turkish dollars, or new twenty-plastre pieces, enter largely into the circulation of Athens; according to the tarif, they are worth 5 dr. 20 lep.—*Tr.*

† So much so, that news of the Greek revolution of 1843 arrived at the island of Santorin, first from Marseilles!—*Tr.*

3. The royal printing-office yields only fictitious receipts, since these are paid by the different public offices for which it works. The only real receipts are the subscriptions to the Government newspaper. Moreover, the subscribers who are functionaries show very little haste to pay their subscriptions.

The *national property* ought to furnish a considerable revenue. It is composed of mines and quarries, of medicinal springs, of salt-works, fisheries, forests, olive-groves, currant vines, gardens, buildings, and mines, belonging to the State or farmed out to individuals.

The coal mines of Kumi are badly worked, and produce almost nothing; the marble quarries are not even worked; the mill-stones and material for plaster of Milo, the pozzolana of Santorin, only furnish insignificant resources: the only real revenue which Greece draws from its mineral wealth is produced by the emery of Naxos. It amounts to as much as 100,000 drachms a year.

The thermal waters of the island of Thermia would be very productive if the country which contained them were less unwholesome. They have wonderful properties for the cure of rheumatism and even of gout; but it is almost impossible to cure a rheumatism at Thermia without catching a fever. The establishment of medicinal baths, lately founded in the island, will not be productive until the country is made more wholesome.

The salt-works, carried on by the State, bring in half a million of drachms yearly. The salt is sold by the Customs officials at a very moderate rate (5·89 centimes the kilogramme). This revenue is capable of increase, for the Greeks do not yet know how to use salt for agriculture.

The fisheries are farmed to individuals, who often dispense

with the payment of their rent. If Greece had a strong Government, this revenue would immediately be doubled.

The forests belonging to the State are not worked, for want of roads; they are devastated for want of care. M. Christides declared to the Chamber in 1852, that "in the course of the year 1849 timber had been imported into Greece to the value of 1,092,690 drachms, whilst the country was covered with forests and trees of all sizes and quality." If the reader remembers what I have before said, he will doubtless think this phrase, *covered with forests*, rather hyperbolic; but it is certain that the forests will produce a considerable revenue whenever the Government shall be strong enough to have them cared for, and sufficiently intelligent to have them worked.

The olive-yards, the vineyards, and gardens that are farmed out produce nothing or next to nothing; in the first place, because the vanity and want of foresight, peculiar to the Greeks, raised the prices at the auction beyond measure, and that it is impossible to execute the contracts; and secondly, because the Government has not sufficient power to exact the execution of them. I have already mentioned the year 1844, in which the olive-trees that were farmed out ought to have brought in, according to the terms of the contract, 406,800 drachms, and in which the State, which disposes of a corps of gendarmes and of an army, succeeded in recovering for the treasury 4457 drachms 31 lepta.

The letting out of the national property brings no profit to the State; it gains still less by alienating them. No buyer has the means of paying in ready-money for what he buys; willingly or unwillingly, the sum must be divided into ten, twenty, or thirty annual instalments, of which the first is sometimes paid, the second rarely, the third never. What is to be done? Take back the property sold, to sell it again?

A new buyer will not pay up more regularly than the first. To farm them out? The farmers will not pay their rent. The national property will only be let or sold profitably, when the Government knows how to induce capital to flow into the country, and to compel debtors to the treasury to fulfil their engagements.

The ecclesiastical revenues are those landed properties which the Government has taken from the monasteries. In 1833, several monasteries were suppressed, their property sold or farmed out, and the revenue derived from this source appropriated to the expenses of public instruction and worship. But this revenue, like that of all the other national property, has never been received regularly.

The receipts on closed accounts consist of all that the State succeeds in recovering from accounts in arrear. It is observed that the more ancient a debt is, the more difficult it is to recover it; the debtors imagine that there is a sort of prescription in their favour, and that what they have owed for a long time they no longer owe.

The sums advanced by the three powers, intended for paying off the interest and sinking fund of the foreign debt, amount annually to 3,835,474 drachms, 58 lepta.

This is a resource which Greece may find wanting the day on which she may show too much ingratitude to her benefactors.

5. Expenditure—Internal debt—Strong governments the only ones able to borrow—The Greek Government will never borrow from its subjects—The debts of the State date from the War of Independence—It does not pay them—Pensions—The phalanx: a regiment of colonels—A bookseller made a captain, and a diplomat offered the rank of general—A trader who receives the pay of a post-captain.

The expenditure of Greece consists of:—The national debt (internal and foreign debt); the civil list; the salaries of the

Chambers; the departments of the Ministers; the expenses of collection and of customs; sundry expenses.

If I knew of a government which was in doubt as to its strength, its credit, the affection of its partisans, or the prosperity of the country, I would say, "Make a loan."

People only lend money to the governments which they think are securely established.

They only lend to the governments which they consider honest enough to fulfil their engagements.

They only lend to governments they have an interest in maintaining. In no country of the world has opposition made the funds rise.

Lastly, people only lend when they have got money to lend.

It is for all these reasons that there are no public funds in Greece; the people are too poor, and the Government too well known, for a loan of a hundred thousand francs to be taken up in the country.

The State has got, however, some creditors amongst its citizens. But what they lent to Greece in her dangers, they would refuse to King Otho in his power—they had confidence in the solvency of their country, and they loved it. Everything is quite changed now, and if it was to be done again they would keep their money.

These creditors, they are not paid; it is thought sufficient to give them, from time to time, some assistance in money when they are on the point of dying of hunger. There is in the island of Hydra, such a family which has spent millions for the independence of the country, and which receives six hundred drachms a year. The State only considers its creditors as paupers rather more interesting than the common run. It treats them on the same footing as worn-out soldiers—the widows and orphans of its servants. All these pensions bur-

den the budget with a sum of about four hundred thousand drachms—this is not by any means the heaviest charge.

About fifty thousand drachms are paid in pensions to ecclesiastics, to compensate the monks whose convents have been confiscated. It is an expenditure which equity commands, and which economy does not reprove. The Home Office also pays a few moderate pensions which do not ruin the country.

What ruins it is the assistance given to those who do not require it; the pensions paid to men who have never served; the enormous alms exacted by certain powerful persons, who are paid, not for the good which they have done, but for the evil which they condescend not to do.

The Ministry of War pays about six hundred thousand drachms; the Ministry of Marine pays more than two hundred and fifty thousand to men who are neither soldiers nor sailors, and who frequently have been neither the one nor the other.

When the Government wants to get hold of a man, or fears him, his antecedents are inquired into; brilliant services are discovered which he has not rendered, wounds which he has not received, infirmities which do not inconvenience him, and a place is made for him in the budget.

The phalanx is an army without soldiers, in which all the men are officers. In France, we laugh when we hear a child say, "I will be a soldier in the regiment of colonels!" In Greece, the regiment of colonels is called the Phalanx. The Phalanx counts among its ranks a great number of men who have never smelt powder. A bookseller of the street of Hermes is Captain of the Phalanx. M. Mavrocordatos, who has just been named President of the Council, refused a few years ago an appointment of general in the Phalanx—a diplomatist! The duty of the officers of the Phalanx consists in dividing four hundred thousand drachms a year, and in accept-

ing the best lands in the kingdom as a reward for the services which they will render.

The institution of the Phalanx had a real object—it was intended to reward the real defenders of Greece, whom the War of Independence had worn out or ruined. A rank was given them for form's sake, and so as to classify them according to the services they had rendered. A grant of land, or a money annuity, was attached to this rank.

But Greece is the country of all others in which evil succeeds most rapidly to good. Hardly was the Phalanx established but abuses introduced themselves into it, not to leave it again. A man, to whom the State had just given an order for a hundred stremas of land, ran to sell it at a neighbouring coffee-house, and came back to ask for another, like those impudent beggars who stretch out the left hand as soon as anything has been put into their right hand; others abandoned their land after having squandered the money advanced to them for its cultivation.

I have included in the internal debt, the half-pay given to three hundred officers, subalterns, and sailors. Greece now has only one vessel of any consequence—a corvette, yet she pays more than two hundred and fifty thousand drachms a year to men who live on shore, or navigate for their own business.

“We could,” says M. Casimir Leconte, “name such a one, captain of a ship, who, since the establishment of the Greek kingdom, has not set his foot on a vessel belonging to the State, has constantly occupied himself in the merchant service and commercial speculations, but none the less for that receives his pay of an officer on the retired list.”*

* These dry-land sailors are never seen in the streets of Athens except in full uniform, swords, &c. The naval and military officers of Greece are more rigid in their costume than the officers of the most military states of Europe, where the army is not the toy that it is in Greece.—*T.*

During my residence in Greece, a new law was made on the men and officers of the navy—a law which sanctioned these abuses, under pretence of reforming them.

To recapitulate ; the internal debt (civil and military pensions, phalanx sailors and their officers) amounts to 1,250,000 drachms, that is to say, a twelfth of the revenues of the kingdom ; and of this sum the *bona fide* creditors, those who have disbursed their money, receive the least portion.

In the first place, the sum is too large for a simple debt of gratitude. States, like individuals, ought to regulate their liberality according to their means.

In the second place, it is lamentable that these 1,250,000 drachms should not be more fairly divided, and that those who receive the most, should be those to whom nothing is due.

4. *Expenditure*—Foreign debt—In 1832, France, England, and Russia guarantee a loan of sixty millions, contracted by Greece—Of this sum Greece was able to dispose of ten millions—Attempts made to pay the interest—Greece avows that it is impossible for her to pay her debts—She now owes thirty-two millions to France.

In 1832, France, England, and Russia, to complete the emancipation of Greece, and to assure her prosperity, supported by their guarantee a loan of sixty millions of francs. Each of the three powers guaranteed a third of the sum, that is to say, twenty millions.

One part of these sixty millions was intended to indemnify the creditors of Greece, and particularly the Turkish Government ; the remainder was to supply the first wants of agriculture and commerce, and to form as it were a social capital for this improvised kingdom.

Unfortunately, the funds were confided to the Council of Regency. The regents were irresponsible ; they employed the money as they pleased, and went away without giving in any accounts. It is difficult to say which most to admire, the

audacity of the regents, the simplicity of the Greeks, or the rashness of the great powers, to confide sixty millions to three individuals, who had the right of squandering them.

"Since the year 1832, up to the 31st December 1843, the issues of the bonds for the loan amounted to : *—

For the guarantee :—

	Francs.	Cents.	Drachms.	lep.
English,	19,838,805	83½	= 22,155,977	79
Russian,	19,999,573	83½	= 22,335,523	50
French,	17,400,661	83½	= 19,433,058	58
	<u>57,229,040</u>		<u>63,924,559</u>	<u>87</u>
To be deducted :—				
Loss in the negotiation of the loan adjudged to MM. Rothschild, at 94 per cent.			Drachms. 8,835,473	lep. 59
Discount paid to those that took up the loan for payment in ready money,			1,176,188	10
Commission and other expenses,*			<u>1,964,251</u>	<u>78</u>
			6,986,013	42
Net capital,			56,948,546	45
Interest, sinking fund, commission, different expenses up to 31st December 1843,			33,080,795	81
Remains,			<u>23,867,751</u>	<u>14</u>
Greece contracted in Bavaria another loan, which produced, after deducting the expenses of negotiation,			4,658,186	14
Paid for interest, sinking fund, commission and expenses up to 31st December 1843,			<u>2,809,077</u>	<u>03</u>
Net,			1,849,109	00
Carry forward,			<u>25,716,860</u>	<u>14</u>

* Report of M. Metaxas, audited by M. Lemaitre, commissioner of the French Government to the Greek bank, and quoted in the excellent work of M. Casimir Leconte.

FOREIGN DEBT.

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	Drachms.	lep.
Brought forward,	25,716,860	14
Sums advanced by France,	3,085,098	25
Sums advanced by the three Powers,	2,757,028	32
Gross total of the resources of which Greece could have disposed,	31,558,986	71
To be added for two heads misplaced,	100,947	62
Total,	31,659,934	33

Greece, or at least her government, has therefore received from foreign powers, between 1832 and 1843, a net and clear sum of 31,659,934 drachms, 33 lepta.

Let us see how these resources have been employed.

Indemnity stipulated nominally in favour of Turkey, but in reality to the advantage of Russia, who had pecuniary demands to press against Turkey,	Dr.	lep.
Reimbursement to different persons for debts anterior to the establishment of the Greek kingdom,	12,531,164	54
To which may be added, as useless expenditure, the Bavarian Regency, 1832-33,	2,238,559	15
The conveyance, cost, and return of the Bavarian troops, from 1st September 1832. to 30th September 1834,	1,397,654	27
	4,748,050	0
	20,915,427	96
Which, deducted from	31,659,934	33
give a remainder of	10,744,506	37

It is with these ten millions that Greece has had to provide for the requirements of agriculture, of commerce, and of industry, and to find means to pay the interest of the enormous sum which had been lent to her.

During the years 1841, 1842, and 1843, Greece, with a little assistance, paid the interest of the loan of 60,000,000. She paid 6,300,000 drachms.

After this effort, of which account must be kept, she found herself rather poorer than on the day when she was obliged to have recourse to the loan. She owed 66,842,126 drachms, 46 lepta.

On the 31st December 1846 she owed 79,905,114 drachms, 33 lepta, without speaking of the accessary debt to the three powers, which figures in the accounts as 5,231,130 francs, 42 centimes, or 5,841,526 drachms, 35 lepta.

In 1852, the Greek Government despaired of ever paying the interest of the foreign debt. It proposed only to show its good-will towards the three powers, by giving them 400,000 drachms yearly. This honourable project remained in a state of project, and the creditors of Greece have not received a drachm. Here is an extract of the statement which accompanied the budget.

"I now owe to you, gentlemen, a short explanation respecting the appropriation of 400,000 drachms, set down to the foreign debt. You know, gentlemen, that the nation is charged with a very heavy debt, guaranteed by the three protecting powers, which pay annually the interest and sinking fund, amounting to 3,835,474 drachms, 58 lepta. This debt, whatever may be its history, is not the less a national debt—a sacred debt; and Greece, called upon on different occasions to fulfil her engagements towards her creditors, has not been able hitherto, on account of the insufficiency of her resources, either to pay regularly or to regulate her payments within the limits of her means.

"If, since some little time, no reclamations have been addressed to you on this subject, it is no less true that the right of reclamation alway exists, and that from one moment to another, our financial edifice may be exposed to violent shocks. We have good reasons for relying on the benevolence of the powers, our benefactors; they will cer-

tainly not wish to destroy what their hands set up ; but it is not right, however, to make a bad use of their benevolent dispositions. It is consequently a wise policy to take betimes the initiative in so serious a question.

“ By declaring our anxiety, by laying entirely open, before the eyes of our protectors, our financial state, as well as our hopes for the present and for the future of our national resources ; lastly, by proposing the sum which we can annually pay on account of the debt which can be exacted, we have to plead in our favour good faith.

“ Up to this time there had been inscribed in the budget of each year a third of the sum annually advanced by the three powers, namely, the sum of 1,278,491 drachms 20 lepta ; yet no payment has ever been effected, except in 1847, when the Government, obliged to give back part of the English series, had recourse to a foreign loan. And when once experience showed the impossibility of annually effecting the payment of such a sum, to continue to inscribe it in the budget has been considered as being without an object—that is why I have preferred only to set down the sum, which the balance drawn of the financial tables, after taking new measures, gives me the conviction that the public treasury will be able to afford. It is on this basis that the Government is going to ask for negotiations to be opened, to regulate, once for all, how much shall be paid each year, so as to cause that state of uncertainty to cease which shakes the public credit, and leads to consequences injurious to the internal order of the country.”

In 1854, at the moment when Greece was in league with Russia against us, she owed us more than thirty millions of francs. The *Moniteur*, of the 14th of May, has the following :—

“ The treaty of 1832 contained a clause in virtue of which

the first revenues of the Greek State were to be first of all destined to the payment of the interest and sinking fund of its foreign debt. Not only has France never demanded the execution of this article of the London Convention ; but, in addition, from an excess of benevolence and generosity towards a country which she looked upon as one of her own creations, she ceased in 1838 to follow the example of England and Russia, who issued a series of bonds bearing on their guarantee to effect the payment of the series already issued, and, with the object of securing some day a valuable reserve for Greece, she decided on advancing money from her own funds to Greece, on the falling in of the half year. These sums, thus advanced, now exceed the sum of thirteen millions of francs.

“ Since the adoption of this system, which could not fail soon to engage us beyond our primitive obligations, we have given up, on the remnant of the loan of 1832, which we had a right to consider as a security for the future for the repayment of our own individual debt, a further sum of two millions, which has served to form the capital placed in the name of the Greek Government itself, in the bank of Athens.”

This is the composition of the debt claimed by us :—

Bonds issued,	17,000,000 fr.
Sums advanced,	13,000,000
Capital of the Greek Government in the bank of Athens,	2,000,000
Total,		32,000,000

So long as these thirty-two millions shall not have been repaid to us, France has an incontestable right to intervene in the affairs of Greece.

5. **Expenditure**—The deferred debt—Greece owes two hundred millions to certain English capitalists—In 1823 and 1824, she borrowed fifty-seven millions, of which she received twenty-three—She still owes these fifty-seven millions, in addition to thirty years of compound interest.

No one is ignorant of the fact, that Greece owes to the three powers a hundred millions which she cannot pay.

Hardly any one knows that Greece owes to certain English capitalists more than two hundred millions which she will not pay.

The only difference between these two debts is, that the Greeks recognise the first, because the creditors have got cannon, and deny the second, because the creditors have not got any.

In 1823, while Greece did not yet know whether she would gain her liberty, the provisional government sent three commissioners to London, provided with full powers to contract a loan of four millions of Spanish piastres, say £800,000 sterling, on the security of the national property.

The security was perishable; the lenders must have considered themselves as undertaking a venturesome enterprise. The loan was therefore contracted at the rate of fifty-nine per cent. The bankers retained the interest for two years at five per cent.; the sinking fund at one per cent. for two years; three per cent. for commission, brokerage, and expenses; two-fifths per cent. for commission for the payment of the interest; in short, the Greeks lost 56·4 per cent. of the sum; and, instead of £800,000, they only received £348,000, say 8,400,000 francs of French money.

Fifteen months later, the same Government sent back the same commissioners to London, to contract a second loan of fifteen millions of Spanish piastres, or of two millions of pounds sterling, guaranteed on the same security. Greece lost in this operation 58·9 per cent.

The first loan had been negotiated through the bankers Loughnan, O'Brien, Ellice, &c. MM. Jacob and Sampson Ricardo, who negotiated the second, first of all arranged for the withdrawal of the former bonds, to simplify affairs and to avoid encumbering the market. They set aside for this operation a fund of £250,000 sterling.

The detailed account of this debt is therefore easily made.

"The nominal capital of the second loan amounts to . . .	£2,000,000
"To be deducted for expenses, fifty-eight nine-tenths per cent.,	£1,178,000
"For the fund for buying up the bonds of the former loan,	250,000
	<hr/> 1,428,000
"Greece therefore only received,	572,000
"Which, added to the £348,800 of the first loan, . . .	348,800
	<hr/> £920,800
"Form a sum of	£920,800
"Say 23,020,000 francs of French money, which is the sum-total of the resources which Greece obtained in her negotiations with the English capitalists.	
"As for the capital with which she is burdened, it is:—	
"For the first loan,	£2800,000
"From which has to be deducted the amount of bonds bought up by means of the fund of £250,000, and which may be reckoned at,	500,000
	<hr/> 800,000
"There would remain, therefore,	2,000,000
"And for the second loan,	
	<hr/> Total, £2,800,000
"Or, 57,500,000 francs of French money, plus the interest of thirty years."*	

Now, thirty years' interest at five per cent., taking into account the compound interest, more than quadruple the

* Casimir Leconte, *Etude économique de la Grèce*, p. 184.

capital. It is therefore not fifty-seven millions (francs) that are owed by Greece to the bond-holders; it is two hundred millions or more, of which never a word is spoken in discussing the budget.

It has been said that the provisional governments of Tripolitza and Nauplia had not the right to contract this loan. It is very difficult to lay down the limits of the rights of a revolutionary power, acting in the name of a country in insurrection; and it appears to me that, in such circumstances, whatever is necessary is sufficiently regular.

Had Greece need of money in 1824? Yes. Could it be obtained in any other way than by a loan? No. Was it possible to borrow on conditions less onerous than those obtained? No. Did Greece gain any advantage from the twenty-three millions which she received? She profited by them much more than by the sixty millions which she borrowed under the guarantee of the three powers; for these twenty-three millions enabled her to gain her independence, and the other sixty millions have been of no use to her.

Is it possible to allege that the loan was a usurious one? No; for in becoming the creditors of the Greek people, the lenders were making a gambling speculation; and the event has proved it so, since they have received neither capital nor interest. I maintain that they were very generous, or, if it is preferred, very rash; and if to-day the regular Government of Greece attempted to open a loan, no banker, no capitalist would lend it twenty-three millions against a bond for fifty-seven.

It is because, in 1824, the Greek nation had not had time to throw discredit upon itself.

It is because the country had not yet demonstrated that it was incapable of existing.

It is because the Governments of Tripolitza and Nauplia

offered, taking all in all, moral guarantees which the regular Government of King Otho no longer offers.*

In 1846, almost the entire quantity of the bonds of this loan was negotiated in Holland. A bond for a hundred francs was sold for five or six francs. Now the conduct of the Greek Government takes away all their value, and whoever paid a centime for them would be a dupe.

6. Expenditure—The civil list—The salary of the Chambers—The seven ministers' offices—The Court, the army, and the fleet absorb almost half the budget—Utility of these three institutions—One word on the Ionian Islands which have neither Court, nor fleet, nor army.

The King's civil list is 1,000,000 drachms (£36,000 sterling). It is little for a king; it is a great deal for the country. This million of drachms is a fifteenth part of the expenditure of Greece. If the Emperor of the French took for his own share the fifteenth part of the budget, he would have a civil list of 100 to 120,000,000. It is sad that a people, half of whom literally want for bread, should be condemned to retrench upon their herbs and olives, in order to pay a million to a foreigner, whom they have not chosen, and who has been imposed upon them. It is painful to reflect that the 22,000,000 which the King has received since his accession to the throne would have made the fortune of the country, if they had been employed in laying down roads. But it is especially after having asked one's-self what services has King Otho rendered to Greece, that one is inclined to say, "The country has given to royalty more than it has received from it."

The Chambers receive every year about 600,000 drachms ;

* The scandalous speculations of the chiefs of the late aggression on Turkey, and particularly of General Spiro-Millo, may be mentioned as an instance of this.—Tr.

the budget always provides for a much less expenditure, for the salary of the deputies is monthly, and the sessions ought only to last eight months. But the Chamber of Deputies always arranges itself admirably to make them last a year. If the salary was yearly, one would see business brought to a conclusion in three months. The members of the assembly frankly admit this. A deputy would consider himself duped if he voted the budget before the end of the year, to the prejudice of his 250 drachms a month; and the miserable calculations of a few individuals make public business to drag on indefinitely.

The ministers are seven in number. That is too many, if I am not mistaken; Colettis endeavoured to reduce them to four: he did not succeed; the number of those who aspire to a portfolio is too large. If only four people were made happy at one time, the discontented would be too numerous. By giving seven portfolios, the King is sure at least of interesting seven persons in the maintenance of the established order of things.*

If the population of Greece is taken into consideration, it will be observed that we have one prefect in the Département du Nord, who, without dying of the work, administers the affairs of a much more numerous population.

If a glance is cast at the sum-total of the Greek budget, it will be admitted that a chief clerk, in the smallest of our public offices, handles every year much more considerable sums without fatiguing himself.

Then what need of seven ministers?

It is only truth to say, that the salaries of the King's seven ministers altogether, do not form a sum equal to the salary

* During the spring of 1855, the offices of the Ministers of Marine and of the Interior have been vacant for some months, and their business transacted by two other ministers, without these being overworked.—Tr.

of a Minister of the Emperor, since they receive 800 drachms a month.

The offices of Foreign Affairs, Justice, Public Instruction and Worship, the Interior, Finance, expend in average years a sum of 4,500,000 drachms.

The offices of the Army and Navy, 5,500,000.

It is important that Greece should be represented abroad.

It is necessary that justice should be administered.

It is necessary that the people should receive instruction and education.

It is necessary that the country should be governed.

It is necessary that the receipts and expenditure should be looked over.

But is it equally necessary for Greece to have an army and navy?

With what object does a nation keep up an army either by land or by sea? It is either to attack others or to defend itself.

Greece has nobody to attack; it is its own interest to attack no one; Europe will not allow her to attack any one. Besides, her strength is so disproportioned to that of all the neighbouring States, that she would never be capable of making war. Her army could only carry on brigandage, and her fleet piracy.

Does Greece require to defend herself? No. In the first place, nobody thinks of attacking her. If she were attacked, it is neither the army nor the fleet that she has that would be sufficient to repulse the enemy; she knows besides, very well, that France and England, who made her a gift of her existence, will not allow her to be invaded. She has therefore no need of either navy or army.

Will it be said that the Government ought to strengthen itself against its internal enemies, and take measures for

suppressing brigandage? Be it so. But against such enemies there is no need of an army; gendarmes are sufficient.

Will any one allege the example of the small states of Germany which keep up troops? Those states, which have no other protectors than themselves, form part of a confederation, and can, by uniting their forces together, maintain their ground against powerful enemies.

If Greece has no roads, if the forests are not worked, if the lands are not cultivated, if the mines are not excavated, if labour is wanting, if foreign commerce has not made the progress which it ought to have done, it is because, since twenty years, Greece has an army.

If the budget is regularly in a state of deficit, if Greece is out of condition to pay the interest of the debt, it is because she has an army.

If the nation and the Government have had the deplorable idea of crossing the frontier of Turkey and of taking part in the war in the East, it is because they said to themselves, "We have got an army."

The King cares very much about keeping his army; he cares for it from vanity and from ambition. If he was left to himself we should see the budget of the War Office increased to more than nine millions of drachms, as in 1844. The King takes pleasure in counting his soldiers; he admires himself in his little army; he wears a military uniform; he dreams of conquest. It was not at all from a wise economy that he reduced the budget of the War Office in 1838; it was by the express will of the protecting powers.

The army is only of seven to eight thousand men, I admit it; the soldier only costs the State 461 drachms 55 lepta a year; and a horse, 268 drachms 50 lepta.

But when the State, out of 800,000 hectares of arable land which it possesses, has never succeeded in bringing

150,000 into cultivation, it is absurd to take away seven or eight thousand men from agriculture. While the budget of Public Works is nowhere, it is absurd to spend more than four millions a year for the budget of the War Office. While the country does not produce horses, it is absurd to go into Turkey to buy 300 or 400 horses which draw neither carriage nor plough.

The same observations apply to the expenditure of the Minister of the Navy. The commercial navy of the kingdom has no need of protection; if it required it, it is not the flotilla of the State which could sufficiently afford it; for the Greek traders run through all the seas, and the King's gunboats rest at their anchors in the little ports of Greece. The 1150 men, who form the working force of the navy, would be much more usefully embarked on board of merchant-vessels, and the expenses defrayed every year for the material would find, without difficulty, a more useful employment.

If Greece were organized like the Ionian Islands,* which have neither king, nor fleet, nor army, she would realize annually, over and above her expenditure, a net profit of 6,500,000 drachms. Half that sum would go to paying the foreign debt; the rest might be employed in public works. It would be money invested at 100 per cent.

* Or the Danubian Principalities.—Tr.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND THE COURT.

1. The King has not health enough; the Queen has too much—Celebrated beauty of the Queen—The King always undecided; the Queen always decided—The King examines laws without signing them; the Queen signs without examining them—Goodness of the King; ill-will of the Queen—Story of a great family and of a little blank-book.

THE King is a man thirty-nine years old, and appears older than he is. He is tall, thin, feeble, and worn out with fever; his face is pale and worn, and his eyes dim; his appearance is sad and suffering, and his look anxious. The use of sulphate of quinine has made him deaf.

The Queen is a woman of thirty-five, who will not grow old for a long time; her *embonpoint* will preserve her. She is of a powerful and vigorous constitution, backed by an iron health. Her beauty, famous fifteen years ago, may still be perceived, although delicacy has given way to strength.* Her face is full and smiling, but somewhat stiff and prim; her look is gracious but not affable: it would seem as though she smiled provisionally, and that anger was not far off. Her complexion is slightly heightened in colour, with a few imperceptible red lines which will never grow pale. Nature has provided her with a remarkable appetite, and she takes four meals every day, not to speak of sundry intermediate colla-

* The Queen's figure has preserved all the graceful proportions for which she was celebrated when a girl.—*Tr.*

tions. One part of the day is devoted to gaining strength, and the other to expending it. In the morning the Queen goes out into her garden, either on foot or in a little carriage which she drives herself. She talks to her gardeners, she has trees cut down, branches pruned, earth levelled; she takes almost as much pleasure in making others move as in moving herself, and she never has so good an appetite as when the gardeners are hungry. After the mid-day repast and the following siesta, the Queen goes out riding, and gets over a few leagues at a gallop to take the air. In the summer she gets up at three in the morning to go and bathe in the sea at Phalerum; she swims, without getting tired, for an hour together. In the evening she walks, after supper, in her garden. In the ball season she never misses a waltz or a quadrille, and she never seems tired or satisfied.

In the first years of their marriage, the King and Queen travelled a good deal in the interior of the kingdom; this is a pleasure the Queen is forced to give up—the King is too weak. Soon it will be necessary to give up balls, and even the theatre. The King never goes to the theatre without going to sleep there.

The Queen is daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who died in 1853. The King is the second son of Louis, King of Bavaria, who has made himself famous for his love for the Fine Arts and fair *artistes*.

The King, when he goes through the streets of Athens in Palikar costume, on a prancing horse, which he rides gracefully, may produce some sensation. His tall figure, his thinness, and a certain air of wearied majesty, have much struck foreigners who have seen him from a distance.

His mind, according to all those who have worked with him, is timid, hesitating, and minute. When he wishes to study any affair, he has all the papers brought him, scrupu-

lously reads them from one end to the other, without forgetting anything ; he corrects the faults of spelling, alters the punctuation, criticises the writing ; and when he has examined everything, he has learned nothing ; after that, still less has he decided on anything. His last word in every business, is always, " We will see."

The Queen is for prompt resolves ; she possesses the qualities of a general commanding an army. I do not know whether she reflects much before deciding, but certainly she does not reflect long ; every year, affairs would remain in suspense if the King reigned alone ; but he makes a three months' journey for his health ; on leaving, he makes over the regency to the Queen. The Queen takes a pen, and signs without examination all the laws which the King has examined without signing.

The King has, they say, an excellent heart. The Queen's reputation for kindness is not so well established. Nothing is more easy than to offend her ; nothing more difficult than to get into favour with her again. I could mention the name of a man, whom she will never forgive, having dined with her without a good appetite ; she thought that he wished to despise her *cuisine*. I know of another, who took the liberty of bringing to a Court-ball half a dozen mandarin oranges, which he distributed to a few ladies. This culprit is a clever man, brought up in England, educated, capable, and very fit for diplomacy. His father, who was one of the richest merchants of Hydra, ruined himself for Greece, which is indebted to him for nearly a million (francs). The son will never be anything,* not even an embassy porter ; his oranges were an epigram against the Court refreshments.

The Queen is a jealous divinity, who punishes the guilty

* Political changes, and his own change of opinions, have, however, since brought this person into the complete favour of the Court.—Tr.

unto the seventh generation. She had formerly for maid of honour, Mademoiselle Photini Mavromichalis—a beautiful and graceful person, the most distinguished and witty of all the girls of Athens; of a great family besides. Her relations are those ancient Beys of Maina, who paid their tribute at the point of a sabre. Mademoiselle Mavromichalis was brought up by the Duchess of Plaisance, who quarrelled with her about a gift which she wished to take back; she speaks French with as much purity as any Duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain; she is as well educated as beautiful, and as virtuous as she is clever. She was in great favour, and her family also; her uncle, Dimitri Mavromichalis, one of the best riders in the kingdom, was aide-de-camp of the King; her father was a senator; all her relations were in places. But the King was away travelling. People persuaded the Queen that Mademoiselle Mavromichalis was only so beautiful, clever, and virtuous, in order to make the King fall in love with her, and perhaps lead him to a divorce. They produced a blank book which they had stolen from the poor girl—a journal of her daily life, in which she wrote her most secret thoughts. A few lines in praise of the King were misinterpreted; and the next day all the Mavromichalis were dismissed.

Strange circumstance! this family has on its conscience the most famous political assassinations which have been committed in the kingdom. They have killed Capo d'Istria, Plapoutas, and Corfiotakis; they did not have them killed by others, in the manner of Colettis, when he wished to get rid of Noutzos and Odysseus; they killed them themselves, with their own hand, and their reputation did not suffer by it. A few lines misinterpreted, and the anger of the Queen has struck them a blow from which they will not recover.

2. The private life of the sovereigns of Greece is irreproachable—A new Buckingham who did not succeed : the apple of Paris.

The King and Queen lead an irreproachable private life. Even calumny respects both of them, and their most mortal enemies do justice to their morals.

The King's virtue, before his marriage, was severely tried by one of the members of the Regency commission, who had three daughters to marry, and who would have liked to place one of them on the throne. He resisted the most skilful allurements, and the most direct provocations.

The Queen has never been even exposed. The Court etiquette, and the transparency of her palace, would put her in safety even if she had less virtue. But she has as much virtue as health.

She has, moreover, a German stiffness capable of daunting the most intrepid of novel heroes. She does not allow herself to be called *Madame* ; she must be addressed *Majesté*. If Buckingham had been obliged to say to Anne of Austria, "*Majesté*, I love you !" he would have remembered that he was speaking to a queen, and he would not have completed his sentence.

However, notwithstanding etiquette and German hauteur, notwithstanding the evident impossibility of all success, one man was daring enough to declare his love to the Queen. I make haste to say that he was a Frenchman. He was a captain of a frigate stationed at Piræus. He was admitted to the ceremony of kissing hands, and whilst he respectfully applied his lips to the Queen's white hand, he fancied he saw that she looked at him with favour. Thereupon our sailor, full of fine hopes, takes it into his head that a queen has noticed him. A few days after, he touches at Poros. Apples of great beauty were shown to him ; he chooses a hundred of the largest, has them packed in a basket, and addresses them to

the Queen, with a note written pretty nearly in the following terms :—

“**MAJESTÉ.**—Paris gave an apple to Venus. You are a hundred times more beautiful than Venus; for this reason I have taken the liberty of sending you a hundred of apples,” &c.

The Queen thought the note in very bad taste : she sent it to the French ambassador. I have not been told what she did with the apples. The captain of the frigate, an excellent officer, was deprived of his command ; but he became, a short time after, captain of a ship of the line.

The King and Queen love one another very much, they say. They would love one another more if they had children. Their interests are often divided, sometimes even opposed. Thus when the question of the succession was discussed lately, the King wished to have one of his brothers for his successor ; the Queen made great efforts to have the choice fixed on one of hers. These two foreigners, placed side by side on a throne to which they had not any rights, were working separately, each one in the interest of their own family ; and Greece saw at her head two dynasties in the two persons.

3. The King and Queen have remained German ; they love Greece as one loves a property : selfishness of this Government—It has not created any of the public establishments—It has only granted those liberties which have been torn from it—It has dragged the country into a war, in which the Greeks had nothing to gain.

When the London Conference gave to Greece a King, who was young and almost a child, it hoped, no doubt, that he would identify himself with his people. Queen Amelia arrived in Greece young enough for it to be supposed that she would adopt the ideas of the nation. Yet the one and the other are still two foreigners in Greece, and time has not formed any link between the country and its sovereigns. The King and

Queen speak Greek, indeed, with great correctness ; but their hearts remain German, and Greece knows this well.

The Queen enjoys herself at Athens ; but the things she likes are her palace, her garden, her horses, her farm, and the salutations she receives in the streets. The King likes his kingly crown ; he would like to have an emperor's crown, but he does not love his people.

The best proof of what I assert is, that this Government, in more than twenty years, has done nothing for Greece—it has only laboured to maintain itself in its place, and to vegetate in peace. All the great works have been done by individuals, with the approval of the Government. The University of Athens is named the University of Otho. It was built by subscription—the King supplied his name. The Hetairia (Arsakeion), that great school for girls, which is the St. Denis of Greece, is under the protection of the Queen : it was founded by a Greek of Janina, M. Arsakis. The Seminary was founded by another heterochthone, M. Rizaris. Another, M. Stournaris, furnished the funds necessary for the building of a school of arts and industry. The Observatory is a present of M. Sina ; the hospital for the blind is the work of the townspeople of Athens. The works, undertaken fifteen years ago, at the Acropolis, are carried on by the Archæological Society, which reckons all the learned men of Europe in the number of its subscribers. The King is the president of the Society ; but M. de Luynes has given more than the King.

The King, it is said, has granted a constitutional charter to his subjects. It would be less incorrect to say, that he let them take it—for he only gave way before an insurrection ; the charter is not a gift of Otho, but a conquest of Kalergi.

Lastly, I hope that the attempts which the King is now making to extend his kingdom, will not be reckoned amongst

the benefits conferred by him ; if he really loved his people, he would have compelled it to remain neutral.

A neutrality strictly observed might have re-established the wealth of Greece. While the great powers were at war, the Greeks would have got into their hands all the commerce of the Mediterranean and of the Black Sea ; their flag, respected by France and England, as well as by Russia, would have penetrated with impunity into every port.

For the future, Greece would have secured other greater advantages. In assuring to herself the goodwill of France, which has never been wanting to her, she might hope that France would not forget her.

The King knew it well. If he had not guessed it by himself, the ambassadors of France and England did not fail to tell him that the most honest policy would at the same time be the most useful to his people. But he has only followed his personal interests, which have misled him ; he listened only to the counsels of Russia, which promises him some province, and hopes to take away from him his kingdom. He has preferred a subsidy of a few millions promised by the Emperor Nicholas to the inexhaustible resources which commerce would have secured to his people.

4. The King's policy abroad—His ingratitude to France—Retrospect on our benefactions—Return to the affairs of Pacifico and King ; the King compromised the country from motives of personal interest.

If the facts which I have mentioned were not sufficient to show the political selfishness of the Greek Government, I would recall its conduct towards France, after all the benefits which she profusely extended to it.

To make sure of the independence of the Greeks, France took part in the horrible fight of Navarino, in which three fleets united to overwhelm one single one, and in which the

victorious Admirals blew up more than twenty vessels which no longer defended themselves.* France sent to the Morea the expedition of General Maison, which we kept up at our cost ; so much so, that all accounts made up, the independence of the Greeks cost us a hundred millions. In 1832, we guaranteed a third of the loan of sixty millions, which the Greek Government has wasted without advantage to the nation, and the interest of which latter has been paid by no others than by ourselves. We organized the Greek National Bank ; we took two million shares in it, which we have literally given to the Greek Government ; we spend annually forty or fifty thousand francs in Greece for the maintenance of the French school ; we make it a duty to enrich the library of Athens with all the works published by our Government ; we have made the map of Greece, which is a masterpiece of topography—this work cost the lives of three of our officers. To speak of more personal and more recent services, which the King cannot have forgotten, we saved him from the just though rather severe vengeance of the English in 1850, in the affair of Pacifico ; in 1853, we arranged the affair of Mr. King with the United States. He has rewarded us for all this by organizing brigandage against our allies, and piracy against our fleets. His steamer, the *Otho*, was repaired at our expense in 1852, in the port of Toulon ; in 1854, the *Otho*, if it had dared, would have made use of its guns against us.

In almost all the dangerous affairs in which the King has mixed up his people, it will be found, on close examination,

* " We could not leave the port till daybreak, and, to our great astonishment, the forts let us pass *without firing a single shot, although still lined with troops*. The Admirals, the evening before, had announced their intention of burning or sinking whatever remained of the Turkish fleet ; and we were hardly out of the entrance, when we saw two blown up ; I counted afterward, in the morning, a dozen other explosions. They thought, immediately after, that operation was ended, &c."—(Letter of M. A. Rouen to General Guilleminot, Ambassador of France at Constantinople.)

that the Court had a personal interest in compromising the country.

Here is, in two words, the affair of Pacifico. On one Good Friday, the rabble of Athens, which was in the habit of burning a Jew in effigy, and which was deprived of this orthodox diversion, consoled itself by sacking the house of a Portuguese Jew* protected by England. Lord Palmerston demanded an indemnity, which the Court obstinately refused. Why so? Because the Foreign Office demanded at the same time rather considerable sums, owed *by the Court* to English subjects who had sold land.

The affair of King is quite as complicated. Mr. King is an American subject, a Protestant clergyman, United States Consul, and a peaceable man, if ever there was one, married to a Greek, and father of seven or eight children. He received at his house a few inhabitants of Athens, and he allowed himself the very innocent pleasure of converting them a little.† In March 1851, a little disorder took place in his house; a Greek, more orthodox than the rest, interrupted him with abuse; a frightful noise ensued in the house of the good man, who thought his life was threatened, and ran to the loft to hoist the American flag. The mob had moderation enough not to carry off his furniture; they still recollected the affair of Pacifico. But a year after, the 4th March 1852, Mr. King, contrary to the laws of the country, which enjoin toleration, was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment and to banishment. He went to prison. America demanded justice for the acts of the Court of Justice. The Greek Government refused the satisfaction which was demanded. Why so? Because it owed on other accounts a sum of more than four

* He was not Portuguese, but a native of the rock of Gibraltar, and therefore legally a British subject.—*Tr.*

† A very little; his Greek wife remained unconverted.—*Tr.*

hundred thousand francs to Mr. King ; that is why all satisfaction was refused to America, until the day when the King perceived an American frigate and corvette at Piræus. Strange Government, which does not respect the right, except when it is represented by cannons ! It is in this way that certain characters respect justice when she is dressed as a policeman.

5. Internal policy—Chiefs of brigands at Court—Brigandage a political weapon—Torture employed against the friends of the opposition—Horrible crimes brought before the Chamber of Deputies, and unpunished—The King forgives all those who are devoted to him.

The Court is not more scrupulous at home than abroad, with its own subjects than with foreigners.

The King does not blush at having near his person individuals of bad reputation, and suspected of brigandage. The Grivas,* who have been for some years in great favour, have under their direction in the north certain bands of adventurous men attached to themselves.

For that matter, brigandage is not in Greece what it might be supposed to be. It is a source of illicit gains to a certain number of thieves who join together in numbers of thirty or forty, to strip some trembling traveller, or a few villagers coming back from market. But for the soaring spirits, for superior men, brigandage is a political weapon of very great range.

Does any one intend to upset a ministry ? a band is organized—twenty or thirty villages are burned in Bœotia or Phthiotis—all this without stirring from Athens. When those that planned them learn that the blows have been struck, they ascend the tribune, and exclaim ; “ How long, O Athenians,

* General Gardikiotti Grivas died on the 24th March 1855 ; he left a considerable property. General Tzavellas died a few days before.—Tr.

will you endure an incapable ministry, which allows the burning of villages," &c.

The Government, on its side, instead of pursuing the brigands, and seeking out the guilty, takes advantage of the opportunity to put to torture all those that have been burned out, who vote with the opposition. It sends neither judges nor soldiers; it sends simply a few executioners.

I do not here repeat vague accusations or passionate declamation; here are facts, of which I guarantee the truth, after having heard them discussed by the partisans, and by the advocates of the Government, at the time of my arrival in Greece.

A deputy of the left centre, M. Khoumourzis, a man of firm and moderate temper, a relation of a deputy devoted to the King, had asked a question in the house of the Minister of War, M. Spiro Milio. On what subject? I am ashamed to say it: on the subject of a brigand named Sigditz, whom the Minister of War retained in the ranks of the army in spite of the judicial authority which had issued ten warrants of arrest against him.

In answer to these inquiries, the Government sent into Phthiotis, into the province of M. Khoumourzis, a few soldiers, devoted no doubt to their comrade, Sigditz, who put to torture all the partisans of the deputy, saying, at the same time, "Why does not your friend Khoumourzis come and deliver you?"

M. Khoumourzis ascended the tribune on the 16th February, and related the facts which he had learned. Without restricting himself to the details of the present events, he addressed himself to more general considerations, and maintained that the Government was constitutional only in name.

"Which," said he, "is the article of the constitution which has not been violated? Thus the third article of the con-

stitution lays down that all Greeks are equal before the law ; and yet equality before the law is become a chimera in Greece. The fourth article establishes the inviolability of personal liberty, and yet this inviolability exists nowhere out of the capital ; it hardly exists in Athens.

“The thirteenth article prohibits torture, but that has not prevented the agents of Government from putting to torture, at Hypatia, two brothers, who have just expired in consequence of their sufferings ! and God knows how many other citizens, horribly tortured and mutilated, will pass constitutionally from this life to the other, to go and recount to the representatives of the national assemblies of Astros, Trezene, and of Athens, how the constitution is applied in their country.

“The forty-fifth article is thus worded : ‘No deputy or senator can be exposed to any legal action, or prosecuted for an opinion expressed, or a vote given by him, in the exercise of his functions.’ And yet if a deputy or a senator ventures to denounce in the tribune the prevarications of a minister, his relations, and his friends, are beaten, imprisoned, tortured, and horribly punished, until death,” &c.

But is there not some oratorical emphasis in all these participles ? It is a Greek who is speaking, and the Greeks have at all times spoken falsely. Is it true that they have beaten, imprisoned, tortured, and killed arbitrarily in the King’s name ? Listen to the details of the tortures—

“I wish,” said M. Khourmouzis, “that in returning to our homes, we could reap the fruit of our indifference.

“You would then feel all the atrocious sufferings of torture ; you would see the executioners, Coltzida and Zographos, increase their cruelty at each groan that you uttered, at each supplication that you addressed to them. You would see them put a bit in the mouth ; enormous stones on the breast ; burning eggs under the arm-pits ; inject boiling water ; rub

their victims with oil and then beat them ; give you salt food to eat, to make you die of thirst ; not let you sleep during several days ; introduce vinegar into the nostrils ; stick thorns under the nails ; squeeze the temples with little bones ; and lastly, *put cats into your wives' drawers* ; and you would then remember that it had been in your power to spare yourselves all these sufferings, by fulfilling, while there was still time, your duty, and by constitutionally making known to the King the criminal conduct of his ministers."

Here are, I think, sufficiently ingenious modes of torture, and which do credit to the invention of the Hellenes. The soldiers of King Otho rise to the height attained by the executioners of the Emperor of China. When such facts as these are known, one has no difficulty in believing what the *Moniteur* of the 14th May 1854, told us of the exploits of the Greeks in Thessaly.

" There are no horrors which have not been committed by these pretended heroes of the cross ; for not having given up their money, women with child have been disembowelled, and their children have been cut in pieces."*

The ministers of King Otho, instead of proving that M. Khourmouzis calumniated the Government, cast one upon the other the responsibility of these crimes. The Minister of War, who had sent the executioners, said, " These are

* The Greeks of old were no worse than the moderns, and the moderns no better than the ancients ; these delightful practices of a nation claiming to be the centre of civilisation, were in vogue at the sack of Troy.

" Nescios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentem
Matris in alvo."

Some Europeans saw the remains of some Egyptian soldiers taken prisoners by the Greeks in Thessaly, and roasted alive. Tsami-Karatasso's band surrounded some Turkish soldiers in a church ; they asked to be allowed to capitulate ; it was refused ; faggots were heaped round the church, and they were burned alive. The Greeks boasted of this very Christian act.—Zv.

internal disorders; address yourself to the Minister of the Interior."

On the 1st of March 1852, M. Khourmouzis returned to the charge, and said to the ministers, "I am confident of being able to prove, without your being able to deny: 1st, That three hundred citizens or thereabouts have been arbitrarily detained in the barrack of Hypatia; 2dly, that in the enclosure of the Church of St. Nicholas at Hypatia, two tombs exist, in which have been buried the brothers Stamouli and Athanasius, who died from the effects of torture; 3dly, that the individuals, Scarmoutzo, Tzakia, Furla, Rongali, Kakatzidis, Xyrotiri, Coulotara, Karayanni, and others, still bear on their bodies the marks of torture; 4thly, that one Drilos, after having been tortured, lost his reason; 5thly, that at Arachova and Artotina, the same horrors have been committed; 6thly, that at Megara, the secretary of the mayory, the usher of the mayor, and several other townspeople, were pitilessly beaten, and that afterwards they were falsely accused as guilty of rebellion, because they would not submit to unjust exactions; 7thly, that at Thebes, three honourable and peaceable inhabitants of that town were treated as rebels, because they refused to submit to damages caused by certain farmers.

"The adjoint of the mayor of Hypatia, a witness of the cruelties committed by the corporal Coltzida and the soldier Zographos, made his report to his superior, and immediately betook himself to Athens to withdraw himself from the vengeance of these executioners; but as soon as he arrived at Athens, he finds himself arrested as an accomplice of the brigands, and reconducted under a guard to Lamia. There a paper is shown him, and he is told, 'If you sign this, you will be set at liberty; if you refuse, you will be put in prison and then tortured.' In this cruel alternative, the poor adjoint hastens to put his signature to a petition which denied the

facts reported by himself, and that instant recovers his liberty."

I do not say that the King ordered the commission of these atrocities ; but he knew of them, and he neither punished the guilty nor dismissed his ministers. He willingly pardons the crimes from which he does not suffer : and when a murderer or a robber is pointed out to him, he thinks he has justified him by saying, "He is a man devoted to my throne."

6. The Court—The King's civil list : he might live like a rich grandee ; he likes better to live like a poor king—The palace and its furniture—The Queen's farm—How the King hoped to get a country house, and how he was mistaken—The King's carriages.

The King receives every year nine hundred thousand francs as civil list ; he has two hundred and fifty thousand francs income in Bavaria, and the Queen receives from the duchy of Oldenburg some small revenue. With a little wisdom and good taste, it would have been possible to have established in Greece the prettiest court in the world, and to have made all the little sovereigns in Germany die of envy.

It would have been necessary to have built two small mansions, one in the town, the other in the country, to have bought at Paris some furniture, at once elegant, simple, and comfortable ; to have ordered in France two or three light carriages for winter and summer, and to have imported from Beyrout seven or eight good Arab horses.

But the King and Queen wished to surround themselves with all the pomp of royalty. They required a palace, a throne, state carriages, stables. They have got a ridiculous palace, and the rest in conformity with it. The palace is a square mass, built of Pentelican marble. To erect this monument, the most beautiful marble in the world was blasted with powder ; the blocks have been used as rubble, and they have

been very properly covered over with plaster. The north façade resembles a barrack, an hospital, or a lodging-house; the other three, which are ornamented with Greek porticoes, remind the traveller of the pretty line of Alfred de Musset :

Comme un grenier à foin, bâtard du Parthénon.

The palace has neither offices nor outhouses; it has therefore been necessary to enclose within the same building all that royal majesty has of most sublime; and that human nature has that is most humble. In threading the passages, one meets with the offensive smells of the kitchen, of the guard-house, &c. This clumsy arrangement condemns all the married *employés* to live out of the palace; the house would be uninhabitable if there were children in it.

Nothing is great in this enormous palace: the passages are narrow, and the staircases mean. The architects who built it are two men of talent, celebrated in Germany; but they bungled it, or their designs were interfered with.

This masterpiece cost ten millions of francs. Among all the apartments there is but one really handsome room; that is the ball-room, decorated with handsome stucco and arabesques in the style of Pompeii. But it has been spoiled by an Italian dauber who has painted large ridiculous figures, such as Tyrtæus wearing a helmet and playing on a lyre.

The furniture was ordered at Paris; but as the Court no doubt wished for grandeur at a low price, they made for it arm-chairs of gilt wood, and Brummagem bronzes. The clocks and chandeliers have got the King's arms; but whatever has been done to give a mark of personality to all this economical luxury, the coarseness of the execution speaks enough as to the price.

The palace might be searched in vain from the cellars to the lofts; not a picture of an old master, nor a work of art

would be found in it. Yet the King, for twenty thousand francs, might have had a large room decorated by Gérôme, Hamon, or Cabanel, or by any other of our young and brilliant artists. He preferred giving twenty thousand francs to the man who made the portrait of Tyrtæus.

The King has no country house. He needs one, however, very much; for in the summer, the residence in Athens kills him. But the palace cost too much for the Court to think of building for a long time. The Queen, who does not like the fields, and is happy only in her great palace, contented herself with buying from an Englishman a sort of castle, half rustic, half gothic, badly built of stone and plaster, with a sort of triumphal arch in the most amusing style in front of it. This strange house is uninhabitable; it has been flanked with a farm, and been surrounded with a rather pretty garden of fruit-trees, and an Artesian well is being sunk to give it water. It is with that they should have begun.

The Queen likes her farm, such as it is, and she often goes there riding. But the King would prefer a real country house, fit to live in, and situated in a good atmosphere, on the slope of Pentelicus. It just happened that the Duchess of Plaisance built there formerly a rather pretty country house of marble, which she took care to leave unfinished, after having spent three hundred thousand francs upon it. The King would have liked to have got this dwelling lent, given, or sold to him, as it took his fancy. He took advantage of a journey which the Queen was making in Germany, to go and see the Duchess, and to tell her that he would gladly live on Pentelicus. The Duchess encouraged this idea of his. "Sire," said she, "take my country house."

The King's face brightened.

"Finish it; make all the works that remain to be made; it will cost you about fifty thousand francs."

"Very well," said the King.

"Have it furnished to your own taste," continued the Duchess.

"No doubt," said the King.

"Live in it as much as you like, for ten years, and at the end of ten years you will give it me back such as it is then."

The King's face lengthened.

"If this arrangement should not suit your Majesty," added the Duchess, "I would take the liberty of submitting another idea."

"Let me see," said the King.

"It is quite a present I am going to make to your Majesty."

"Make it, Madame la Duchesse."

The Duchess led the King out of her property to some land which belongs to the neighbouring monastery. She showed him a magnificent site which she had discovered during her walks, and which would be wonderfully fit for the erection of a palace. She enumerated to the King all the advantages of the site—the air was excellent, the water very wholesome, and the view admirable—the King would see from his windows a good half of his kingdom. When she had said all, the King still waited for the conclusion.

"Well, Sire," she added, "I give to your Majesty, if you condescend to accept anything from me, the advice to take this land from the monks and to build a summer palace upon it."

Since this adventure the King no longer thinks of living on Pentelicus.

The Court equipages are in considerable number. Besides the large open and shut carriages, the *barouches* and *char-à-bancs*, there are the State coaches for ceremonies.

These coaches, six or eight in number, are very large, very high, very roomy, and very ugly. They take the Court to

church on high festival days ; they are preceded by outriders carrying lanterns. Outriders, coachmen, and footmen have liveries of the golden age. The horses are for the most part very tall, and come in a straight line from Mecklenburg.

The Court has more than fifty horses in the stables ; but not one thoroughbred.

7. Staff of the Court—The grand mistress—A lady of wax—The maids of honour—The marshal of the palace—The officers and their costumes.

The staff of the Court of Russia amounts to nearly four thousand souls.* The Court of Greece consists of about twenty persons, namely:—The grand-mistress (ἡ μεγάλη κυρία—mistress of the robes), the maids of honour, the Marshal of the palace, the King's aides-de-camp, the orderly officers, the secretaries, the doctors. The grand-mistress is a Prussian, Madame la Baronne de Pluskow. She is a little woman, dried up, slender, full of tact and moderation, and not without distinction. She represents very well the German etiquette. She has all the stiffness which it is necessary to have ; also, though she can neither swim nor ride, the Queen loves her tenderly.

Madame Pluskow is attached to the Queen's person, and follows her everywhere like a shadow. When the Queen gives an audience, the Baroness remains at a respectful distance, motionless as a statue. She knows how, under these circumstances, to stiffen herself in a peculiar way which might deceive strangers, and make them believe that she was made of wood.

About two years ago a former journalist of Paris, promoted to high functions in the Council of State, was presented to the Queen ; with him a French artist was presented, whose name I will take care not to mention. Contrary to the usual

* Léouzou le Duc, *La Russie contemporaine*. Second edition, p. 64.

course, it was the serious man who made jokes on his travelling companion, and amused himself with his simplicity. During the presentation, the artist asked the high functionary, "Who may that lady be who stands out there in the shade, near the door?"

"That? hush! it is a lady made of wax."

"What! a real wax figure, such as one sees in the hair-dressers' shop-windows?"

"Certainly. The Court of Greece is poor. A grand mistress of the palace, in flesh and blood, would consume easily ten thousand francs a year. There is one that has cost three thousand francs, paid once for all, and which eats nothing."

"What poverty!" said the artist, rather touched; at that moment the doll inclined its head.

"But she moves!"

"You may readily suppose," replied the serious man, "that the trick would be too clumsy if this figure did not make some movements."

"Oh!" said the artist, "kings have fallen very low."

The wax lady was no other than Madame the Baroness Pluskow.

The Queen's maids of honour are young ladies chosen from the best of the Greek families. The Queen has only two, formerly she had more. These young girls are expected to accompany the Queen at the ball, at sea-bathing, and out riding. They must be indefatigable riders, dancers, and swimmers; for the Queen will have somebody to talk to even in the water. It is not difficult to guess that the maids of honour are not threatened with corpulency.

When their duty does not retain them near the Queen, they can go out in the Court carriages or receive visits in their rooms. Etiquette permits it, although it was admitted on a former occasion that this liberty had its dangers.

At public ceremonies the maids of honour wear a uniform that is not without grace. A jacket of black velvet, with a skirt of some other colour, and the large red cap falling over the shoulder. This red cap gives to the quietest a rather saucy air.

The Queen marries her maids of honour, and gives them a small dower. Meanwhile, she allows them annually a very moderate sum, which is barely sufficient for their dress.*

The Marshal of the palace is the highest dignitary of the kingdom; it is through his intervention that ambassadors ask an audience of the King. He walks first after the King in all solemnities. The organization of the Court festivities belongs to him by right; he is at the same time grand-master of the ceremonies.

By a singular caprice of politics, the grand-master of the ceremonies, Marshal of the palace, was, during the latter years, a little old man from the Morea, who does not know French, who has not at all a courtly appearance, and who only needs a ring in his nose to resemble a red-skin. This is the great man *Colocotronis*.†

The Marshal of the palace and the King's aides-de-camp put on for ceremony the richest costume imaginable. It is a coat of cloth of gold, which brings to mind certain court dresses of the time of Francis I. Embroidery is profusely lavished over them so as to dazzle the eyesight. This coat, when of silver, costs three thousand francs; if gold, it must cost more than ten thousand. It is true that it does not wear out, that the fashion never changes, and that the same garment may last for many generations.

The King's orderlies modestly wear the uniform of their

* About £40 a year.—*Tr.*

† By a singular coincidence, a foreigner found a very considerable resemblance between his successor, *M. Notaras*, and one of the Caffre chiefs.—*Tr.*

rank ; the first secretary has a diplomatic coat, and the doctors a coat with epaulettes, which makes them look like mountebanks.

8. A Court ball—The diplomatic uniforms—M. Forth-Rouen, French Minister
—The great circle—The dancing, refreshments, and bouquets.

Any foreigner with clean hands, and who has a letter of introduction to his ambassador, may hope, if he comes to Athens during the winter, that a servant from the palace will bring him a note worded in this manner—

“ The grand-master of the palace has the honour to invite, in the name of his Majesty the King, Monsieur X. to the ball of the ——. The ball will begin at a quarter to nine.”

The invitation makes no mention of the costume. A black coat is admitted at the ball with or without decorations ; but the Court adores uniforms, and any foreigner that respects himself ought to provide himself with an embroidered coat. A Frenchman, who wished to be presented, declared beforehand that he had a uniform ; the day of the presentation he came in a black coat, alleging that the black coat was the uniform of the citizens of Paris. He narrowly escaped being turned out of doors.

The Greek officers wear their uniform ; the French minister, his secretary, and attachés, put on their pretty dress coat, moderately embroidered with gold wreaths ; the French school dress in coats embroidered with violet silk and gold ; the Bavarian minister shuts himself up in his great red coat, with a yellow breastplate, enriched with a pair of colonel's epaulettes ; the Prussian minister buttons himself into a blue coat, glittering with embroidery ; the English minister has a cocked hat which would draw an audience at the theatre of the Luxembourg ; the *Chargé d'Affaires* of Russia, who is usually

one of the hundred and sixty six* chamberlains of his Emperor, immures himself in a golden carapace, which makes him look like a Californian tortoise ; the consuls of all nations, without excepting the Pope's consul, who dresses himself like a boiled crab, come in all their finery ; each one puts on the orders with which he is decorated, and sets out for the palace. Some go in a carriage, others call a hackney coach ; the more simple come on foot, preceded by a servant carrying a lantern. It was the good Petros who usually accompanied us in these circumstances, and each time that we were rash enough to go on foot, he found means to lead us through a puddle of water, even if there was but one in the whole town.

All the Greek functionaries, except the foresters, are invited to the great court balls ; all the knights of the order of the Saviour come there by right. The small balls are more private ; only the diplomatic body, the high functionaries, are invited, and those persons whom it gives them pleasure to receive. To the great balls the invitations are often collective ; to the small ones they are always personal. But I only wish to speak of the great balls which are given in the State rooms, and which have a more distinct character. The small balls take place in the Queen's apartments, and are like all other balls in the world.

By five minutes to nine everybody has arrived, except the Court. The dancing-room is divided into two parts ; to the left are set out three rows of chairs intended for the ladies ; the male chairs are opposite : the separation of the sexes is the foundation of public peace. In front of the ladies' chairs are placed two large contrivances intended to hold the King and Queen. Behind these two thrones a dozen chairs have been placed for the ladies of the foreign ministers and select Greek ladies.

* Ordinance of 1836.

M. Forth-Rouen has been for three years French minister in Greece ; he is one of the youngest and ripest of our diplomacy. M. Forth-Rouen, adopted son of M. A. Rouen, our first envoy to Greece, placed himself, a long time back, above all his colleagues at the Court of King Otho, by a profound study of the country and of the inhabitants, by the precise and clear reports which he sends regularly to the ministry of foreign affairs, and above all by the firmness, polite but unshaken, which he has brought into all his relations with the Greek Government. The Baroness Forth-Rouen, who returned to France a year ago, and whom the *salons* of the Chaussée-d'Antin will not give up again to Greece, by her beauty and her wit, was the queen of all the balls even in the presence of the Queen.

At nine o'clock exactly, the grand-master of the palace, and the grand-mistress, the aides-de-camp, the orderly officers, and the maids of honour, enter with measured step. At last the King appears ; he sometimes wears the uniform of his cavalry officers, but more often the dress of the irregular soldiers, grey and silver, in very good taste, and very plain. If his fustanella was a little less long, his costume would be perfect, and a subject for an artist.

The Queen, a little too much pinched in a gown with a half train, the masterpiece of a Paris milliner, shows shoulders which would be admirable if they were a little thinner.

A great circle is formed round their Majesties—everybody, men and women, remain standing—etiquette so requires it. The King walks up to the French minister, while the Queen advances towards Mme. Forth-Rouen. The King speaks to all of the members of the diplomatic body, one after another, whilst the Queen speaks to their wives. Then the King goes and speaks to the ladies whilst the Queen speaks to their

husbands. These conversations, as it may be supposed, are neither animated nor varied.

The King and Queen speak Greek to their subjects, German to their countrymen, and French to foreigners.

It is known that, since the treaties of 1648, French is the language of diplomacy.

After about half an hour of conversation with the diplomatic body, the King allows the new-comers to be presented.

When all the presentations are finished, the Marshal of the palace, after having taken the Queen's orders, gives the signal for dancing. The ball always begins by a majestic promenade, in which the Court and diplomacy alone take part. The King gives his hand to an ambassadress, the Queen accepts the hand of an ambassador, and all the great personages of the ball advance behind them, holding one another by the hand. At each turn round the room the couples separate, and form again. This exercise, full of dignity, lasts rather less than a quarter of an hour.

The Court balls consist almost exclusively of waltzes and quadrilles. The waltz is that *à deux temps*. The waltz *à deux temps*, is, I know not why, called in Greece the German waltz; the waltz *à trois temps*, is unduly entitled the French waltz. I suppose the Germans have misused their influence on the mind of the people to impute to us their waltz *à trois temps*.

Towards the middle of the ball a polka is danced, one only. The polka is the King's favourite dance; but the Queen cannot bear it. The *scotisch* is a curiosity unknown at the Court; it is generally believed that the *rédiowa* is an Italian singer; they have not yet heard the *varsoviennne* named; the attempts at polka-mazurka which have been hazarded, succeeded ill enough, through the fault of the orchestra, which would not play in tune. On the other hand,

a mazurka, with many figures, is invariably danced, and the ball regularly ends with an interminable *cotillon*.

The Queen sends and invites the dancers whom she selects ; but she manages so as to compensate almost all the others by giving them a turn at the waltz or the mazurka. The King has the same attentions for the ladies. When the chances of the dance plant him in contact with a foreigner, he takes pains to say something amiable to him.

After each waltz or quadrille, the circle forms again round their Majesties, who advance sometimes to one person, sometimes to another, to say what they can to him. At the end of the ball, the grand diplomatic circle of the opening of the ball recommences.

The balls end at three in the morning ; they last therefore six hours, of which two at least are taken up with conversation.

The lighting up of the ball-room is very brilliant, the refreshments are very much less so ; the cakes which are handed round are almost all gingerbread in disguise. At the end, there is some fighting to get at the soup.

Those who do not dance, go and play at cards in a neighbouring room ; those who like neither dancing nor play go down to a lower story to smoke ; but the smokers, on returning, must keep at a distance from the Queen.

The ladies who wish to be well with the Court come to the ball without a bouquet. The Queen detests the smell of flowers ; and, above all, she fears that the bouquets brought into her ball-room may have been gathered in her garden, which is for the most part the case.

CHAPTER IX.

SOCIETY.

1. Stories of brigands—A servant on a holiday—How to get on in the *gendarmerie*—A generous thief—Athens besieged by brigands—Madame D——'s chain—The Government in search of a treasure—The Duchess of Plaisance and the brigand Bibichi—A restless corpse—Precautions against the grave-diggers—A brigand who wishes to end his business—Ten francs reward—A sub-prefect to be afraid of.

BRIGANDS are not in Greece as in other countries, an entirely separate class of society. I have said that each band had its director, its *impresario* in a town, sometimes in the capital, sometimes at Court.

The subalterns often return into civil life ; often also the peasant becomes a brigand for a few weeks when he knows of a good prize ; after that he returns to his field. Greece is the country of all others where opportunity has made most thieves.

An inhabitant of Athens, a Frenchman, related to me that one day his servant came up to him with a shy manner, twisting his cap between his hands.

"Have you got a request to make?"

"Yes, Effendi, but I do not dare."

"Don't be afraid."

"I should like, sir, to go into the mountain for a month."

"Into the mountain ! and what to do?"

"To stretch myself,—with all respect to you, sir. I am

growing rusty here. You people in Athens are a civilized set (I do not say it by way of offence), and I am afraid of growing stupid among you."

The master, touched by these good arguments, allowed his valet a month of man-hunting. He came back at the end of his leave, and did not steal a pin in the house.

I have been told the story of a poor gendarme, who for several years had been looking forward to the rank of corporal; he was a good soldier, tolerably brave, and the least undisciplined of his company. But he had no other interest than his own, and that was small. He deserted and became a brigand. In this new profession his little talents showed themselves, and he was soon known to all the heads of the *gendarmérie*; they tried to catch him, and failed five or six times.

Despairing of success, they sent him a flag of truce. "You shall have your pardon," he was told, "and in recompense of your troubles you shall be a corporal to-morrow, and sergeant within the year."

At the word *corporal* the brigand pricked his ears: his ambition was at length satisfied. He consented to let himself be made corporal, and waited patiently for the sergeant's stripes. He waited for them a long time; one day he lost patience, and returned to the mountain. He had no sooner killed three men than they made haste to name him sergeant.

He is now an officer, without having had any other interest than that of the people he had put underground.

There was once a commander of the *gendarmérie*, who sincerely wished to put down brigandage. In a few months he made all the brigands retire underground. But haste was made to dismiss him: he had sapped the foundations of society.

Two travellers of my acquaintance, on the point of setting

out for the north of Greece, which was infested with brigands, bethought themselves of going and asking for a safe-conduct from the great personages who patronize the principal bands. But a reflection stopped them on the way—"If these gentlemen, from good nature to the people in their employ, should go and give them notice underhand, and make them a present of our baggage! Better to trust to chance than to the magnanimity of a Greek." They set out without a safe-conduct.

They were very near repenting of it. One day that they had climbed up a steep mountain alone, they were quietly looking at the view, when they saw themselves surrounded by three Palikars and three guns; they were brought to a stand on three sides; they escaped by the fourth, and went down the mountain much quicker than they had come up. The three bearers of guns cried in vain to them, "Stop! stop!" this invitation did not even succeed in making them turn their heads. One of these two fugitives has assured me, that during that run, he had pitied with all his heart stags and other animals pursued by armed men, and without any other weapon than flight.

I know of another Frenchman, who was stripped on returning from a short journey. The brigands made a selection from his baggage; they left him a percussion gun; these gentry only value flint guns. They took his money; but as he spoke Greek very well, he explained to the chief of the band that he could never return to town without any money; and for love of Greek, this second Carl Moor gave him five francs. This adventure took place six leagues from Athens.

It was known, moreover, that Athens was very near being taken by the brigands. The famous Griziottis had got together in the island of Eubœa, a band very like an army; he

was marching on the capital, and he probably would have entered it, if the first shot fired against him had not carried away his arm; he fell, and his army was routed. If the ball had deviated ever so little, Athens would have been pillaged as if it had been in the middle of a wood.

The son of this Griziottis a little more than a year ago married the daughter of General Tzavellas, an adorable little creature, who rides better than her father, and can shoot a partridge flying. She was very intimate with Ianthe, in the reign of Hajy-Petros.

After the attempt of Griziottis, the most audacious act which has been attempted and executed, is the confiscation of the boxes and despatches of the Austrian Lloyd at the isthmus of Corinth. The Lloyd steamers, to gain time and avoid doubling the Morea, touch on the west side of the isthmus at the little port of Lutraki, land their despatches and goods, and confide them to carriages which transport them to another steamer lying all ready at Kalamaki. One day the carriages were intercepted; the authors of this fine enterprise did not boast of it, and the police respected their incognito.*

A lady traveller, of a venturesome turn of mind, who went by the name of Madame D——, made landscape paintings, and lodged at the Duchess's, was robbed at a hundred yards from the town on Mount Lycabettus by a young Greek, well dressed and well-looking, who snatched and carried off her gold chain. She told the story to everybody, of her being busy painting when this handsome rogue came and robbed her. "But," said one of her hearers, "why did you let him

*A similar exploit has been again performed in the same spot. On the 25th of March 1855, a large band of brigands carried off 50,000 drachms of money belonging to the Greek Government. The money was being conveyed to Athens from Patras by a few soldiers.—*Tr.*

come so near you?" "Could I guess," she giddily replied, "that he was only looking after my chain?"

A negress who died at Smyrna, after having honourably pursued the career of witchcraft, had made revelations about a treasure, which a pasha of Mistra had buried in a certain spot. The Greek Government, rather simple by nature, sent a commission to the spot, presided over by an ex-minister and escorted by five hundred soldiers. Excavations were undertaken in earnest—a ship of war was at anchor in the neighbourhood, all ready to carry away the treasure. The excavations cost a great deal of money; it was the season of the fevers. At the end of two months a tin candlestick was discovered; they said to themselves, "We are on the scent," and redoubled efforts. A month after, the president of the commission set out again on the road to Athens, thoroughly convinced that the negress was mistaken. His colleagues betook themselves humbly to the vessel; the troops, who had no treasure to protect, followed at a respectful distance. The brigands, who had heard the treasure spoken of, had said from the beginning, "Let them excavate and search, we will search them afterwards." Disappointed of their expectations and indignant at the unskillfulness of the commission, they fell upon the commissioners. These gentlemen lost all their money on this occasion; one of them, who had attempted to conceal something from the robbers, received a sabre cut, by which he was near losing his nose. Greek brigands prove by such severities that they have not lost all sense of morality, and have a horror of lying.

The Duchess of Plaisance was captured by the famous Bibichi, one of the most celebrated highwaymen of Attica. This worthy was not a brigand from vice, but from disappointment. His wife had been false, and he revenged himself on the human race; he was, moreover, a resolute man, and

did not fear to carry on his profession at the gates of Athens.

I had for a long time desired to hear from the Duchess herself an account of her terrible adventure; but the Duchess does not like to relate the bad tricks which the Greeks have played her. A banker, in whom she had put confidence, made her lose nearly 300,000 drachms; she does not complain of it to anybody. Some ill-disposed people burned one of her houses; she blames only the inflammability of human things. Other people amused themselves by destroying a bridge she had thrown over the Ilissus; she finds them white as snow. Every time that I tried to speak to her of Bibichi, she hastened to talk to me of something else.

One day that we were alone, and that she had nothing to relate, I asked her shyly, "Is it true, *Madame la Duchesse*, that you were stopped on the road to Pentelicus by ——?"

"I must," she said, "tell you a rather good story which I have from George Cuvier. It is a little dialogue, written in 1814 at Rome, on the pedestal of the statue of Pasquin:—

"LOUIS XVIII.—'Holy Father, how could you crown a usurper?'

"PIUS VII.—'Eh, my dear son, what would you have me do?—you were not there.'

"LOUIS XVIII.—'But, Holy Father, with my legitimacy, I reign even where I am not present!'

"PIUS VII.—'And, my dear son, with my infallibility I am in the right, even when I am in the wrong!'

I thought the story amusing, and I laughed heartily.

"*Madame la Duchesse*," I continued, "you have a charming way of relating things; pray tell me what happened to you?"

"Oh," she hastened to add, "no one knows how to tell stories now. In my time people delighted in stories, and

those who could tell them well were everywhere welcome. Your novel writers even are poor story tellers ; they only know how to write dissertations. Your poets can only sigh or declaim. Is there one who can relate as gracefully as Delille ?”

I said to myself, “ If I dispute one word, I am lost.” And I basely confessed that Delille was the first narrator in the world.

“ I am very glad,” said the Duchess, “ to see that you are of my opinion. Have M. de Lamartine and M. Hugo written anything as perfect as these verses ?”

I hung down my head, and underwent an interminable story, extracted from the poem, *Des Jardins*. It was, if I am not mistaken, the story of a young savage woman, who recognises, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, a tree from her own country. When the torrent had a little diminished, I rejoined, “ Really, Madame la Duchesse, you have an admirable memory—you cannot have forgotten the adventure which ”—

“ I ?” she answered, “ I have forgotten nothing, and have learned a good deal. I know all that has happened in Athens since my arrival in Greece. I know. . . . I know too many things, and many that I should like to forget. One particularly ”—

I thought I had got at my story ; I was far from it. The Duchess continued—

“ One in particular, of which I have dreamed more than once, and which I must relate to you.”

I eagerly opened both ears.

“ Would you believe it, that in this country they sometimes bury people alive ?”

“ Is it the brigands who— ?”

“ No, the grave-diggers. There was in the town a good man who was subject to fainting fits of twelve hours. One

day he had one that lasted twenty-four ; they thought he was dead, and buried him. The next day the grave-digger, who was working near by, heard a noise in the coffin. He said nothing about it to anybody ; but two or three days later, on meeting the widow of the deceased, he said to her, ‘ It seems that your husband is not at all pleased with the other world ; for he makes noise enough to awaken all his neighbours.’ The widow ran to take money to the churches ; that is the way, according to the priests, to comfort the dead. On the road, she told everybody she met that her late husband gave her a great deal of trouble, and that he could not make up his mind to remain quiet. A man of sense thought of having the coffin opened, and the deceased was found completely dead, but after frightful convulsions.”

“ Really ! ” I exclaimed. “ It makes one tremble to think of it ; and the most terrible stories of brigands ” —

The Duchess interrupted me, “ And do you think that I will let myself be buried by those people ? No, no ; I have already taken my precautions, and if they bury me alive, as is very probable, I shall know how to take care of myself. I will order in my will that my body be placed on a bed in a well-ventilated vault, with two doors, one opening from within, the other from the outside. A bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers shall be placed within reach to help me to recover my senses, with a bottle of Bordeaux to restore my strength. And so that ruffians may not come and cut my throat in the tomb, I will insure 15,000 francs annuity to some honest shepherd, for passing his life in the first story of the monument, and watching over my repose.”

“ Do you believe then, Madame, that the brigands — ? ”

A person came into the room—it was Ianthe.

“ You come in very seasonably,” I said ; “ the Duchess was going to tell me the story of her being stopped by Bibichi.”

"Ah, ah!" answered Ianthe; "that poor man who became a brigand because he had been deceived! If all husbands were of the same temper, half of the human race would be robbing the other half. Madame la Duchesse, you gave proofs of great coolness on that day!"

"It is not worth talking about," said the Duchess hurriedly.

"How so? and of what should one talk then? You were alone in your carriage—I mean alone with a Greek officer, who trembled like a leaf, and who was hiding his sword between his legs. Bibichi, in his joy at holding such a rich prize, did not know how much to ask you for; he first talked of twenty thousand doubloons, then of a hundred thousand pounds sterling. When you saw that he did not well know the value of the coin he was talking about, the thought struck you of asking at how many drachms he fixed your ransom. He answered, 'Two hundred thousand.'"

"Yes," added the Duchess, who could no longer escape from her story; "and the poor man said, with an air of conviction, 'Madame, give us these two hundred thousand drachms; we will make a good use of them; we will withdraw into Turkey; we will not rob anybody again; we will buy some farm, and every day we will bless your name.' If you had seen with what respect he spoke to me at the door of my carriage, you would have thought he was asking alms."

"A large alms! and did you consent?"

"Yes; but I haggled with him, and I got off on signing an order for fifteen thousand drachms, which my travelling companion went to fetch from Athens, whilst the poor people kept me as a hostage. Unfortunately, my architect, who was coming to meet me, saw from a distance the difficulty in which I was placed; he ran to Calandria, and brought with him all the village to my assistance. When this unfortunate Bibichi saw himself condemned to run away without his

money, he took leave of me, but with such an aspect of disappointment, that the tears came into my eyes. I gave him ten francs, which he received with gratitude. There is some good in those people."

"Yes," said Ianthe; "but sometimes they have very odd ideas. Have you heard of what they did to Messieurs X, Y, and Z?"

"No, Madame."

"Well, it is impossible for me to tell you the story; but do you not know any story of robbers?"

"Alas, none! You know that in France this kind of industry is not sufficiently protected by the laws; my only adventure happened in Greece, and I will tell you how it was."

"Were you much afraid?"

"A little. It was during my last excursion in the Morea. We were in a mountainous country, far from any human assistance, and, to increase the difficulty, in a defile as narrow as Thermopylæ. 'Look out!' exclaimed an Agoyat. A band of ill-looking men, all armed to the teeth, rode up at full speed. The chief of the band, mounted on a very fair horse, was remarkable for a costume which would have made a fortune at the Comic Opera; it was only partially disordered as befits a thoroughbred robber, and the ferocity of his face was softened by a certain appearance of grandeur. But the satellites who surrounded him, on horses, on mules, and on foot, were provided with the most hangdog-looking countenances that nature ever drew on those days when from caprice she attempts to surpass Callot. We were unarmed, yet we put a good face on the matter; and whether it was that our resolute appearance intimidated the enemy, or that the scarcity of our baggage disarmed his cupidity, or whether, in short, he was pursuing some other prey, he passed by, and soon after disappeared in the dust.

"A quarter of an hour after I met a peasant. 'What is,' I asked him, 'that band which infests this neighbourhood? We believe that we have just met the brigands.'

"'You have not made much of a mistake.' It was a sub-prefect travelling."

2. Greek hospitality—Use of letters of recommendation—The *tchibouk*, cigarette, and cigar—Turkish coffee—Praise of Petros—Manner of making coffee—*Glyko*, and particularly *lukum*—Use and abuse of shaking hands.

The greater number of travellers take care to fill their trunks with letters of introduction; I advise all those who set out for Greece to get no introductions to any Greek.

It is not that the foreigner is ill received in the houses in which he presents himself. If the master is out, the servant receives you at the door. Tell him your name without fear; he will not repeat it to anybody; he is too discreet to speak to his master of the people who have come to see him. If you leave a visiting-card, the servant thinks it is a present to him, and keeps it as a souvenir. If the family is at dinner, the servant answers, "They are eating bread" (*Trôné psomi*), and shuts the door in your face. If the meal is over, and the master of the house is at his siesta, you are told without more ceremony: "He sleeps" (*koimatai*.) If he is neither out, nor at table, nor in bed; if he is sufficiently dressed for receiving, if the rooms are sufficiently well cleared for the stranger not to run against any furniture, he is asked to come in, and invited to sit down; he is offered a pipe or a cigarette; a cup of coffee and a pot of *glyko* are brought him, and an eternal friendship sworn. But he is never asked to come back.

All Greeks are in the habit of smoking, as all Greeks wear moustaches. The King is perhaps the only man in the kingdom who does not smoke; it is said, however, that when the Queen is in Germany, he sometimes allows himself a cigarette.

I have spoken of Greek tobacco, which is excellent. It has more perfume, and is less pungent than ours; it is besides of much more agreeable colour. Almost all the so-called Turkish tobacco, imported into France for private individuals, comes from Argos or Lamia, the two best growths of Greece.*

The cigarette is smoked in the street, the tchibouk in the house. Greek cigarettes are not unlike little sausages, and the paper with which they are made, might, if necessary, do for letter paper. The stranger who does not know how to roll up a cigarette, can get the master of the house to make him one; he rounds it carefully, wets it plentifully, lights it, and smokes two or three puffs, and gives it to his guest in the most affable manner possible.

The tchibouk is composed, as it is already known, of a red earthen bowl, and a long wooden pipe, carefully bored down the middle. The tchibouks most approved of are of jessamine, of cherry stick, or moussah (Judæa tree). Neat pipes are also made of branches of orange or lemon trees, which give the smoke a delicious taste. The first requisite in a pipe, is to be very long and very thick; in good houses you smoke from a regular cudgel. If ever Hercules' club is discovered, a tchibouk will be made of it. Every respectable tchibouk is washed and scraped inside each time it has been used. Amber or glass mouthpieces only serve to spoil the smoke, which they render pungent. True smokers bite at the pipe of odoriferous wood. The tchibouk is brought by a servant, who smokes it on the way to keep it alight. The tobacco which fills the bowl ought to fall over the rim, and hang down in golden clusters. This fringe is called the cream (*kaïmaki*) of the pipe.

The nargailleh is now only smoked in the coffee-houses near

* Livadia tobacco is also good—all these, however, are much inferior to the tobacco used at Constantinople and that of Salonika, both in taste and in the manner of cutting. The tobacco called Turkish, in London, is not Constantinople tobacco, and is rarely seen there,—it comes from Syria.—Tr.

the bazaar, or in the village taverns. For that matter, they are good only in those places : the best apparatus are those used twenty times a day.

The Greeks, with a few rare exceptions, only smoke cigarettes out of doors. They smoke them everywhere, even in the ante-room of the theatre, which is infected with tobacco smoke. Foreigners alone allow themselves the luxury of a cigar. The grocers sell penny cigars, which come from Malta, and which are made of some plant or other, a distant relation of tobacco ; a German shopkeeper sells Trieste cigars, which cost fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five lepta, and are not worth them.

Sometimes one meets with a person in the street, pipe in hand. It is the exception, and this habit has only been preserved in small towns, like Syra, where the shopkeepers walk about in flowered dressing-gowns.

The Greeks do not take snuff : a small number of individuals who have adopted that habit scrape their tobacco themselves. The great majority of the people has ended by giving way to Aristotle and his learned set.

The coffee which is drunk in all the Greek houses, rather astonishes the travellers who have neither seen Turkey nor Algeria. One is surprised at finding food in a cup in which one expected drink. Yet you get accustomed to this coffee-broth, and end by finding it more savoury, lighter, more perfumed, and especially more wholesome, than the extract of coffee you drink in France.

Our Petros is the first man at Athens for coffee ; he has a colossal reputation, which the war in the East will extend still more. I know a great number of naval officers in the Black Sea who know what to think of Petros' coffee, and I presume he is now busy making our infantry taste it. Like all great artists, Petros opens his workshop to the curious :

he is not afraid of his secret being stolen from him ; he knows he will always possess something that is inimitable ; that he may be imitated, but not equalled.

I may then without indiscretion unfold to the reader the process he makes use of. If you take a fancy to try this recipe, you will make excellent coffee, but which will never be worth the coffee of Petros.

The grain is roasted without burning it ; it is reduced to an impalpable powder, either in a mortar or in a very close-grained mill. Water is set on the fire till it boils up ; it is taken off to throw in a spoonful of coffee, and a spoonful of pounded sugar for each cup it is intended to make ; it is carefully mixed ; the coffee-pot is replaced on the fire until the contents seem ready to boil over, it is taken off, and set on again ; lastly, it is quickly poured into the cups. Some coffee drinkers have this preparation boiled as many as five times. Petros makes a rule of not putting his coffee more than three times on the fire. He takes care in filling the cups to divide impartially the coloured froth which rises above the coffee-pot : it is the *kaïmaki* of the coffee. A cup without *kaïmaki* is disgraced.

When the coffee is poured out, you are at liberty to drink it boiling and muddy, or cold and clear ; real amateurs drink it without waiting. Those who allow the sediment to settle down, do not do so from contempt, for they afterwards collect it with the little finger, and eat it carefully.

Thus prepared, coffee may be taken without inconvenience ten times a day : five cups of French coffee could not be drunk with impunity every day. It is because the coffee of the Turks and the Greeks is a diluted tonic, and ours is a concentrated tonic.

I have met at Paris many people who took their coffee without sugar, to imitate the Orientals. I think I ought to

give them notice, between ourselves, that in the great coffee-houses of Athens, sugar is always presented with the coffee ; in the khans and second-rate coffee-houses, it is served already sugared ; and that at Smyrna and Constantinople, it has everywhere been brought to me sugared.

The *glyko*, which comes after the coffee in the ceremonies of Eastern hospitality, is not such a mysterious thing as its name might make it to be believed. *Glyko* means a sweet thing. Scio mastic is *glyko* ; cherry preserves are *glyko* ; rahat-lukum is an excellent *glyko*. It is at Dimitri's the pastry-cook, Hermes Street, that the best rahat-lukum is to be got, the freshest, and most delicately perfumed with essence of roses. The taverns on the Piræus road sell old pieces of rahat-lukum, which look like scrapings of bacon. But a master of a house who wishes to do honour to his guests, goes to Dimitri to fetch a few pieces of this light paste, transparent and melting, which delightfully refreshes the smokers' mouths. •

The *glyko* is usually presented to you by the mistress of the house, or by her daughter. The preserves are contained in a large glass, from which each one helps himself in turn with the same spoon.

After the *glyko*, your host has nothing for you but to shake hands. Shaking hands is the thing the Greeks make the greatest abuse of ; the quantity of hands shaken in one day in the town of Athens alone, is incalculable. The whole people is of the opinion of the old French poet who said :—

“ Ce gage d'amitié plus qu'un autre me touche ;
Un serrement de main vaut dix serments de bouche.”

The servants do not say good-bye to their master without shaking hands with him. The first time the hairdresser came to cut my hair, on going away he held out his hand to me without wiping it.

The Greeks who almost always speak in the second person

singular, have invented some more polite formulas, after the manner of foreigners. Not only have they spoiled the fine Greek language by introducing *you*, but they have borrowed from the Italians the word *lordship*. It is true that they sometimes forget themselves; and that one hears a valet say to his master, "What does thy lordship think of it?" The villagers use the second person singular even to foreigners: "Do thou buy this, my lord."

I have already said, if I am not mistaken, that the Fanariote families lived in a European style; it is therefore unnecessary to remind the reader that the above does not refer either to the Soutzos, or to the Mourousis, or to the Mavrocordatos. The only fact, perhaps, which distinguishes the Fanariote houses from French houses, is that there are more servants, the apartments are less furnished, the furniture is less elegant, people smoke there before the ladies, and they sometimes smoke without concealment.

3. Appearance of the streets—Life in the open air—Return to antiquity—The four streets—The grocer, barber, and chemist—The bazaar—The senator's marketing—The money-changer—The bazaar at eight o'clock in the evening—The men sleep in the streets and the women on the roofs—The people's bed-room is very ill swept—Lighting.

Do you wish to see the Greek people in their true light? walk in the streets.

In all times, the Greeks have lived in the open air. The Romans, it is said, were very fond of the public squares; and it is asserted that they detested their homes. I defy them to have ever hated them like the Greeks, for it rains at Rome ten times more than at Athens.

When one examines what remains of the ancient town, one is struck with the smallness of the houses, which have all left their traces on the soil. It would never be believed, if

history had not confirmed it, that such dens had been inhabited by men. The Abbé Barthélemy has drawn in his book the plan of an Athenian dwelling. I would undertake to give a ball to fifty Athenian houses in the house of the Abbé Barthélemy. These huts, which we can measure with a cane, were not endurable in the day-time ; it was as much as could be done to eat and sleep there. The day was passed in the market-place, in the street, or on the parade.

Such is the practice to this day, although the houses are more convenient and more spacious than in the time of Pericles.

It is always difficult to cross the space in the centre of the town, at the branching off of the streets of *Æolus* and of *Hermes*. It is there that the citizens, sitting before the coffee-houses, or standing up in the middle of the street, discuss the questions of peace and war, and, smoking their cigarettes, alter the map of Europe.

Whilst the statesmen are professing in the open air, the students, collected in groups before the University, debate tumultuously ; the papas before their churches raise some point of orthodoxy ; the townspeople fill with their argumentation the shops of the grocer, the barber, or the chemist. These three kinds of establishments are the drawing-rooms for the use of the people ; the chemist in particular brings together the *élite* of the tradespeople and middle classes ; the talkers do not fill up the shop ; they prefer standing on the threshold, one foot on the pavement, and one ear in the street to catch the news which circulates.

The bazaar is perhaps the most frequented part of the town. In the morning, all the people of the town, of whatever rank, go themselves to market. If you wish to see a senator carrying kidneys in one hand, and salad in the other, go to the bazaar at eight in the morning. The maid-servants

of Landernau will never be able to gossip so unceasingly as these right honourables making their bargains. They walk from shop to shop, getting information as to the price of apples and onions, or giving an account of their vote the day before to some money-changer, who stops them as they go by.

The money-changer has, as formerly, his shop in the market-place. The ancients called him *trapézitis*—the man with the table. He has changed neither his name nor his occupation nor his table, since the days of Aristophanes; only, thanks to the progress of civilisation, he has covered his table with an iron trellis-work, which protects his gold and silver coins.

At eight o'clock in the evening, in summer, the bazaar has really an enchanted aspect. It is the hour when the workmen, the servants, the soldiers, come to buy their provisions for supper. The more dainty divide among seven or eight a sheep's-head for sixpence; the frugal men buy a slice of pink water-melon, or a large cucumber, which they bite at like an apple. The shopkeepers, from the midst of their vegetables and their fruits, call the buyers with loud cries; large lamps, full of olive oil, throw a fine red light on the heaps of figs, pomegranates, melons, and grapes. In this confusion, all these things appear brilliant; discordant sounds become harmonious; you do not perceive that you are paddling in black mud, and hardly smell the nauseous odours with which the bazaar is infected.

At whatever hour of the day you go into the streets, you will hear two words pronounced which you will soon remember. They are in every mouth; and the foreigner who lands has learned them before he has gone fifty paces.

The first is the word *drachm*; the second the word *lepta*.

It may be asserted, without making a paradox like that of Figaro, that these two words are the foundation of the

language. The use and abuse made of them abundantly prove the commercial disposition of the Greek people.*

A foreigner who should arrive at Athens about midnight, in July, would not be a little surprised at finding the streets covered with cloaks. If he thought that these had been strewn to do him honour, and if he advanced carelessly through these old clothes, he would feel the ground move, he would see arms and legs coming out of the earth, and would hear a concert of energetic grunts.

The people have the habit of sleeping in the street from the middle of May till the end of September. The women sleep on terraces or on the roofs, provided that the roofs are flat.

It may have been observed that the women occupy little space in this chapter; it is because the women occupy very little space in the streets. They go out rarely, and only to return as quickly as possible. They never go to the bazaar. The men have preserved this privilege since the Turkish rule, or rather since the highest antiquity.†

The highway is the drawing-room and bed-room of the Greeks of the stronger sex; why, then, is their room so badly swept? Why is their room never made tidy? Constantinople perhaps is the only large town which could dispute with Athens the palm of dirtiness. Here you meet in the streets a dead crow, there a crushed fowl, further on a dog in a state of decomposition. I believe, in truth, that if a cab-horse should die before the Beautiful Greece coffeehouse, the Tortoni of Athens, that the care of removing it would be left to the vultures.

The police allow individuals to dig great lime-pits in front

* In consequence of their incessant discourse on money matters, a European Consul has appropriately named the Greeks, the Triantapente.—Tr.

† The latter,—in Turkish towns the women go freely to the bazaars.—Tr.

of their noses, at the risk of making five or six Curtiuses every evening. It allows large pools of water to remain in the streets; no one has ever thought of covering over the great ditch which traverses the finest quarter of the town. More than this, the bridge which joins the two shores of this sewer, in front of the printing-office, lost eight years ago, one of the wooden cross-beams, and nothing is easier than to break one's leg there. The missing plank might be replaced for two drachms; but no one has ever given it a thought.*

The streets are lighted with oil, except on the nights on which the light of the moon is reckoned on. If the almanac is wrong, or if the moon hides itself, all Athenians are allowed to break their necks.

4. The hotels—The taverns—The khanis—Comparison of the khani and an inn—No restaurants—Hackney-coaches at Athens—Improved omnibus—Turkish baths—Reproaches to M. Alfred de Musset—Torture of the bath—Its reward.

The hotels of Athens are dear and bad, because there are few travellers; a few tourists drop in, in spring and autumn: this is the whole of their revenue for the year. Whenever Athens shall become a place of passage, frequented in all seasons, the hotel-keepers will do a good business, and travellers will be the gainers.

In the meantime, the rooms are hardly furnished, the cleanliness is doubtful, the service ill conducted, and the feeding worse than middling.

The hotel which is, I will not say the most comfortable, but the most tolerable, is that of Dimitri, situated on the space in front of the palace, opposite the French Legation. To foreigners it is called the *Hôtel des Etrangers*; natives only know the name of Dimitri.

* It is still missing; and in spite of the cholera of 1854, the sewer is not yet covered up, nor likely to be so.—Tr.

Dimitri is an intelligent man, enamoured of progress. His house improves from day to day ; if he succeeds in getting on, rich travellers will find at his house an agreeable lodging. He speaks English ; he has servants that speak French.

The Hôtel d'Orient and Hôtel d'Angleterre are two large establishments, about thirty paces from one another, in the street of Æolus, in front of the cannon shed. The traveller, at his window, may contemplate the twelve little cannon which compose the artillery of the kingdom. The two hotels belonged last year to the same proprietors. They treated travellers less well than Dimitri ; but they were also less dear. An artist who wishes to live at Athens more than a month, may be lodged and fed at the Hôtel d'Angleterre for five or six francs a day, without wine.

I do not know why the hotel-keepers of Athens amuse themselves by charging separately for wine. The wine of Santorin, which they give for table wine, and for which they charge 1 drachm 50 lepta (about 1s. 1½d.) a bottle, costs them at most 20 lepta.

Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne are everywhere at an inordinate price. Ale and porter, from Malta, cost 3 drachms, or 3 drachms 50 lepta a bottle.

After these three hotels, but at a great distance, comes the Hôtel d'Europe, Æolus Street, over the German bookseller, M. Nast. Bagmen, small officials, and all those who wish to live economically, without caring too much for cleanliness, go and live at the Hôtel d'Europe. The landlord is a Frenchman, his wife a Maltese. One day that I had committed the imprudence of going to see one of the lodgers, I had the grief to see the landlord in a scuffle with his wife, who was calling all her travellers by name to her assistance. People who do not travel for the purpose of writing novels on private life will do well to lodge at other places. I must say, however,

that the moderateness of the prices, the obligingness of the people of the house, and a long-standing reputation, bring daily a good many travellers to the Hôtel d'Europe. It was the only hotel at Athens ten years ago.

The Greeks of the middle classes usually travel with their bed, which often consists only of a coverlet. They therefore only ask the inn-keepers for a space, six feet long, to rest their bodies. There are thirty inns in Athens that can offer it to them ; but as I do not suppose that my readers have any curiosity to sleep on the ground between four Greeks, it is useless to dwell any longer upon dirty lodgings, in which they will never set their feet. Out of the four hotels of which I have spoken, there is no safety.

But I will say a word about khanis, because everybody is exposed to sleep in them. Khanis are inns of the lowest class ; yet they are the best to be met with out of Athens. The name is Turkish, the thing is of all countries. I think the Turks call it a *khan* ; the Greeks have added an *i* from patriotism. Khani is usually translated as an inn ; but nothing is more false than this interpretation. Those who say, *traitorous as a translator*, do not speak amiss.

Such are our mental habits, that the word *inn* calls up the idea in us of an innkeeper, with puffy cheeks, corpulent, with a white apron, and grinning broadly under a cotton nightcap ; a maid with a fresh complexion, and a waiter with a vacant face ; and the master, waiter, and maid all bustling round the traveller ; lighted ovens, steaming saucepans, a large kitchen range ; good beds, white sheets, and red curtains. The khanis have no need of curtains, not having windows ; white sheets would be superfluous, from want of beds to spread them on ; and saucepans would only be useless ornaments for want of provisions and cooks. A maid-servant is unknown : if women are in the house, they are as little

seen as in the time of the Turks. Men only wait upon the traveller when they are in the humour to serve. Sometimes the khanjy is a sulky old man who lets you take possession of his building, and looks on at your operations, grumbling the while, and only disturbs himself at the third time of asking—sometimes it is a man still young, with a red cap and gold tassel, and pinched in like a wasp in his pretty Albanian dress; he comes to you, holds out his hand, and bids you welcome, and puts his house at your service; but the house is none the better for that. You will find a room which has simply the four walls, sometimes a plank flooring,—that is luxury; sometimes matting,—this is refinement. However numerous the company may be, even though they were called legion, they must put up with this one room; it is very rare for the house to possess two. Benches, tables, and especially chairs, are only to be met with by accident; but these are vanities one soon learns to dispense with. You get your mattresses unrolled, you cross your legs like a Turk, or you stretch yourself like a Roman, and you arm yourself with patience, whilst your servant gets your dinner with your provisions. The khani furnishes you with a roof—ask nothing more from it. However, let us be fair, bread and wine are to be found in the khanis; and shoes for horses, cord for the baggage, matches, soap, and that elementary grocery which is sufficient for the requirements of the Greeks. The resting-place they afford is cleaner than the majority of the peasants' houses; one is not, then, as badly off as possible. One is, however, very badly off, and not a little surprised in the morning, when one has to pay, for the hire of four walls, the price of a good room in an inn, with those red curtains and white sheets which I have often seen in my dreams. If the inn and the khani have any point of resemblance, it is the bill that has to be paid.

The poor people at Athens eat in the open air, or in eating-houses that provide a kind of Italian cookery ; but they generally live on cold food which they eat anywhere. A piece of dried fish, a handful of pimento or bitter olives, a slice of khalva (cake made of sesame and honey), would make up, for the sum of threepence, a Belshazzar's feast.

Foreigners have no other resource than to dine at the hotel for four drachms, without the wine.

Carriages are not scarce at Athens, and plenty are to be found for the town or the country. I have before said that the country extends to four leagues from the town. Nothing is more shabby than these poor hackney-coaches of Athens, rickety, dirty, and in bad repair ; they seldom have window glasses, and I do not know if they have always got four wheels.

They are all to be found together in a muddy place called the square of the carriages ; it is not easy to make a choice, one is so pulled about and besieged by the coachmen. An agreement is made with these gentry, the police has not established a tarif. One may go to Piræus for one drachm and a half, or for sixty drachms, according to the occasion. I have seen flies hired for sixty drachms, eight days beforehand, for a ball at the Piræus ; on the same day I have got one for two drachms. The carriages rise and fall, like the public funds in other places, without one's always knowing the reason why.

There has been some talk of establishing omnibuses between Athens and Piræus. The traffic is very frequent ; the carriages are dear. The business appears, at first sight, an excellent one ; it is a very bad one, and would be ruinous. The omnibuses could not charge less than fifty lepta for a run of two leagues ; now the Greeks find means of going to Piræus for twenty-five lepta. The first man who wants to go takes a

coach, sits in it and waits; a second arrives, he is called, and takes his place; a third comes up; so eight persons, who do not know one another, stuff themselves into the same carriage, which becomes thereby an omnibus. The hackney-coach horses are very ugly, but they always gallop.

I will conclude this information with a few words on the baths of Athens. There are only vapour-baths to be had, and it is the same all over the East.

*"Le sofa sur lequel Hassan étoit couché
Étoit dans son espèce une admirable chose ;"*

but the bath and brass watercocks would be objects of contempt in Greece as in Turkey. If you go to Athens, you will take Turkish baths there, and you will find yourself the better for them.

As much as French baths endeavour to look like Turkish baths, so much do the establishments of Turkish baths look like French baths on the outside. The better of the two Turkish baths which are at Athens, is a house without any show, with two little painted signboards, representing a man and a woman. This allegorical language is translated into the vulgar tongue by, "Ladies' side, Gentlemen's side."

On entering, one drops into a room furnished with twelve camp beds, each of which is shut in with a red curtain, skilfully patched. It is behind this purple veil that the bather takes off his clothes, and puts on a cotton wrapper; he puts on wooden clogs, and is invited to pass into the next room. He crosses in his pattens a little room, heated to about twenty degrees, and penetrates without any other transition into a stove.

At first, one is a little suffocated; one had not acquired a habit of breathing the steam of water to fifty degrees. But one gets used to it, and takes a lazy pleasure in seeing the water streaming down; the pavement is ardent, the walls

burning. The furniture of this room is composed of plank bedsteads, level with the ground, and two little stone basins under two water-spouts. Each basin contains a small wooden scoop.

When the patient has perspired for ten or twelve minutes, he sees the bathing man come in, and lay hold of him, and stretch him on one of the wooden frames. Then begins the operation of shampooing. If the human body was not gifted with a wonderful elasticity, a man after being shampooed would be fit to be put under ground. Whilst one is being moulded by a robust old man, who is not unlike an executioner, one asks himself from time to time if some of the bones are not broken, or at least put out of joint.

Are you sufficiently kneaded? Wait a bit; you must now undergo the curry-comb. The bathing man arms himself with a glove of camel's hair, which he passes over your whole body, carrying away at each rub rolls of the epidermis. This done, he brings a formidable bowl of soap-suds, with which he covers you from head to feet;—take care of your eyes! Lastly, he draws from the marble basins a few ladles full of hot water, with which he drenches you. Then you are wrapped up in towels; one is rolled like a turban round your head; and you are led, or rather carried to the camp-bed where you undressed yourself.

There begins the delight of the Turkish bath, or at least it is there that it would begin, if the bed were clean, the coffee good, if the nargalleh smoked well, and if a close smell did not rise from the surrounding objects which would make one feel an aversion even to Mahomet's paradise.

5. The Athenian turf—The music parade—The Sunday amusements—The Greek chaplet—Use of a pocket-handkerchief—The King and Queen in the midst of their subjects—Recollections of the Olympic Circus.

When you have traversed the whole of the street of *Æolus*, turning your back on the Acropolis, and on the Tower of the Winds, you see before you a dusty road, a good mile in length, and at the end a little village. This village was, under the Turks, the residence of a pasha. The name of pasha, or padishah, has remained a little corrupted it is true; the Athenians call it *Patissia*.

The road to *Patissia* is the turf of Athens. If I said it was an agreeable promenade, I should be as false as a Greek historian. The road is badly kept up, and would not hold its rank among our country roads. The trees, with which it has been attempted to line it, are dead, or dying, or sickly; the four or five wine shops which stand on the right and left hand of it, are not Parthenons; the barley fields or uncultivated land which it passes through, do not constitute a terrestrial paradise.

Yet the promenaders who crowd together on this road, can see, when the dust permits, one of the finest panoramas of the world. They have before them Mount *Parnes*, split with a wide yawning gap; behind them Athens and the Acropolis; to the right, *Lycabettus*; to the left, the sea, the islands and hills of the *Morea*. The sight is less fine at the *Bois de Boulogne*.

The fashionable world of Athens has for its principal diversion, in summer as in winter, this walk on the road to *Patissia*. People come there on foot, in carriages, and especially on horseback. Every Greek who can manage to borrow three hundred drachms, makes haste to buy a horse; every Greek who has three drachms in his pocket, devotes them to the hire of a horse. The shopkeepers in the *Rue Vivienne* may

do their best ; they will never be such great riders as the hair-dressers and shoe-makers of Athens on Sundays.

The young officials who gain more than two thousand drachms a year, the townspeople who have enough to live on, the cavalry officers, and sometimes the members of the diplomatic body, make the pride of the Patissia road. The jockey club of Paris is represented there by a very good rider, Baron Roger de la Tour-du-Pin, attaché to the French Legation. The *Chargé d'Affaires* of one of the German courts, rides there every day in thorough jockey costume. The pretty women of the society of Athens, who almost all of them are good riders, risk themselves there from time to time. I have often met Ianthe, who used to leap the ditches on a splendid white horse. She was the best rider in the town ; when she went out, followed by a company of friends, she had such a grand appearance, that the boys ran up more than once to shout on her passing by : they took her for the Queen. The Queen will never forgive her those mistakes.

The public has no other established promenade than the Patissia road. People show themselves there in winter, from three to five ; in summer, from seven to nine. In winter, the only days on which it remains deserted, are the days when the north wind blows ; it would be almost impossible to walk against the wind as far as the village. It is a strong current, which I have sometimes amused myself by stemming, after carefully wrapping myself up : arrived at Patissia, you have only to turn your face to Athens ; the wind will be sufficient to carry you there.

On going out of the town, on the right hand of the road, extends a bare open space, the soil of which is a kind of natural macadam : the only ornament of this place is a little wooden rotunda, which can shelter twenty persons. It is under the roof of this modest edifice that the band takes its

place every Sunday. The people stand round in a ring to listen ; the King and Queen come into the middle of the ring, to give a show to their subjects.

This music is a weekly fête for the whole population of Athens. The weather must be frightfully bad for a Sunday to pass without music. It is at the band that one may see collected together all classes of society, from the members of the Court down to the ragged and begging poor. At three o'clock in winter, and six in summer, a picket of soldiers comes to the place. The musicians in military uniform come not long after ; they go and take their places under their *kiosk* of white wood. Soon after, the white plume of Colonel Tourlet makes its appearance. The musicians would never consent to play if the colonel was not there. He takes his stand on the road, in front of the little bridge which connects it with the parade ; it is there that he waits for their Majesties, making his horse caracol ; it has never more than two feet on the ground at once. The prefect of police, in Palikari dress, comes next, with a cudgel in his hand. His officials, whom one would not like to meet in a corner of a wood, are around him ; each of them carries a stick, on which is written, to reassure the public : " Strength of the law " (*ischys tou nomou*). Upon an order of the colonel, the picket of soldiers scatter themselves in such a way as to describe a large circle round the musicians. Behind them the carriages take up a position ; behind the carriages, the pedestrians and riders walk up and down. The shopkeepers of Athens walk about with their wives and children, in all their finery. The head of the family twists between his fingers a large chaplet, which is not a religious implement, but a pastime, a plaything for grown-up persons, the beads of which they amuse themselves by counting mechanically and without thinking of it. This gentle exercise ends by becoming a necessity for those who have ac-

quired the habit, and I know some very clever Frenchmen who have left Greece several years ago, who have serious occupations, a busy and agitated life, and who are no longer masters of themselves, when they have not got this chaplet between their fingers : so much has the habit bewitched them ! I have seen in Greece the president of the Senate directing a stormy discussion without ceasing for a moment to count the beads of his chaplet.

A certain number of women are to be met with at the band, who put their noses out of doors only once a week. Their husbands take them ready dressed out of a box, of which they have got the key ; they just brush them a little, and expose them to the open air till the evening. After the band, they go back again into the chest, which is shut up again hermetically.

These ladies are *en grande toilette*. Dress is one of the cankers of Athenian society. An official in the receipt of twelve hundred francs buys for his wife a pink or white watered-silk gown, which is to be seen every Sunday dragging in the dust. These sad dolls advance majestically with an embroidered handkerchief in their hands. It is the only pocket-handkerchief in the house ; men of all classes blow their noses with their fingers with great dexterity ; the rich townspeople make use of their handkerchiefs *afterwards*. The high society uses a handkerchief in the European manner, and is not any the prouder.

In a corner out of the way, along a wall, the maid-servants, work-women, Albanian women, and all the poorer classes of women, are crowded together. It is amid this confusion of arms and legs that one discovers the finest profiles, and the noblest countenances. I have seen maid-servants come from Naxos or Milos, who would have eclipsed all the women of Athens, if they could have been soaked in running water for six months.

At the hour appointed for the beginning of the ceremony, the colonel, who might give the sun lessons in punctuality, makes a sign to the orchestra; they play quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and all other kinds of composed music. The public listens to these varied noises with all the attention they deserve, that is to say, pretty ill. Towards the second or third piece, one sees the colonel's horse carried away as if it had wings. By this symptom one perceives that the King is coming.

The King and Queen enter the ring at a gallop; their suite stops at the entrance. It is usually composed of an aide-de-camp, one or two orderly officers, a maid of honour, and the Queen's groom—a good fat German, who trains her horses, and takes the freshness out of them a little in the morning, when she is going out riding in the evening. The picket of cavalry, which follows their Majesties at a distance of twenty-five paces, goes and places itself on the other side of the ring.

Those Frenchmen who have frequented the circus of the Champs-Élysées, or have attended the representations of the Hippodrome, are suddenly brought back to their recollections, when they see these strange evolutions performed to the sound of this loud music. The King and Queen have halted side by side, and are occupied with holding in their horses, listening to the noise of the brass instruments, contemplating their people, and smiling at one another. The Queen's dress has often something theatrical in it. From time to time the King amuses himself by marking time, like an absolute monarch who has placed himself above laws and rules.

At the end of the piece, their Majesties, followed by their Court, cross the ring; the citizens take off their caps; the riders of the escort spur their horses, and the Court is lost in a cloud of dust. Do not cry; it will come back again. I

have seen the King come back as many as four times in the same afternoon ; the musicians were not tired of blowing, nor the citizens with bowing.

6. The theatre—Faulty construction—The officers—Greek singing—The dilettante—French verses by a citizen of Athens.

The town of Athens has a theatre and sometimes some actors.

The theatre was built, not by the State, not by the town, still less by the King, but by a few of the townspeople, and at their own cost. There is not in the world a property so divided as that of this theatre. In France the establishments of this kind, when they belong neither to the State, nor to a municipality, nor to a director, are a joint property, equally vested in several shareholders. It is quite a different affair in the capital of individualism. Each of the co-proprietors owns a box which he can sell, give, or bequeath. The town disposes of the pit, the orchestra, and the third gallery.

When a company comes to settle at Athens, the actors are in great difficulties. The rent of the orchestra, the pit, and the third gallery, is far from covering the expense of the representation. It is necessary, whether they like it or not, to compel the owners of the boxes to pay a price of admission to their property. If they refused the concession asked for, all play would become impossible.

On the other hand, it is impossible to exact that the owner of a box which he has paid for, should disburse a sum of four or five drachms for coming into his own property. The admission fee has therefore been fixed at the moderate price of 1 drachm, 55 lepta.

This middle term satisfies nobody. The proprietors complain of having to pay ; the director complains of being paid

too little ; and there is some talk of building a new theatre which will wholly belong to the director. The subdivided theatre would be abandoned, and each of the proprietors would have the right of demolishing his box.

The officers, who by a special privilege occupy the four first rows to the right of the orchestra, pay one drachm five lepta for their places, a little less than ninety-five centimes, entrance-money included. Two years ago they paid only one drachm, and they murmured loudly against this addition of five lepta.

The public, on its side, thinks it strange that these gentlemen, who are not all well-bred, and who often disturb the acting, should obtain a reduction of sixty per cent. on the price of their places.

From all these reasons the theatre has been deserted for several years. When a wretched company is got hold of, it is only for the winter. It plays on an average three times a week, taking into consideration the extraordinary representations and the vacations imposed by the sundry fasts.

It is not easy to give to the society of Athens a play which shall be understood by everybody. French comedies would be unintelligible to nine-tenths of Greek society. The heroic tragedies of M. Soutzo would be a dead letter to nineteen-twentieths of the foreigners. Sometimes one of these is given at the carnival for the rabble of the town, who think they are applauding themselves in the actions of their fathers. To conciliate all, they engage an Italian company, which sings as it can the noisy music of Verdi.

The theatre is painted in distemper with remarkable simplicity. It is built like the Italian theatres, that is to say, that half of the public in the boxes have their backs to the actors. The actresses are delightfully ugly, and the decorations painfully worn out. They act *Nabucco*, with scene-

paintings of *Ernani*, which bear in full letters the inscription on the tomb of Charlemagne—

KAROLO MAGNO.

The Greeks do not look too closely. They delight in their theatre, their singers, and their cantatrices. This nation idolizes music—people always seek for what they have not got. The whole nation sings through the nose in doleful tones. If formerly they appreciated the song of the grasshoppers, it was from comparing it with their own. I have heard nothing approaching to the Greek popular music, unless it be the nasal singing of Chinese artists. The people go therefore to the theatre, and passionately applaud the singers every time they utter. The admirers throw upon the scene bouquets and crowns, ornamented with ribbons, like a recruit's hat. Often, indeed, the ingenious gallantry of the dilettanti throws to the actresses bouquets of live pigeons, firmly tied together with pink ribbons. In the meantime, other friends, placed in the gallery, scatter in the pit white, green, and pink papers, printed in letters of all colours; and even, if I am not mistaken, in letters of gold. These are verses in Greek, Italian, or French, in praise of the actress. I think I may, without indiscretion, communicate to the reader a little piece of French poetry, printed on light-green paper, with a wreath at the top. They are the adieus of an Athenian dilettante to a young cantatrice, half Greek, half Italian. This paper fell on my head one day at an extraordinary representation. From my head it passed to my pocket, from my pocket to my portfolio, from my portfolio to this book; may it go from hence to posterity!

A MADEMOISELLE THÉRÉSINE MINICKINI BRUNO.

Du crépuscul d'un pays renaissant
O Nymphes tu chantes les destins à-venir
Où c'est toi qui, par tes mélodieux accents
Fait voir qu'Apollon va bientôt revenir !
C'est la langue dévine
Que tes lèvres effleurent
Tiens, belle Thérésine
Une bouquet des fleurs !

Que de fois la Grèce vers sa fille bienaimée
A Envoyé ses fils à envoyée la science.
Et l'Italie de même pour acquit de conscience
C'est toi Thérésine qu'elle nous a envoyée !
C'est la langue divine
Que tes lèvres effleurent
Tiens, belle Thérésine,
Une bouquet des fleurs !

Que l'écho des vallons de cette patrie des arts
Répète tes accents dans les villes dans les forêts
Pour que le monde connaisse et le nom et la part
Qu'une jeune Grèce-Italienne à eu pour son progrès !
C'est la langue divine
Que tes lèvres effleurent
Tiens, belle Thérésine
Une bouquet des fleurs !

En parlant de toi est il juste d'oublier
Celui dont le souffle a passé dans ton âme *
Et qui de la musique repand ici la flamme †
Ho non ! offrons-lui une couronne de laurier !
C'est la langue divine
Que tes lèvres effleurent
Tiens, belle Thérésine
Une bouquet des fleurs.

Sometimes, whilst admiration scatters bouquets, pigeons,
and verses, the hostile faction throws a turkey-cock on the
stage. The actors devour this insult uncomplainingly.

* Her singing-master.

† He was first violoncello of the theatre.

7. High life—Ball at M. Jean S.'s—Conspiracy of the violins—Toilette, garlic and conversation—Gossip—A duel on the banks of the Ilissus—Gallantry in good taste—The corns of a delightful waltzer—Story of a bracelet—Provident fathers of families—Success of a pair of white gloves.

From Moscow to Mexico, all good society has a resemblance, like all hotels; only that well-bred people have more or less good manners, and the hotels more or less fleas. But Athens distinguishes itself in both these circumstances, and good manners are as rare in society as fleas are common in the hotels.

The day before my departure from Paris, Madame A., one of the highest of the Russian aristocracy, had intrusted me with a few commissions for her daughter, Madame Catharine S., married at Athens. There were gowns, jewels, and a Punch fit to amuse a king. The same day that I arrived I went to Madame S., preceded by Petros, who carried the parcels with as sulky a face as that of a devil carrying relics. Petros has never understood why he should be made to carry parcels, when nature has made Maltese for that purpose. Madame S. received the parcels and myself with that effusion of cordiality which costs the Russians nothing. She invited me to dine the next day, and to a ball that she was giving a week after. I eagerly accepted both invitations. The ball in particular excited my curiosity; I was impatient to see an assemblage of the great people of Athens.

It was on the 18th of February that this great event occurred. The astronomers announced it from the beginning of the winter. Balls are not common in the society of Athens, which is not numerous. When the people have danced four times in a year, over and above the Court balls, they say, "The winter has been a gay one, we have amused ourselves a good deal."

Madame S. had made a sort of *coup d'état*, by abstaining from inviting a certain number of ill-bred persons who inflict themselves everywhere, and whom people grumble at and tolerate. This is saying sufficiently that she had secured a large supply of enemies who would not have been sorry if they could have prevented the ball.

There is but one orchestra in Athens—that of the theatre. When the King takes a fancy to have music at dinner, the play is delayed. Madame S. had, as may be supposed, engaged the band a month beforehand. She could only have it at the end of the play; but she had been promised that there should be a very short opera, and that it should be hurried through. By misfortune, or rather through malice, the committee of townspeople who superintend the direction of the theatre, got one of the longest operas put upon the playbill; inserted pieces between the different acts, and threatened with a heavy fine any violin that should desert his post.

The ball began, therefore, with a piano. There are two kinds of luxury at a ball—that which one finds there, and that which people bring with them. The one proceeds from the master of the house, the other from his guests. Mons. S. had done his best, he had procured flowers, a production rare enough at Athens—he had not been sparing of them or of tapers.

In the absence of a flooring (there is only a plank floor at the court) people were dancing on a handsome carpet. The music did not play the airs of last winter, but old music is not the least good to dance to. The refreshments were sufficiently abundant for some to remain for the ladies after the men had filled themselves. The only thing at all wanting was more room; but one cannot demolish one's house to give a ball.

The guests on their side had brought what they could. The men were not by any means perfect (where are they so?)

Here and there a few old coats were to be seen, a few twisted white neckcloths, and some waistcoats of the time of Pericles. The uniform of the Greek officers is sombre; those tin epaulets, the same for the sub-lieutenant and the colonel, and the scanty embroidery that accompanies them, have nothing to dazzle the eyes. But everybody (we are not yet at the supper) really behaved properly. The French navy was represented only by a charming little midshipman, a man of good society, and a good dancer—he was my friend George Danyau, son of one of the principal doctors of Paris. The Dutch navy had deputed a fat fellow, formidably red, and with a nose imitating a potato to nature. Madame S. might have had in her house a thousand fustanellas; she had only invited two or three. Of this number was the grand-marshal of the palace, that little exotic man, whose face is coloured like a tile, and I believe a little tatooed. The ladies were almost all dressed in the gowns of Madame Dessales, the dressmaker of the Place Vendôme, who furnishes the whole of the East. There were two or three Hydriotes with open bosoms, after the fashion of their country.

The presence of the King and Queen was wanting to this fête, but people did not complain of it; their Majesties drag everywhere after them the formality of the Court, and gaiety takes to flight at one door on seeing them enter by the other. Since the Revolution of 1843, their Majesties have ceased to go out into society. Once only have I seen the King accept a private invitation; it was in the country, at the house of the Bavarian minister. The ball was a very pretty one; the dancing was in the open air. But the company only grew gay after supper—after the spirit of equality had flowed into all the glasses. The Minister of Marine was then to be seen walking before his sovereigns with his hat on his head; and Colonel Touret was heard to insinuate loudly to the Minister

of War that he was a vagabond. Let us return to the ball of Madame S.

From the time of the arrival of the orchestra, a vague perfume of garlic spread around, which became more and more definite. It is a local odour, which is to be found in almost all the balls. It is thought in this country, that balls, like legs of mutton without a little garlic, are insipid.

I have never seen a people who danced more furiously than good society in Greece. It is true that I have not travelled in Spain. The women especially are indefatigable. If you stop a moment to allow your partner to rest, immediately another gentleman comes and asks your leave to dance with her, as if it was you that were in need of rest.

What was the least brilliant at the ball, was the conversation. Greeks know French pretty well, but they pronounce it very badly. The *u* gives them a great deal of trouble, the *j* sticks in their throat, *e muet* is not within their reach, and certain rebellious diphthongs are beyond their powers of utterance. I have heard a vain officer say, like the Gascon in the play, *Zé sous céri des damouselles*.

The substance of the conversation is not much better than the form. It dwells on old gossip out of date. The story of Madame X. is still quoted as an example to grown-up daughters: people still talk, with upturned eyes, of the beautiful Madame Y., who has ruined a young diplomatist, and reduced him to enlist as a soldier. The conduct of Aspasia is blamed, and people ask one another why Alcibiades has cut his dog's tail off. In short, in conversation you stumble on passages from Plutarch, and the newsmongers sometimes join in with Rollin.

A very good-natured person, who condescended to act the part of Cicerone to me, showed me a Greek officer who had fought a duel on account of some evil speaking. "Did he fight well?" I asked.

"Very well, and rather twice than once. The first cause of the duel was that graceful little person you see there in a very low gown. The Greek officer had strangely calumniated a young attaché; he had accused him of favouring the views of a German diplomatist with regard to that lady. The duel was with pistols; the officer fired first, and missed. "Sir," said his opponent, "that shot does not count; your hand trembled too much. Be so good as to begin again." The officer did not require to be told so twice: he began again.

If I relate this story, it is because the officer who *began again* belongs to one of the four great families of Athens.

"Do you see," said my guide, "that waltzer who has just stopped? He is a very obliging person, who is received in the best society, and who gets sent here for his friends, to oblige them, goods from Europe which he gives them at cost price, after having taken a profit on them of fifty per cent."

"Really?" I answered; "I thought that there were only Russians to carry on trade so fashionably. I know at Paris, a great Russian lady who owns a milliner's shop in the Chaussée d'Antin, and who recommends her shop in all the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, where she is received with open arms."

About two o'clock in the morning, supper was announced: more than eighty guests sat down, and did honour to the repast. I admired a profusion of real Russian damasked work, and very fine plate. The enemies of the house must have burst with envy and indigestion.

Whilst the guests were drinking Rhine wines, the servants were athirst in a lower room. On going out I found poor Petros, whom I had forgotten to send to bed, and who had been waiting for me for nine long hours with my cloak on his arm.

"Have you been asleep?"

"No, sir."

"Have you eaten anything?"

"No, sir."

"Have you had anything to drink?"

"No, sir," he answered, in the most simple way possible, and as of a matter of course.

At Paris, at least, when the masters are being helped to ices, wine is poured out for the servants. The poor devil had not even drunk a glass of water. After all, I thought, perhaps they did well; he is so sober, that a glass of water taken apart from his meals might intoxicate him.

After supper, the dancing began again more vigorously than ever.

One day, at a Court ball, a lady of the diplomatic body held in her hand a saucer with an ice, of which she had eaten half and left the rest. A young man, the most well-bred in Athens, rushes up to disembarass her of the saucer. But guess what he did with it?

He set it down on the mantelpiece?

No.

He went and put it on the tray?

You have not guessed it. He eats the fragment of ice with the ambassadress's spoon, and he thinks he has been very gallant.

The people of humble condition do better still. One day, at the monastery of Megaspilæon, an individual, who was looking at us dining, took hold of my glass without ceremony, and half emptied it, saying, "To your good health!"

In his soul and conscience he had done me a politeness—may Heaven return it to him!

One of the most brilliant officers of Athens, and the one who, in spite of exemplary ugliness, counts the greatest number of successes, was dancing with a very pretty lady, when

some awkward individual trod on the foot of his partner, who complained bitterly.

"Have you got corns, Madame?" politely inquired this accomplished beau.

And whilst the lady (a very great lady, if you please) did not know whether to laugh at him or to be angry, this amiable officer began to tell her that he had a great many of these vile corns, in that corner, and on this toe; and that he was obliged to cut open his shoes when they were not wide enough.*

A Greek, an officer, was waltzing one evening with a lady, whose bracelet became unfastened; she gave it to him to take care of; he put it in his pocket. The waltz over, the lady remembered her bracelet. "With a Greek," she said to herself, "one must take precautions;" and she plainly asked for her bracelet; it was a jewel worth eight or nine hundred francs. The dancer thus addressed, expressed a profound astonishment: "I had hoped," said he, "that you would allow me to keep that souvenir of you." Porthos is not entirely dead, and the Greek officers have preserved some of the traditions of the time of Louis XIII.

I have heard with my own ears one of Young Greece supplicate a lady in high society, before ten witnesses, to make him a present of a thousand francs; it was a box at the

* There is reason to believe that this officer is the same that described himself to the *Times'* correspondent as the *Mange-cœur* of Athens; he was then on his way to join in the aggression on Thessaly and Epirus. He had promised the King not to put back his sword into the scabbard, until he had reached Constantinople victorious; he also took with him a flag worked by the maidens of Athens, which he and his companions had sworn to place on St. Sophia—it did find its way to Constantinople, but as a trophy abandoned by its chivalrous defenders. There was another trophy that fell into the hands of the Turks; and this was a casket containing all the letters that this Mars had received at any time from various ladies. Unless the publicity they obtained was the object their discreet possessor had in view, it is difficult to say why they were so carelessly exposed, and so ill defended. In point of fact, his success in love, as in war, rests upon his own assertion.—*T'r.*

theatre. A box is, as I have said, a property which is bought and sold, and bequeathed by will, like a house or a piece of land. "Madame," said the young Hellene, "when you leave the country, intercede with your husband to get him to leave me his box."

"And why so?" said the lady, a little surprised.

"Why," he answered, "I wish to be a proprietor for once; besides, I should be glad to keep this souvenir of you. If you give it me, I promise to keep it always; I will take my friends to it; we will make it the dandies' box."

The fathers of families, who go into society, carry with them the great principles of domestic economy which they have meditated upon at home; they willingly set aside a few oakes or fruits for the benefit of their children. One sees, even at the Court, Generals going from tray to tray collecting dainties, which they hoard in their pocket-handkerchiefs. These good people pinch themselves in like wasps, and lay up stores like bees.

The province copies as it can the manners of the capital.

Two travellers, whom I could name, arrived one morning at one of the prefectures in the north of Greece; they had need of the authorities; they went to see them in travelling costume, that is to say, shabbily dressed. At the prefect's door, one of the two companions discovered in his pocket a pair of old white gloves. "Let us be smart," says he to the other, and each one put on a glove. The next day all the authorities of the town returned their visit. Each of these gentlemen had put on one glove. The prefect modestly inquired about fashion and politics; but no one ventured to ask since when people put on only one glove at a time.

8. The poor—Beggars of Athens—The Albanians of Pavlitza—How to buy a husband!—An old woman's scarf—No bread—A night of reflections—Caravan of emigrants—A song of the people—A disinterested service.

Mendicity is allowed throughout the kingdom of Greece. Beggars wander through Athens in all directions: some address themselves to those that go by in the streets or on the highroad, others go from house to house. If they find the outer door open they enter into the court, and cry out in doleful tones. If no one answer them, they make their way into the passages; if they meet with neither master nor servants, they go into the first room they find, and if the room is empty they sometimes help themselves to alms.

By the side of the ditch which traverses the new town, a number of blind people are to be seen sitting on the ground in all seasons. From as far as they can hear anybody coming, they call out at the top of their voice, "Have pity on us, Effendi!—give us alms, Effendi!" The soldiers, the workmen, the servants rarely pass them by without giving them a centime. In Greece, as everywhere else, the poor are more generous than the rich.

I have found many blind beggars, but no blind poets. Greece has no more Homers! And why should she have any?

The town-beggars are the happiest of the land, in comparison with the peasants in certain villages.

We had just visited the temple of Apollo Epicurius, in the most barren mountains of Arcadia, when Leftéri conducted us to the Albanian village of Pavlitza.

It is a village perishing of hunger; there meat is only eaten at Easter; bread is never eaten. The inhabitants do not even possess that horrible maize bread, which the first day is a thick dough, and the next day falls into crumbs, which

chokes you when fresh, and sticks in your throat when it is stale ; they live only upon herbs and milk.

When our arrival was known, all the people were in a state of excitement. "Here are the Franks," that is to say, here is a little money.

Men and women hastened to our halting-place ; the women carried their children of one year old in a kind of portable cradle, consisting only of a piece of felt folded double, with two sticks at the edges. With this equipment, and with their children on their backs, they came to group themselves before our house. The house which we chose to lodge in became at once the centre of the village, and the public meeting-ground was always in front of us.

Some came there from simple curiosity ; these were by far the minority—almost all had something to sell to us. The men brought coins, some wretched graven stones, and even pebbles from the river ; the women had for sale their dresses ; they offered us one an apron, another a scarf, another a shirt, another ———, I would call it a pocket-handkerchief if I could forget that they have no pockets, and that they do not use handkerchiefs. They brought those squares of red silk with wide fringes, which they hold in their hands like handkerchiefs on their wedding-day, or on very solemn occasions.

At first they did not dare to address us ; they confided their interests to a man who came and treated with us. But by degrees they became bolder ; they came close to us, and they profited by their nearer approach. One said, "I have got no bread." Another, "It is to get a living." Another said, "I am a widow." Widowhood, which is not without some consolations for a rich woman, is for people who live by their labour the sum of all miseries. A young girl exclaimed, blushing, "This is to buy me a husband !" It may be easily guessed that we did not know what answer to give to

such good arguments, and that we bargained only just enough to prove that we were not Englishmen.

All the garments they had for sale they had made themselves; those shirts, and cotton scarfs embroidered with silk, are, every thread, the work of their hands. They carded the cotton, they spun it with their long distaffs; they wove it on that loom standing as a fixture before their doors. The embroidery is of their invention; they extemporize without model, without design, without master, those charming arabesques, continually varied with an ever happy fancy. All these women are artists without being aware of it; and besides, they have that enduring patience, the mother of beautiful works. The time they spend at their work would frighten the most persevering of our beautiful embroideresses of the Faubourg St. Germain. Some of these shirts embroidered at the neck, at the sleeves, at the hem, embroidered all over, has cost as much as three years of patience. The work has been begun whilst rocking the first-born of the family in that humble wooden cradle, which I have described to you; it has been finished by the side of the couch of a sick husband. Another scarf has been embroidered by an old mother who has not had time to complete it; the daughter has added the fringe, and has piously continued the same design. It is curious to observe also, how much they attach themselves to these labours which have occupied so large a part of their life-time! When they bring themselves to sell them, we may be sure that their minds are divided between grief at parting from what they love, and the necessity of obtaining a little money. They give them up, they withdraw them back again; they look at the money, then at their work, and again at the money; the money consideration always ends by carrying the day, and they go away in despair at seeing themselves so rich.

An old woman had brought us a large and beautiful scarf, of a magnificent design, of brilliant, I would almost say of noisy colours. The tints of the silk were certainly a little effaced, but in spite of the slight damage caused by time, it was a splendid piece of work, and no doubt resembled those fine tissues which the Penelopes of former times used to weave during long years, for the burial of the father of their husbands. As soon as we saw this masterpiece, each of us wanted to have it; but Curzon had spoken first; his rights were respected, and I bought it in his name. There was a long negotiation, in which I came to the end of my Greek and of my patience. The whole village interested itself visibly in the affair. At length the scarf was handed over to us; at what price? I dare not mention it; money in these villages is worth ten times as much as in Europe. The poor old woman withdrew with slow footsteps, looking at the money in her hand; then she turned back mechanically, came back, stood before us, and not knowing what to say, exclaimed, "Ah, it is a fine scarf, it is six piques long!" And she fled crying. This senseless grief pained our hearts. These tears suggested some humble romance, slowly developed in this mountain nook; perhaps a long drama of domestic misfortune, or may-be some love-story, fresh and smiling as the spring, and of which we were going to carry away in our baggage the last relic, and the only remembrance. But what could we do? we wanted some costumes; we were not rich, and each time we bought something we were tempted to leave the thing and give the money.

But it was when we had completed our purchases, that our real difficulties began. We wished to buy nothing more, and everybody wished to sell us something. In my capacity of interpreter, I was besieged. A woman said to me: "I too, I am poor, I am ill; why do you buy nothing from me?"

another exclaimed; "You have bought from young girls; I have four children, and you will not buy anything of me; you are not just!" It was of no use to answer them that we wanted nothing more, that our journey would yet be a long one, that our horses were overloaded; they would listen to nothing.

At the same time other women brought us their children, saying, that "they are crying for a penny;" when one had given to one, all the others must have something; all had such good argument: no bread! and this terrible *no bread* is not in this place a rhetorical figure for the use of beggars. Our supply of bread was almost at an end: at no price could we have got any in the village. There are only two men there who have any wine; we bought some: it was vinegar. And this wine is considered excellent: how many of these poor people have never drunk any of it! a woman came to ask us for some sugar for some remedy or other. Sugar is like money: they get some when foreigners bring some; and about three foreigners pass by in a year. I had some conversation with this poor woman: "Have you a doctor in the neighbourhood?"

"No, Effendi."

"What do you, then, when you are ill?"

"We wait till the illness goes off."

"But when you are very ill?"

"We die."

What a night we passed! All the family, consisting of six persons, slept in a heap near us. The child cried till morning, and the mother hushed it so noisily, that the remedy was worse than the evil. A young girl talked in her sleep; the wind whistled in the roof, the cold made us shiver under our coverings, and to complete all, we were devoured by all manner of creatures. Not being able to sleep, I betook myself to

reflecting. This wretched village occupies the site of a flourishing town. Pavlitza was formerly called Phigalia ! Without being rich, like Athens or Corinth, Phigalia enjoyed an honourable ease : it was Phigalia that taught the neighbouring town the cultivation of corn ; this town was therefore, in Arcadia, what Eleusis was in Attica, the storehouse of bread. The ancestors of these starved peasants possessed temples, statues, a gymnasium : it was they, that after a pestilential sickness summoned to their mountains the architect of the Parthenon, to raise to Apollo Epicurius the fine temple of Bassæ. The walls of their town, which still exist, are among the finest monuments of the military architecture of the Greeks.

What affected me in this decay was neither the reduced population, nor the walls without soldiers, nor the ruin of a little State. That a village which had attained the rank of a town, should fall back again to the condition of a village ; that a people should lose the power of oppressing its neighbours, what is all this but a text for declamation on the instability of human affairs : I do not see that mankind has suffered any misfortune thereby.

But I made the reflection, that among so many cities which have fallen from the height of their power or of their glory, there is perhaps not one that has not been compensated by some solid advantages for the loss of some external benefits, not one in which the inhabitants have not now got greater wellbeing and more enlightenment than they had two thousand years ago. The progress of sciences, the development of industry, the advantages conferred by the discovery of a new world, the four or five great inventions which day by day render more easy material and intellectual life, have carried into the smallest hamlets of Europe benefits more certain and real, than the dominion of a plain, or the empire over two

mountains. But has Phigalia obtained from fate the same compensations, and have the accumulated benefits of twenty centuries given her the small change for her unpretending grandeur? I have much difficulty in believing it, and if it were allowable to doubt the law of progress, it would be in those inaccessible mountain gorges, where ignorance and misery seem everlastingly established. It is not for these poor people that printing has been invented; they will never know how to read. It is not for them that America has been discovered: the potato, which feeds our most wretched villages, is a treasure unknown in Arcadia. They have not even heard that within a few years men have learned to move like the wind, and to send their words like lightning. And what signify to them these discoveries, by which they will never profit? So long as the world shall exist, people will travel a league per hour in their mountain paths. I even asked myself once, what they can have gained by the deliverance of Greece? The Turks could take nothing from them: they had nothing. Perhaps they have gained by no longer getting the bastinado; but did the Turks ever go so high and so far for the pleasure of bastinadoing them?

Being unable to sleep, I considered within myself by what means this wretched country might be ameliorated. No doubt the present Government does not do all that is possible; but it is the impossible which ought to be done to cure an inveterate misery resulting from the distance from the towns, the height of the mountains, the exhaustion of the soil—in short, from geographical and geological causes. We have, even in France, departments given up to ignorance and poverty, which receive from the State more than they give to it, and which profit by the fertility of other provinces.

I meditated so much on this subject, that morning came.

At four o'clock, I could have believed myself to have been in the open air : the holes in the roof, lit up by the pale light, seemed like so many stars. We left our beds without any regret.

There will always be something inexplicable in the obstinate love of mountaineers for a soil which refuses to maintain them. The inhabitants of the mountains of Greece refuse to emigrate, or if they do make up their minds to it, they soon return to their rocks.

One morning, when we were asleep after our breakfast, at a few leagues from Pyrgos, we were suddenly awakened by a confused noise of voices and footsteps. On opening my eyes, I saw, passing on the road, a long caravan of men, women, and children, of horses and donkeys loaded with baggage. Wretched baggage! there were tents, coarse furniture, clothes, and a few babies thrown in confusion amongst some hens. I remembered the first canto of Hermann and Dorothea, and that sad and touching picture of an emigration. But our Arcadian emigrants were not flying from their village; they were returning to it. One of them, a handsome old man, told me their story. They inhabit a mountain, which every winter covers with snow. At the first cold, they fold up their tents, and descend to Pyrgos. The winter is not very long; during about three months, the strongest go out as workmen or as servants; the weaker ones, and the little ones, live by the labour of the others. And all, on the return of spring, again take the road to the mountain and to freedom. Their faces were contented; they gaily endured the burden of fatigue and heat. Yet their joy was not noisy. It is in the East especially that "happiness is a serious thing."

I watched them going by in a line, meditating on the lot of these human swallows, whom a pious instinct brings back again to their nest each spring. The old man, to whom I

spoke, must have taken the road to Pyrgos more than eighty times in his life ; and it has never entered into his thoughts to abandon his wretched hamlet for a milder climate and a more fertile soil. I then recollected a melancholy and simple song, which is perhaps the work of a shepherd of this village.

“ I make a project once, and I make a project twice, and I make the project three and five times, to leave the country, and go to a foreign land. And to all the mountains which I crossed, I said to them all : ‘ My dear mountains, do not cover yourselves with snow ; fields, do not grow white with hoar frost ; little fountains of fresh water, do not freeze, whilst I go and come, until I return.’ But the foreign land has estranged me—the foreign land where one is alone. And I have chosen foreign sisters, and foreigners rule over me ; and I have taken a foreign sister to wash my garments. She washes them once, she washes them twice, she washes them three and five times ; and at the end of five times, she throws them into the street, ‘ Stranger, pick up your linen ; gather up your garments ; and return to your place, and return to your house. Go away and see your brothers, stranger ; go away and see your relations ! ’ ”

I have found in Greece a few good and noble hearts. I will mention, among the first, a young judge of Athens, M. Constantine Mavrocordatos ; but he had been brought up in France, and he was almost my fellow-countryman. I knew at Corfu a man, who would be liked and esteemed in any country, M. Tita Delviniotis, professor at the University ; but he is a learned man, and learned men are citizens of the world. In the same country, I was on intimate terms with Spiro Dandolo—a fiery and energetic character, capable of all good actions ; but he is rather Venetian than Greek. Among the Greeks properly so called, the best I have ever met with have been poor people, day labourers or peasants.

I would give a general and two ministers for the little finger of Petros or of Leftéri. The poor and ignorant population is the most interesting in the country—firstly, because it suffers; and in the next place, because it does not know how to deceive.

I have in vain searched in my recollections, I only remember one circumstance in which I received a disinterested service.

We were coming near the Ladon, and we had just passed the little village of Tsarni. Before entering the lane which leads to the banks of the river, we made a visit to some inhabitants of the village whom we saw near us, collected under a tent. There were ten or twelve of them taking their meal together, one of those gay and innocent repasts, such as Pythagoras permits, and such as Florian gives a description of; one of those breakfasts of milk which one is so glad to make in the country, on condition of dining in town. They were there shepherds and labourers, representing the two great tribes of the rural population; the nomad tribe, which wanders from the plain to the mountain, warms itself at a fire of brushwood, folds and unfolds its house every day; and the home-loving tribe, which persists in trying to fertilize the same corner by unceasingly stirring it—which chooses its place in the sun, and fixes itself there for ever—which builds stone houses, and meets every evening round the same hearth to tell stories of bygone times. The plough was standing still at the end of a furrow; the oxen, unyoked, were lying on the ground, and ruminated as they slept. A little further off, the sheep and the goats of the flock were heaped together in confusion under the shade of a few trees, and only thought of protecting themselves from the sun; the heat was oppressive. We rode up to the tent, the dogs were reduced to silence after barking and showing their teeth at us; for it is

not in Greece that the dog is the friend of man. A pretty little girl, of from fourteen to fifteen, made haste to go and draw from a large caldron a bowlful of goat's milk, thick like cheese, and as sweet as honey; but she did not dare to bring it to us herself. It was a man that poured it into our large cups of engraved brass; and after we had drunk, he asked, "Will you have some more?" They offered us some fresh cheese; but we had nowhere to put it, we spread out a handkerchief, they filled it, and an Agoyat carried it away. The butter-milk dropped through the cloth, and fell in white pearls. I told Leftéri to pay; but these good people refused our money: there will always be more hospitality in the tent than in the house. Has disinterestedness taken refuge on the banks of the Ladon? We must go a long way in Greece to find a man who will refuse money; and more than one traveller who has wandered over the whole of the kingdom, will refuse to believe this little story.

9. A village festival in Arcadia—Hospitality of the *paredros*—A glass for three—Dancing not an intoxicating pleasure—The orchestra—The ladies invite themselves—No stays—A *bal champêtre* without a gendarme—The wine of the place.

The same evening, after a long walk on the banks of the Ladon, our Agoyats brought us to the village of Keresova. Whilst our horses were clambering up the steep path which leads to it, Garnier thought he heard at intervals the sounds of that tambourin which is capable of making the whole Greek people dance.

As we had our heads wrapped up in our handkerchiefs from fear of sun-strokes, we did not trust too much to our ears; but soon we heard distinctly the sound of a flageolet. There could be no doubt of it; there was dancing going on at Keresova. Why were they dancing? A man in Sunday

clothes informed us they were celebrating the day of Saint Nicholas—a great festival in the Greek religion. I think I remember that in Lorraine, St. Nicholas's day is only kept by the children. I remember still with what scrupulous care I used to place a wooden shoe in the chimney, the evening of the 5th December; with what hopeful interest I used to go and see what St. Nicholas had brought me. By the side of *bonbons* and playthings there was always a bundle of rods, the threatening present of St. Fouettard, who is to St. Nicholas what Typhon is to Osiris, what Ahriman is to Auromazda. I remember the day when scepticism entered my mind, on recognising among the rods of St. Fouettard, an instrument of torture which I had already become intimately acquainted with. Among the Greeks, St. Nicholas is not a winter festival, it is celebrated in the season of roses; but I do not think that the children expect it with the same impatience that we used to do. There are no toys, and the wretched *bonbons* that are within reach of the poor do not penetrate as far as the villages. St. Nicholas brings nothing except one of those idle days which are more common in the Greek religion than in ours, and a few hours of pleasure, of which we hoped we should see something. Already, rising in our stirrups, we could see, in the highest part of the village, on an open space near the church, the whole population dancing with great animation, and the piercing sounds of the *flageolets* came near enough to make our ears tingle.

But before thinking of pleasure, it was necessary to find a resting-place. There was no khan, no shop, and our Agoyats knew nobody. Was the country hospitable? were the houses fit to live in? on these points there was no information. No traveller has written anything on Keresova; nobody has said that he has passed through it; and the inhabitants might talk Chinese, and Europe would know nothing of it. A coun-

cil was held; the deliberation was not long. Keresova is a Greek village, therefore it has a *paredros*, that is to say, a municipal functionary. The *paredros*, a public man, ought to be hospitable; besides, if there is a clean house in the village, it will be his; let us go then to the *paredros*. The first peasant we addressed led us to the house of his administrator; it was of a magnificence exceeding all our expectations—it had two stories, and panes to the windows! It had, still greater wonder, a chimney, whose summit was adorned with a fine plaster pigeon. The *paredros*, who from the top of the village had seen us coming, ran before us, with a large crowd of people. He was a young man, with a graceful figure, fine features, and who wore the Greek costume in a very becoming manner. He accosted us most graciously, and excused himself for not being able to give us hospitality at his house; it was the feast of St. Nicholas, and his house, more fortunate than that of Socrates, was full of friends. “What I can do,” he said, “is to take you near here to some friends, whose house is the best in the village, after my own.” In fact, he took us to a very clean house, provided with what scanty comforts can be expected in Greece. He had three chairs brought us from his house, the only ones in the place, and the pride of the town. They resembled, as much by the colour of the straw as by their rather Cyclopean build, those chairs on which you can sit for a penny at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries; but the backs had been carefully painted bright green, and the legs vermillion. These glorious chairs came from Patras, and they had travelled a distance of eighteen hours, on horses’ backs, over detestable roads, to adorn the house of the *paredros*, and to do honour to his guests. We had hardly sat down on these three wonders of Keresova, when a servant of the *paredros* brought to us on a tray, three cups of coffee, a pot of preserves, with one only spoon, and a

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large glass for three. Coffee is never served up without a glass of water. For one person, a glass of small dimensions is brought, a larger one for two, a very large one for three, an enormous one for four ; and they arrive by this progression at glasses containing a litre. It would perhaps be simpler to give a glass to each person, in accordance with the precept of a Greek sage, who has said—

“ My glass is not large, but I drink in my own glass;”

but this has never been thought of.

Whilst we were drinking, each in his turn, in the same cup, the contents of the street began to pass through our room ; men, women, children, flocked together to observe us. A young native who had travelled, like Ulysses, in the Mediterranean, and who knew a little Italian, came and joined in conversation with us ; and all his friends stood around, listening without understanding, and staring agape. We were suffocating. The sailor talked to us of going to see the dancing, and we did not require much entreaty : he was delivering us.

We had soon climbed to the highest part of the village. The platform on which the dancing was going on could contain about five hundred people ; there were a thousand on it ; what struggles it had cost them to get there, Heaven knows ! In the middle were the dancers, and the spectators stood around ; but each moment a spectator went to take part with the performers, and an actor returned into the crowd of onlookers.

To understand well these Greek dances, it is necessary to forget completely what one has seen in other countries. In France and everywhere else, people dance in couples ; a man invites a woman, she accepts, and there they are for a few minutes, often for a few hours, companions and partners in amusement. They talk together, walk arm in arm, sit down

side by side ; and in the waltz, men and women closely folded, become intoxicated with the music, the movement, and especially with one another. This is the reason why some rigid moralists grumble at dancing ; this is why people only take their daughters to balls when they are thinking of getting them married, and the mammas in the country districts do not allow their young daughters to waltz.

At Keresova, M. Alphonse Karr himself would admit that dancing is an innocent amusement. This dance of the Greeks, which is the same throughout the country, although the women are not everywhere admitted into it, is a diversion taken in common, and not in couples. Peter does not dance with Margaret ; all the village dances with all the village. Fifteen or twenty men hold one another by the hand, as many women holding together in the same way follow after ; then the little girls and little boys, all the children old enough to stand on their legs, form the tail of this long serpent, which revolves incessantly round itself without the extremities ever joining.

In the midst of the circle was the music, composed of a tambourin with a dull sound, and three of those flageolets which are like a clarionet in form, and give the sound of a saw cutting through iron. Their organized din, at once monotonous and squeaking, is like nothing else known, unless it be that anti-musical music which the Chinese sing through the nose, accompanying it with an instrument composed of three copper wires. To the sound of these four instruments the crowd moved in measure, gravely, slowly, placing one foot down and then the other, leaning the body forward and then backwards. One single dancer agitates himself for the rest ; it is one who leads the dance. Every minute he springs into the air, turns round upon himself, makes circles with his arms, with his legs, with everything ; he throws into the air his

handkerchief and his red cap, and only stops when he can go on no longer. When he feels that his strength is failing, he makes a sign, and immediately another takes his place. In general, these finished dancers are barefooted for the sake of greater agility. Near the musicians a fine collection of shoes was to be seen ; it was the shoe-stand placed under the custody of public honesty.

On one side of the platform about forty women were sitting on the ground, and were acting the part not of *chaperons*, since they were at liberty to dance, but of spectators. They were not waiting to be invited to dance, being very well able to invite themselves ; and people venture to say that woman is sacrificed in the East ! In France, in the country which is called the paradise of women, let a girl be young, lively, pretty, the beauty of the ball, she will remain in a corner, if by chance nobody wishes to ask her to dance. Neither her youth, nor her beauty, nor her wit will be able to introduce her into a quadrille, into which the most inane dandy can secure her entry. At Keresova, the weaker sex enjoys the finest of its rights, that of dancing when it pleases. It is true that the next day the ladies work in the fields, and French women will perhaps think it a lesser hardship to wait for a partner, than to drive a plough. You will readily suppose, that owing to this unlimited freedom, women past forty are not wanting, any more than men of a ripe age. Was there not formerly the chorus of old men ? The priest took part in the festival, and authorized it by his presence : he looked on at his wife and children dancing ; yet he did not dance. No doubt some ancient edict fulminated by the Church of Constantinople forbids these reverend fathers of families taking part in the intoxicating pleasures of the ball. But I warrant that the good man might have danced in the crowd without danger to himself or to others : he would neither have risked the safety

of his soul, nor have compromised the dignity of his long beard. The schoolmaster, another grave personage, also contented himself with the part of spectator. From the time of our coming to the dancing, both of them had come to offer their services to us.

On our arrival, the dance was for a moment interrupted, which did not suit us ; but public curiosity once satisfied, the music began again, and the rings of the serpent reunited in an instant. None of the details could escape us ; five or six young men, animated by a hospitable anxiety, kept aside the crowd, and by dint of blows, prevented any one from coming between the sight and us. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the music stopped to make its appeal to the generosity of the dancers. It was evident that this interruption was only a bill drawn on our noble selves. The tambourin was presented to us, about ten centimes were chasing one another round it ; for want of small change we majestically put in a zwanzig, that is to say, about seventy-five centimes of French money, and our magnanimity inspired the public with as much admiration, as it did the orchestra with gratitude ; for a moment afterwards, the three flageolets and the tambourin came and sat down in front of us, and treated us to a concert at close quarters, which makes my ears still tingle. We had a great deal of trouble to make them stop, or at least to restore them to the dancers.

The sun was going to set, the fête was near its end ; it had lasted more than twelve hours.

This dance, at its paroxysm, was a really curious sight ; the ranks were not broken, each one kept his place ; the music did not hasten the measure, if measure there was, but each one seeing the end of the amusement near, jumped as high as he could. Now the Greek women (I did not say the ladies) never wear stays, though they need them more than any other

people; and there were in the crowd several nursing mothers who were rudely shaken by the dance. But these mothers of families only served to enhance the beauty of two or three young girls, with calm eyes and severe features, who could spring with impunity, and without deranging the harmony of their sculpturesque outlines.

What struck us most in this fête, was, that in spite of the intoxication of delight with which every one was possessed, and although the whole village seemed to have lost its head, neither quarrels, nor violence, nor any departure from what was strictly becoming, could be observed. Although Frenchmen are by no means brutal in their natures, our rural festivals do not go off without some little vivacity, or without some fisticuffs being fraternally exchanged at the height of the diversions. And our merry-making is so liable to accidents, that it is prudent to have it watched over by a gendarme. Nothing, on the contrary, is milder, more polite, or more affable than the gaiety of the Greek peasants. This merit is owing to their naturally good dispositions, but especially to their sobriety. We did not see round the dancers any of those vendors of adulterated liquors which poison all our public festivals. When a dancer was thirsty, he went to drink at the fountain; and at sunset each one returned home to sup with his wife and children.

We were reconducted by the *paredros*, and on the way back he gave me all the information I wanted about the village. I had remarked that the houses, without being rich, looked comfortable; that the inhabitants, without being handsome, had an appearance of health; that everything in and about them breathed of joy and contentment. He gave me in a few words a commentary on what I had seen myself. The village contains more than a thousand inhabitants; all possess a house, a few sheep, and a bit of land, which they never think of sell-

ing ; all the fields are fertile and well cultivated ; all the families have bread to eat, and all the children go to school.

The *paredros* politely refused our invitation to dinner, he considered himself due to his guests. But we had a visit from him in the evening, and next morning he came at four o'clock to wish us a pleasant journey. It was not without regret that we left Keresova, and this happy little corner of Arcadia—everything was pleasing, the people and the country. Even the wine of the place had a pleasant flavour ; it reminded us of those light wines which people drink at Meudon, Verrières, and Montmorency, and at all those charming villages where they go to eat strawberries, gather lilacs, laugh heartily, and awaken the Gaul who sleeps under the coat of every Frenchman.

APPENDIX.

REPRINT OF LETTERS WHICH APPEARED IN THE "TIMES"
NEWSPAPER, 1854; ETC. ETC.

"THE INSURRECTION IN GREECE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"ATHENS, *April 3.*

"I HAVE tried in my former letters to give you a sketch of the actual state of things in Epirus and Thessaly at this moment. I will try now to say something about the cause and object of these disturbances. You will have heard, of course, the story of the dissensions between the Turkish Dervend Agha and one of the chief men of Radovitz, in all its various details and different editions. But to begin the history of the present disturbances there, is to begin at the wrong end. In order to understand the whole movement, it is, before all other things, necessary to keep in mind two features which are predominant in the Greek character—hatred, implacable hatred, against the Turks, and the ardent desire of extending the Greek kingdom—the further the better. With these two prominent tendencies, to which all other considerations must yield, the mass of the Greek people, with few exceptions, is in the hands of him who knows how to take

advantage of these two passions. This has been done with marvellous success in the present instance.

"The beginning of the whole movement, if a new phase in a long premeditated scheme can be called a beginning, dates from the arrival of Prince Menschikoff in Constantinople last year, with his whole host of Muscovites, who, thirsting of course after antiquities, spread all over European Turkey and Greece. The brilliancy of the star at Constantinople attracted and dazzled the eyes of the West in such a degree that all stars of second and third magnitude in his suite passed unremarked or nearly so. Among these second-rate luminaries was Admiral Kornileff, who came to see the antiquities of Athens, and most curiously began his researches by asking the King for a private interview on the very day of his arrival. This indelicate demand was, under the existing delicate circumstances, denied, and the Admiral's audience put off for the next day. The Admiral, however, knew his way to the palace, even in the dark. He went there in the evening of the same day, and remained in the palace till after midnight. Nobody knows what was said; the Admiral was received the next day by the King in the presence of the foreign Minister, and departed; but from that moment the agitation began. You know, of course, how dusty and disagreeable the climate of Athens is in summer; this explains the journey of the Queen soon after to Germany, but not quite, that during her presence at Trieste and Vienna the Greek merchants settled in those places were summoned, and told that it was hoped and expected that they would be ready with their purses for any emergency which might present itself. With the return of the Court from Germany and the continually increasing complication of the Eastern question, the activity increased. Military concentrations, camps, and other warlike preparations on an unusual scale were the first symptoms, which were fol-

lowed in November by the demand of a loan of 5,000,000 drachms. The Chambers granted the demand, but it has not yet been contracted. It was said that it would be taken from the bank; but hitherto the Government has only raised 1,000,000 from the bank, for which it gave as security its own shares in the bank.

“ Besides these means, all engines of intrigue were put into motion. In a kingdom of the dimensions of Greece, it is natural that a great deal of personal and immediate influence should be exercised by the Court over the whole society, and this the more so, because at Athens all possible means are systematically employed to draw persons possessing even the slightest importance into the magic circle of the Court. You may judge how far this is carried if I tell you that not a sub lieutenant can quit Athens without being presented to the King. Athens may be regarded in this respect as the capital of a petty German principality, where, in the manner of a third-rate English country town, everybody knows everybody and everything. From the beginning of the kingdom, but chiefly since the establishment of the constitution, it has been the chief endeavour to form a Court party. Several circumstances favoured this undertaking, chiefly among the Palikars. These gentlemen, whose fortunes, if they ever had any, have been nearly ruined by the War of Independence, and who, scorning all industry and commerce, wish to live as gentlemen at the expense of the State, formed the best possible material for a Court party. Depending entirely on the favours of the King for their existence, they are in return his ready tools. These persons, who, unfortunately for Greece, form the majority of the so-called upper classes, were easily won over, one by one, to the views of the Court. The whole Russian or Napist party, composed chiefly of Fanariote and other foreign Greek families, who base all their hopes for a

career and for office on Russia, having for the moment the same interest with the Court, eagerly joined in this movement, and faithfully seconded the Court in its endeavours to excite in Greece a movement against Turkey, and thus to create difficulties in the rear of the Turkish and allied armies.

“Both the Russian and the Court party have gained by the unfortunate policy of Louis Philippe in Greece, and its results, the dissensions between England and France. The Court favoured and promoted as much as possible the disunion, and, in connexion with the Russian party, now earns its fruits. One of the most lamentable consequences of this unhappy rivalry was the annihilation *de facto* of the constitution, which has by this time become a veritable farce. There is not one of the deputies who is not a direct nominee of the King, the only free election—that at Ægina—having been declared null by the Chambers; and this elusion of the electoral system is by no means clandestine, for in several elections military force was employed to carry the candidate of the Government. In the Senate, where there are many members who had been named by Mavrocordato, there are still some remains of a spirit of independence, although the Senate, too, as its members are named without any reserve by the King, has been so adulterated by the introduction of aides-de-camp and other servile members, that in most cases the majority is at the disposal of the Government. I need scarcely mention what part the Ministers have to play under such circumstances. Not only the Chambers, but likewise the whole civil and military administration, composed of creatures of the Court, is little else than a refined system of corruption. The judges, as well as the professors of the University and the inferior schools, being all removable, are, like the rest, under the unlimited control of the Court. Thus, all the strings being collected in the hand of this latter, it makes

them move according to its whims, without encountering the slightest opposition anywhere. One could write volumes on the shameful abuses existing in every branch of the administration. One example will be sufficient to show the spirit which is pervading even the highest spheres of Government. The late Minister of Finance, Mr. Christides, a legacy of Mr. Coletti, made out a budget in which he had a surplus of 3,000,000 drachms. The Senate, indignant, published a *brochure* in French, in which it is clearly proved that there was a deficit of 3,000,000. Not less cool is the way in which the annual interest of the loan is treated. It figures duly every year in the budget, is paid by the nation, and yet not only no money, but not even an excuse is given to the British Minister. The circumstance is simply passed over in silence.

"By this system of corruption, which was bequeathed by Mr. Coletti, the Court has entirely prostrated all opposition, and in vain do the supporters of the Constitution—General Church, Mavrocordato, Kanaris, Kalergi, and several others, strive to counteract this absolutism. Hardly concealed by the mask of the Constitution, they are forced into the background, and the Court and its ally, the Russian party, have it all their own way.

"Master of all resources, and with a whole host of parasites at its heels, the Court prepared by degrees the mind to follow its impulse. With a truly Machiavellian spirit, it tried, and tries still, to represent itself as only yielding to the pressure of the national will, although every hour brings fresh proofs that the whole movement is due to its agency. All the officers who went to the frontier received sums of money from the Minister of War (Soutzo), and immediately after leaving Athens, and some even before, proclaimed openly that they had been sent by the King. All the warlike preparations are also going on under the superintendence of persons closely

connected with the King. Among others, Morusi, an *officier d'Ordonnance* of the King, who is in diligent correspondence with his brother, an officer in the head-quarters of Gortschakoff, mustered not long ago 150 men at Daphne, two hours from Athens, and had the standard of his troop consecrated ; the report even goes that the King and Queen passed during the ceremony. Moreover, all the insurrectionary *comités* are composed of creatures of the Court, and if any one in whom the Court cannot place entire reliance shows signs of taking an active part in the movement, he is told that it is only his money which is required.

“ Neither the most energetic representations of the constitutional party, nor the strong notes of the Ministers of the Four Powers, who act in perfect unison here under their *doyen*, Mr. Wyse, have had the slightest influence. Things have advanced too far. They have too much compromised themselves, and are therefore determined to go on *à tout prix*. The mass of the people, ignorant and carried away by the two passions which I mentioned above—namely, their hatred against the Turks and their desire of national aggrandizement, follow blindly the impulse given by the Court, and help, half consciously, half unconsciously, to further the interests of Russia. Russia is here, as in many other places, in the eyes of the people, a mysterious power, of unknown and incalculable magnitude, which can do anything and professes the orthodox religion. The Court has taken all possible care to let it appear as if foreign powers were not averse to the movement ; and people firmly believe that the Court could not have gone so far without having some support to hope from outside. First it was England and France who were favourable. Every word said or written in defence of the pretensions of Greece was and is still faithfully copied in all the journals, but never a word more, which, perhaps, would

show the real feelings which reign in the West in regard to the Greek movement. Then it is Austria and Germany who are going to support the Greeks, and not even the joint action of the Austrian Minister here can destroy that idea. But the last and chief hope is always Russia. The passage of the Danube at Brailow has quite turned all heads. After the news of this event, which had been, singularly enough, afloat for several days before, was confirmed by the French steamer, the Ministers all went to Court, and, most likely in order to counteract homœopathically the effects of the intoxication produced by such good news, they feasted valiantly in the chambers of the Grand Maréchal Kolokotroni.

“The infatuation is really distressing. It is marvellous that they don't see that the Western Powers, who are arrayed against the encroachments of Russia, can and will never permit a movement in favour of this latter power going on in the rear of their armies. Moreover, things in the country itself have come to such a point that, if energetic measures are not taken, serious consequences indeed for Greece may ensue. Already in the provinces, all authority of the law has ceased, and anarchy is close at hand. Under the name of collecting patriotic contributions, the most impudent extortions are carried on, which, in their turn, lead to reprisals. All industry and commerce are suspended; about 2000 vessels, owing to the closing of the Russian harbours, are freightless, and 20,000 sailors, with their families, are starving. The consequence is, that they talk of arming the long-boats and doing a little private business on the Turkish coast. Imagine, under such circumstances, a defeat which would throw back the armed insurgents to Greece; what would be the consequences? It is an incredible blindness of the Court not to think of this, and to forget that a reaction will follow after the first frenzy has a little subsided and the means of support

fail to the patriots, and that this reaction will be directed against the authors of this excitement. What the consequences will be in such a case is not difficult to foresee, especially as the Western Powers will, very likely, not think themselves bound to uphold such a system any longer.

"There is no hope, however, of their coming to reason, unless by what is called an *argumentum ad hominem*. A French and English detachment which would interpose between the Turks and these adventurers, or a joint military occupation of Athens, for the insurance of a strict neutrality during the Eastern question, seems to be the only outlet of this difficulty.

"I must repeat again and again what I said in former letters, that not only do the populations of Epirus and Thessaly, for whose benefit the Greek patriots (?) pretend to have come, not join, but, on the contrary, they take refuge with the Turks, leaving their villages and driving away their flocks and cattle. I saw yesterday a letter from a village not far from Arta, where the people state that one dinner of the patriots consumed their whole stock of corn. To-day her Majesty's steamer *Highflyer*, which had gone from here to Volo several days ago, brings news of the same kind. Nowhere is there any trace of the agitation in the population of Thessaly, except where the insurgents are present in force, and thus oblige the people to take part in order to save themselves. The Turks, on the other hand, behave very well; they send their irregulars home, and substitute regulars. Four thousand men of the Sultan's Guard have lately arrived in Volo, and more are expected.

"In conclusion, I must refer to the tardy act of justice which, after several years, has restored General Sir Richard Church to the post of General-in-Chief of the whole Hellenic army, which he had gained and occupied on the field of battle before

even the kingdom of Greece existed. You remember the mean way in which one of the bravest and most devoted defenders of Greece was forced to give in his resignation as Lieutenant-General; and the man to whom Greece owes all her territory north of the Isthmus, and not a little south of it, was put aside, and his services overlooked—for forgotten they could not be. By his re-assuming the rank of General-in-Chief of the Army, he does not re-enter the actual service, but is only at the disposal of the Government in case of emergency.

“SHUMLA, *March 11.*

“News has come of the Greek rising and has fallen dead flat on the Christian population here. These honest Bulgarians, having to a certain extent got quit of the old Turkish oppression, have no sympathy whatever with the pretensions of those new-fangled ‘Byzantines.’ To make money is their great want, and when the large sums now annually hoarded in the earth, for want of investments, are turned into local railway shares, constituting a permanent property, and bearing interest, a bond of union will be created between the Turk and the Christian such as never before existed. Steam and rail are undoubtedly the surest future guarantees of the ‘integrity of the Ottoman empire.’”

“PREVEZA, *May 2.*

“I informed you in my last letter of the immediate results of the taking of Peta, which begin to show themselves already—namely, the offer of submission of the districts of Prevesa and Lelovo, comprising nearly the whole of South Epirus, up to the mountains of Souli. I informed you also, that two

letters to that effect, signed by about a dozen of the primates of those districts, were sent to Mr. Saunders and the French Consular agent in Prevesa, and that it was agreed that a meeting should take place yesterday, May 1, in a place called Kanali, ten miles to the north of Prevesa. This plan was however changed by the arrival of an express, sent by the primates of Kamarina and Paliorofilo, with a letter stating that they had heard that the Turks had advanced to Lelovo, and that accordingly they entreated the representatives of the two Western Powers to come to them, in order to prevent any disorders which might occur, since the Turkish authorities were as yet ignorant of their intention to submit.

"Mr. Saunders, therefore, resolved to set off at once and see what could be done; I offered to accompany him, and we started on Sunday, the 30th of April, about sunset. After sundry descendings and ascendings, and scramblings and tumblings, we found ourselves at Paliorofilo, and as soon as our men had explained that it was the British Consul at Prevesa who had arrived, a man came down and conducted us to one of the best houses on the hill, where a cheerful fire on the hearth greeted us with its friendly light, which contrasted most agreeably with the darkness which had surrounded us for the last two hours. Mr. Saunders, well known in these parts for his exertions in favour of the population, was received like a saviour; they kissed his hands, while their trembling voices and eyes beaming with tears betrayed the deep emotions which agitated their breasts. The people seemed to have suffered incredibly. On one side the wild Albanians of Djelil Aga, and on the other the threats and exactions of the Greek liberators, they were now at the mercy of one, now at that of the other party. It will seem to you nearly incredible, and I would not mention it if I had not heard it over and over repeated, that the Greeks were actually

considered as the worst of the two. It was principally Tsavellas whom they detested, and when we congratulated them that he was at last gone, a woman who had stood silent all the while exclaimed, "May he be gone for ever, and never come back again to ruin our tranquillity!" The primates of Paliorofilo had all gone to Kamarina, in order to be ready to go the next day to Kanali to meet Mr Saunders.

"The next day we went over to Zalonga, and at our entrance were received by the primates of the different villages, assembled there to discuss their submission, and, after having duly gone through the inevitable process of coffee-drinking, the discussion began. All the villages up to Suli, between twenty and thirty in number, were ready to submit. They said that, having been left to their fate by the Turks, they naturally were obliged to follow the commands of the Greeks. They gave some curious details concerning the manners and customs of their "friends," which will be perhaps of some interest to your readers. They said, in one house, where there were three men quartered, they asked four (I write it out)—four sheep for one dinner. This hungry party belonged to Kaskari's people. This troop had asked and received a hundred and forty sheep when they came into Kamarina, but helped themselves, notwithstanding, so freely to everything suiting their palate, that I have not seen more than one lamb in my whole tour to Kamarina, although we passed several large flocks of sheep. These people told us the same as several letters found in Peta said repeatedly—namely, that they would soon have had to fight with their friends. In announcing their readiness to submit, the primates asked for three things—first, to be exempt for this year from taxes, as they were unable to pay them; secondly, not to be disarmed; and thirdly, to be under the Mejlis of Prevesa, rather than under the Derbend Aga. To the first demand Mr. Saunders

answered that it would be impossible to ask it from Fuad Effendi, but that he would try to get a delay of some months ; as to the second, they agreed that Mr. Saunders should ask Fuad Effendi to leave them their arms, which they wanted for their own security against the Klephts, under a guarantee, and that a *tezkeré* should be given to all those who have the permission to possess them. As to the third, Mr. Saunders promised to do his best. After these points were settled, the primates agreed to be the next day at Arta, to be presented to Fuad Effendi, and give in their submission.

“ This affair terminated, we set off to see the temporary refuge of the women and children of Luro and Paliorofilo, in the *valto* of Luro. Accompanied by several men on horseback, we began to descend through the oak woods on the side of the mountain towards the plain of the Luro, and after a ride of about two hours, arrived at the marshes, which extend for at least eighteen or twenty square miles round the embouchure of this river into the gulf. We were told to dismount, and after waiting half an hour, four small barges, very much like Indian canoes in shape, arrived to take us in. Every one of these boats holds only two, or at most, three persons, provided they can sit cross-legged. You sit, or rather lie down at full length, and the man at the stern drives the boat with a paddle-oar, which he changes after every three or four strokes from one side to the other, in order to keep the boat steady. The bottom of the boats having been strewn with fresh green reeds, we embarked in these frail conveyances, and began to dive into the unknown regions before us. The whole extent of these marshes is one mass of high reeds, interspersed here and there with trees. This mass is intersected in all directions with canals of eight to ten feet in width, which form thus a number of lagunes, through which the river here winds its tortuous way to the sea. The whole is

so intricate and confused that one must have a thorough knowledge of all the winding sand passages in order not to lose one's way in this labyrinth of canals. Now and then a bay opens, leading to new complications and increasing the difficulty in an incredible degree. The whole region abounds with wild duck and other waterfowl, which are so tame, or rather so unconscious of fear, that they do not pass much out of their way when your boat passes. Now and then palisades are driven into the mud, which restrict even more the narrow channels, and afford them positions which a few men, concealed among the reeds, could defend against a great number of foes.

"After having passed the main branch of the river Luro, and lost ourselves again for about a quarter of an hour among the reeds, we heard a humming noise, and soon after saw before us a bay cleared of the reeds and water-plants, and crowded with women and children, besides a few men. All around were huts of reeds, constructed in the rudest possible way, and filled with every kind of animate and inanimate households; crying children and grunting pigs, barking dogs and bleating sheep, chests, trunks, mattresses, carpets, barrels, sacks, crockery, &c., were mixed up there in a most unpicturesque confusion. But all this first ludicrous impression vanished in one moment if you looked at the expression which animated the countenances of these poor wretched women. Joy and gratitude had expanded their careworn faces, and had aroused all the best feelings in their breasts. They greeted us with tears of joy, mingled with nearly hysteric laughs. Having experienced so much cruelty and unkindness, it seemed to them incredible that anybody could come and seek them out, not to plunder and injure, but to comfort them. If civil wars and revolutions bring forth the worst sides of our human nature in a fearful degree, they at times also arouse the opposite side

in a more than usual degree. Religion and love of family had given to these weak women the power of braving all the hardships of this secluded life for months. The whole reminded me involuntarily of those sad times when the inhabitants of Aquileia, flying from the cruel hordes of Attila, took refuge in the inhospitable lagunes of Venice, trusting more to the kindness of the elements than the mercy of men. Nearly all the women and children from the villages of Luro and Palioroflo are crowded here together in two temporary encampments, about half a mile distant from each other. The little boats which I describe above form the only means of communication between them and the rest of the world, and neither the fierce Albanians nor the Greek liberators dared ever to disturb them in their place of refuge. Mr. Saunders gave the people the assurance that they could now return unmolested to their homes. It is fortunate that this can be done now, for it would be fearful if they remained during the summer in this pestilent atmosphere.

"After having looked at the huts, and sat down for a few moments in one of them, we embarked again and returned to our horses; two hours afterwards we were at Prevesa.

"STRIVINA, ON THE ROAD TO YANINA, *May 4.*

"I told you that Fuad Effendi intended to pitch his camp at Strivina, and to wait the arrival of Abdi Pasha. The troops are encamped, and Abdi Pasha was here the day before yesterday. With the exception of a little skirmish at Thirikes, he found no resistance on the whole road—not a man defended the strong position of Pentepigadia; and it was a curious coincidence that the two detachments sent to meet each other arrived at the same moment on the top of the mountain, and that without knowing where the other was. They

had no news of each other, and there was already an apprehension of some disaster when the meeting of Abdi Pasha's troops with those of Fuad Effendi on the top of the "Five Wells" put an end to this anxiety.

"My opinion that the taking of Peta would be the death-stroke of the movement is quite confirmed by all facts. The whole country, with the exception of half-a-dozen villages in Suli and the mountain fastnesses of Djumerka, have already given in their submission, and it is hoped that a combined demonstration will be sufficient to induce even these to follow the example of the rest. This may take place in a few days, and then Fuad Effendi will be able to begin in Thessaly. Even the villagers of Peta and Komboti have already come back from Greece and sued for pardon, which has been granted. They reported that the greatest part of the people who had been at Peta and Komboti had taken refuge in Greece, but that they were repulsed, and Tsavellas was obliged to go back with about thirty men, and Karaiskaki with four or five. The inhabitants of Peta and Komboti complain that they have been robbed not only in their own houses but also in Greece.

"Robbery seems in general the distinctive feature of the warfare in Epirus. The Albanians of Abdi Pasha, in coming down from Janina, have again plundered a dozen villages, and Fuad Effendi is in the most perplexing position. The Albanian chiefs assure us they cannot help it, chiefly because they don't know each other's people, and have no control over them. Fuad Effendi has put guards on all the main roads, to intercept the passage of stolen goods, but of course it will be in vain. The Albanians do not choose the main road, but go over the mountains, and then how is it possible to ascertain to whom every single thing belongs, especially as the Albanian chiefs stick to their own people, and try to smooth their way? Fuad Effendi threatened to have some of them

shot, and have the rest dismissed, but I am afraid threats alone will not suffice.

“PENTEPIGADIA (FIVE WELLS), *May 5.*

“Mr. Longworth, the British Consul of Monastir, who had been sent by Lord Redcliffe to Yanina in order to keep up the communication between that place and Constantinople, as the usual communication through Prevesa had been interrupted by the Greek forces, has done for the north of Epirus what Mr. Saunders had done for the south. Both became the mediators between the Turks and the inhabitants; nearly all the villages which submitted did it through the intervention of one or the other of these gentlemen.

“Their efforts have been most successful, and just when I arrived at this place a messenger came from twenty-six villages of Suli, declaring their readiness to submit. Their chief, Lambro Zico, sent a letter to the same effect to Mr. Longworth. Fuad Effendi declared himself ready to accept the submission of every one, and to grant an amnesty to all who would come and present themselves to Abdi Pasha until to-morrow evening. The villages were to send each of them two primates. With the submission of the Suliot villages, which will probably take place to-morrow, all this side of Epirus is quite tranquil. Nothing remains now but some parts of Djumerka and Radovizi. Even of this latter, several villages have given in their submission.

“As soon as this side is cleared, Fuad Effendi intends to transpose the camp from Strivina to the plain near Komboti, in order to make a demonstration towards Radovizi, and also to watch the movements on the Greek frontiers.

“It seems that the ill success of the invasion has not discouraged the Greeks; and, although the forces which have

hitherto come over are either scattered about in small bands in the mountains, or have been driven across the frontier, reliable information has reached here that a new invasion is meditated, with General Mamuri, the Greek commander of Anino, at the head. Wholesale desertions of regular Greek troops are expected, which would not at all surprise me, as the excitement among the Greek army, principally that part which is stationed on the frontiers, had been worked up to a very high degree already during my stay in those parts, and will only have increased by the desire of avenging the defeat of their countrymen. But I don't think that a new invasion promises much success in the present instance, as the Turkish forces amount to twelve complete battalions, two of which, splendid troops, arrived from Tripoli, in Africa, under Basak-tchi Achmet Pasha, a daring officer who distinguished himself very much during the revolt in Albania, although he himself belongs to that country. The Turks have besides four guns, among which are two large howitzers, and six mountain guns, and a division of cavalry.

"Fuad Effendi does, in general, everything in his power to make the excitement and animosity from both parties subside, and to remedy as much as possible the evils inflicted by this foolishly criminal outbreak. He publishes and grants continually, although the term first fixed is long past, wholesale amnesties to all who come to declare their submission, and delays even his further operations in order to give time to those villages of Djumerka and Radovizi, which, in consequence of the presence of the Greek bands, have hitherto, notwithstanding their own wishes, been unable to present themselves. That they are willing enough to submit appears not only from the deputations which they send, but also from another circumstance, namely, that several villages drove the Greek bands, with arms in hand, out of their *rayon*. In

some cases they are slow in coming, because they are afraid, and dare not trust the word of a Turk. If one remembers all the acts of perfidy which have of old formed a chief part of Turkish policy against their rebellious subjects, it is not surprising that there should be some hesitation to believe even in the sincere promises of Fuad Effendi.

"This latter is certainly in no enviable position. To put down the movement, to prevent the Albanians from committing crimes, and repair the damage without having money, are rather too much for one man.

"Now, at last, that the insurrection in Epirus is completely broken, he can think of the Albanians. He has summoned all the individuals concerned in the destruction of the district of Paramythia before the Mejlis of Yanina to be judged there. He intends, I believe, to send a commission composed of Christians and Turks to all places which have suffered, and to make an inventory of all the losses, and at the same time the names of the Albanian chiefs whose men occasioned them. The damages which were inflicted by the Mussulman inhabitants of those districts themselves will be compensated by the confiscation of the property of these latter, and those which were committed by the irregular troops will be compensated from the pay which these latter have to receive, and which, I think, must amount to about £20,000.

"It would be unjust to lay any fault on Fuad Effendi even as regards the commission of these outrages in Paramythia. They were brought about by circumstances over which he had no control. When he arrived in Epirus, things were in the most miserable state; everything was in the greatest confusion—no money, few regular troops, and the Albanian irregulars, which the Mejlis of Yanina had collected in the first fright, committing the greatest excesses. On the representation of the consuls, and the general outcry of the population

in Arta and Prevesa, he sent the Albanians from those places away to Paramythia, where an outbreak had taken place and no regular troops were found. He took, moreover, the precaution to send them by sea, after having given them the strictest injunctions not to commit excesses. When these Albanians landed, they were joined by the Mussulman inhabitants, who dwell promiscuously in that district with the Christians, and the consequence was the destruction of the thirty-six villages. Besides love of plunder and hatred of race and religion, there was another motive which must never be lost sight of in Albania; this motive was what they call the 'right of blood,' analogous to the Corsican vengeance. The clans of the Albanians are implacable if blood has been once shed; they must have vengeance. There was the other day a curious case, illustrating how far this feeling rules an Albanian. Fuad Effendi, sitting in his tent, saw an Albanian resolutely cutting down a beautiful olive-tree; he rose and went in person to the man, and upbraided him for his wanton destruction. The man answered, 'I lost a brother at Peta, and have sworn to destroy everything belonging to that place.' Of course, Fuad Effendi stopped his doings, and told him that he should take his vengeance on the Greek bands, and not on the property of the innocent inhabitants of Peta, who had already left the place several months before the attack.

"In the meantime, before the investigation into the damage and its authors has been finished, Fuad Effendi sends the poor inhabitants corn for food and for sowing, and distributes money as far as his limited means will allow.

"CAMP NEAR ARTA, *May 11.*

"Fuad Effendi, after having received the submission of all the western part of Epirus, yesterday transported his camp from Strivina to the olive-wood behind Arta. This move-

ment is a demonstration against the mountains of Djumerka and Radovizi, where alone the Greek bands are still remaining. He will send now two columns, one towards Djumerka, the other towards Radovizi, at the request of the inhabitants, who declared themselves ready to chase the invaders from their homes, if he would support them with regular troops. This will be done in a few days, and then they go to Thessaly. Already Abdi Pasha has gone towards Janina, and very likely Ahmet Pasha, who commands the force against Radovizi, will make a diversion from that side; but, according to all accounts, it seems that in Thessaly the insurrectionary movement was not more successful than in Epirus, as even the Russian organ at Athens, the *Aion*, admits that the Greeks have had great reverses in Thessaly, and admonishes all Greeks not to be discouraged. If the *Aion* speaks thus, it must be bad; but there is no direct news, for the road to Trikala is not open. There can be, however, no doubt that it will shortly be freed, as the force of the Turks in Epirus and Thessaly amounts to nearly thirty battalions of regulars and a corresponding force of irregulars.

“YANINA, May 13.

“The pacification of the west of Epirus leaves now to the Turks the freedom of acting against the remains of the Greek bands in Djumerka and Radovizi, and also that of making at the same time a diversion in favour of the Ottoman forces in Thessaly. In order to effect both these aims they intend to make a combined movement from three sides. Abdi Pasha will open the high road from Metzovo to Trikala, which is still in a state of imaginary blockade. Insurgent bands are roaming about, and make the roads unsafe, which is called here a blockade. It is a blockade of fear, and one battalion would be sufficient to show the hollowness of it. While Abdi

Pasha will move from Metzovo, Bassaktchi Achmet Pasha goes from Peta to Radovizi, and Osman Pasha to Gardhiki. These movements will divide the bands of Djumerka from those of Radovizi, and circumscribe them in a narrow circle. So much for Epirus.

“From all I hear, the state of things in Thessaly is frightful. It is a real war of extermination—a *bellum omnium contra omnes*. The want is in the direction of the whole. There is no centre. Every one acts for himself. The Turks have troops enough to make an end at once, but there is no initiative anywhere. Yet, notwithstanding all this anarchy, the Greeks are drawing back towards the frontier.

“I read a letter from a very good authority, of the 27th of April, from which I learn that the Arab troops under Selim Pasha were attacked at Vesi, and lost a good many men, although they repulsed the insurgents. The insurgents, in their flight, were attacked by another column of Arab troops under the command of Ibrahim Bey, near Moltanoushka, and routed. In both these engagements, the Turks themselves acknowledge a loss of 75 killed and 145 wounded. The Greeks had cut deep ditches, in which they were hid, and from which they sent a murderous fire into the Turkish ranks. Of course it is impossible to learn the loss on the part of the Greeks, but so much is certain, that they have retired towards the frontiers, driving before them the inhabitants of all the districts they came through on their way.

“The Turks are still fighting at Domoko, and it is said they are in want of provisions. A few days since, the insurgents left the vicinity of Volo and Armiro; from the former place they went to Ossa, and endeavoured to arouse the inhabitants. They succeeded with some, but others mustered courage enough to drive them off. Their plan appears to be to get into the valley of Tempe, which would be a strong and

important position. A body of 1500 have also reached the north-western chain of Olympus; these will very likely act in concert with those who have gone to Ossa.

"The ravages made in Thessaly both by the Albanians and the Greeks equal, if they do not surpass, everything perpetrated during the first revolution. Not plunder alone, as in Epirus, but murder, rape, destroying and burning, are the order of the day. More than 700,000 sheep—seven hundred thousand, I write it out—have been carried over the Greek frontier. Incredible as this number seems at first sight, it will not surprise you if you hear that all the neighbouring mountaineers of Macedonia, Albania, and even Epirus, send their flocks and their cattle during the winter to feed in the plains of Thessaly. This wholesale robbery cannot be left unpunished, and it is really high time that the infamous Government which countenances and encourages such predatory expeditions should be brought to its senses, and compelled to disgorge the plunder. The word *patriotism*, so often misapplied, has never been so fearfully abused as in this movement. I assure you it is revolting to hear the details of their crimes from the inhabitants of the villages which had to suffer from them."

"ATHENS, August 1854.

"Now that the disturbances in Epirus and Thessaly are at an end, it will perhaps not be amiss to make some general observations, which may serve to explain the complicated nature of this movement, and to appreciate the relative position of the different elements which took part in it.

"The overheated imagination of European Philhellenes, aided by a complete ignorance of the nature and character of

their *protégés*, thought to confer an immense boon on the *soi-disant* descendants of the old Athenians and Spartiotes by making them independent, by confiding their political education to an expensive bureaucracy, and by adapting to a feeble infant nation the pompous forms of a petty German Court, whose burden is too much even for the patient and industrious Teutonic race.

“The consequence was that which usually follows the interference of too zealous friends—what was meant for a boon became a curse.

“One has only to remember the history of Greece since it became an independent kingdom in order to be convinced that this was only meant as a polite phrase; instead of one master she had half-a-dozen protectors, jealous of each other, and trying to make her happy each after his own fashion. Greece thus became a ball in the hands of European politicians, and was thrown now on this now on that side, according to the changes which took place in the country of her protectors.

“The monarch whom Europe chose for the Greeks was worthy of this independent kingdom. The scion of a princely house of Germany which had for centuries furnished the most valiant champions of the Romish Church and of absolutism, he brought with him all his hereditary ideas in their utmost purity, and professed, as the aim of his life, to convert the Palikars into stiff cravated corporals, and into obedient and humble red-tapers.

“The simple nature of social relations in Greece required a simple mechanism of government, for which, moreover, the elements were already existing in the country itself. As it is a principle of the Mahometan religion to meddle as little as possible with the internal administration of non-Mahometan subjects, the Greek communities were left in the enjoyment of their old usages, being only obliged to pay the tribute. Instead

of making this ancient nearly autonomic local administration the basis of the new institutions, a complicated system of centralization was introduced, which gave an entirely false direction to the national spirit and crippled its development.

"The newly-created bureaucratic hierarchy, opening unexpected prospects of employments and dignities, turned the minds of the so-called upper classes from useful occupations, and converted them into a class of place-hunters. It brought in its train intrigue, corruption, and all the vices of absolute monarchies. This system was greatly facilitated by the childish vanity which forms one of the most prominent features of the Greek national character, and which, by the indulgence and the petting of Western Europe, had grown into a most absurd conceit.

"It was the history of spoilt show-children. The true forces of the nation were sacrificed to keep up trifling appearances, and its natural development impeded by attempts at a precocious maturity.

"Every institution in the new State partook of this character. A large military force (10,000 men) was organized, no one can tell for what purpose, unless to parade through the streets of Athens, when a few hundred gendarmes would have sufficed to keep order in the country. An expensive Court was established, with chamberlains, grand-marshals, maids of honour, aides-de-camp, &c., but not one road or bridge built; on the contrary, even the old ones were left unrepaired. A colossal palace was constructed for 7,000,000 drachmas, with splendid apartments for balls and dinners, while all the Government offices, all the barracks and dépôts, must to this very day be expensively hired.

"The fruits of this system were not long in manifesting themselves. The population, instead of increasing, went on every year decreasing; with it the revenues diminished; whole

tracts of the most fertile land remained uncultivated ; instead of receiving large immigrations from the Greek population under Turkish rule, thousands annually emigrated to those provinces, in many instances becoming rayahs. The only exception to this rule was in some of the islands—for instance, Syra ; and it is in the hands of these few Turkish immigrants that the whole Greek trade is concentrated.

“ But this stagnation of the material welfare of Greece at large, however deplorable in itself, is nothing in comparison with the fatal influence which this system of government exercised on the spirit of the people, because the former can be easily removed with the vicious system of government itself, but the perverse tendency which has been given to the national activity has taken deep root in the character of the Greeks, so that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate it.

“ This false tendency has developed the worst sides of Greek nature, and turned even the good features into bad ones. The lively Greek imagination lost itself in vague dreams of gain without labour, and was enervated by fanciful Utopias, which remind one involuntarily of the story of the dog with the bone and his shadow. The natural sharpness and quickness of the Greek character matured into a spirit of intrigue and deceit, manifesting itself sometimes in a way truly distressing, and making one nearly despair of the future. Every sentiment of independence was by degrees drowned in the wish and endeavour of obtaining some lucrative place, and the spirit of servility, a remnant of long oppression, assumed only another form, more disgusting, because less excusable. Even that spirit of industry for which the Greek race in the Ottoman empire is so renowned, has clearly decayed in Greece proper. Enter into whatever town you please, and see the hosts of idlers ; or cross the country wherever you like,

and look at the state of cultivation, comparing it even with the less fertile regions of Epirus and Thessaly, and you will have no doubt about the fact.

“There was one moment of reaction against this unnatural and anti-national system, and its heartless refiner, King Otho. It was on the 3d of September, for however much Russian and other intrigues may have had to do with this affair, it was a momentary awakening of the better spirit of the Greek people from that trance of folly into which it had been led; but it was only momentary.

“A piece of paper called a Constitution was the result, but the system itself remained intact. The Constitution, instead of remodelling the system of government, was, without much difficulty, transformed into an instrument of the latter. It was like building a tower on a house with ruinous foundations in order to give them solidity. It made them more ruinous. It was only adding some 120 places at 250 drachmas a month, and a number of others at 500 drachmas a month, to the patronage of the Court, and increasing the expenses of the nation.

“The only difference which the introduction of the Constitution made in Greece was, that the system of corruption became more refined, the servility more abject, because masked by the forms of liberty, and the power of the Court more absolute, because exercised in the name of the Constitution.

“Ten years had passed since the introduction of the Constitution, when the complication of the Eastern question took place. By that time King Otho had realized his *beau-ideal*. He had become the Dalai-Lama of Greece, and his power was more despotic than that of the Emperor Nicholas, for in an empire of the colossal size of Russia it would be impossible to exercise so much personal influence as in a small State like

Greece, where the Court tyrannized over and preyed on the very heart of families.

"One must remember this state of things in order to understand the influence exercised by the Court in the late movement. Could any reasonable voice have made itself heard, the Government could not so easily have led away the people.

"No doubt, the hatred against the Turks, and the wish of personal and national aggrandizement which animates every Hellenic breast, aided powerfully the schemes of the Court; but without the intrigues of these latter, these feelings would have produced sweet day-dreams, but they never would have led to an active outbreak.

"A people oppressed and driven to despair will not hesitate to rise against the most fearful odds; but even Hellenic liberators are not quite so much carried away by their sympathies for their co-religionists as not to look at the chances of success before they embark in a philanthropic enterprise.

"It would be useless to enter into all the intrigues of the Court, as the blue-book follows them up with admirable clearness, and as the accounts given there will have convinced every attentive reader that what Europe in the first moment mistook for an outburst of Greek national feeling was simply a rather awkwardly managed dynastic and Russian intrigue. But I must draw the attention of your readers to a curious feature in the organization of the late movement, which may contribute to show its real character from the beginning.

"One sees often strange political alliances, or rather *més-alliances*, in other countries, in which every party flatters itself with the hope of making use of the others for its own special benefit, but I think there never was an odder combination of hostile elements than in the present instance between the Court, the Napist or Russian party, and the most unruly

set of Palikari, as Grivas, Papacosta, &c. Every one of them had for years employed all means, fair and foul, to destroy the other; they joined in this movement, knowing that their interests were diametrically opposed, and each of them perfectly aware that it was the intention of the other two to cheat the third, and, in case of success, to reap the fruits of the enterprise. What result could such a partnership have but the miserable failure which we have witnessed?

“One of the great questions of the day is the renewal of amicable relations with Turkey. I have often compared modern Greeks to great children. The way in which this question is treated is a new proof of it. It shows a *naïve* egotism which one can see only in children. They won't hear about indemnification. ‘It would make the Ministers *unpopular*.’ ‘The Greeks would not like it,’ &c. I dare say; but if they have committed a blunder, it is natural and just that they should suffer for it. It would be the most crying injustice to force Turkey to renew relations from which she has no profit—only trouble and damage. The principle at least must be acknowledged. As for the unpopularity or popularity of the Ministry, that has nothing to do with the question. But, besides, if it had even something to do with it, it would not make any difference; for all the Ministers except Mavrocordato are already very unpopular, as is very natural of a Ministry which has been forced on the country. It is an illusion to hope to win the good opinion and good-will of the Greeks, for they look at the Government, whatever it may do, as the instrument of the protecting Powers; so to sacrifice for such an illusion a measure required by the real interests of the country would be the height of folly. Now that there is a chance of doing real practical good to the country, and of giving a sound direction to the public spirit, it ought not to be omitted; for the occasion may not occur so

readily another time. In the anomalous state in which Greece is at present, one cannot govern it with polite phrases and flattering speeches. Backed by the representatives of England and France, the Ministry, if it be really in earnest, may carry out all necessary measures, and thus begin a new era for Greece, but the task requires self-denial."

TRANSLATION FROM THE "IMPAETIAL DE SMYRNE"

August 1855.

IN the course of last year, there appeared a work of great interest, which the public received very favourably : its title is *La Grèce Contemporaine*, and its author is M. Edmond About. M. About has been enabled to speak of Greece differently from certain tourists who have given us sketches of their trip. He resided at Athens for a long time, he travelled through the provinces, and became acquainted with the language of the country. This practical knowledge, combined with no small talent of observation, has procured for us a most animated picture, with all the merit of a daguerreotype, together with brilliancy of colouring. The Greeks have been hit hard ; people do not like to see their faults, and such faults, exposed to broad daylight. A few advocates have come forward to destroy the effect produced by M. About's publication ; they have only succeeded in confirming it.

It is not our intention to-day to speak of this book ; we will do so later : the simple mention of it is sufficient for the present, to show in what a curious fashion a Greek writer, M. Demetrius Mavropoulos, refutes it in the matter of brigand-

age; brigandage, as it is easy to understand, necessarily occupying a large space in the volume of M. About.

M. Demetrius Mavropoulos addresses his refutation in the form of a letter to the *Revue de l'Orient*, which has inserted it in its April number; he expresses himself in the following terms:—

“Brigandage, such as M. About has conceived it to be in Greece, would be an enormity; fortunately, he did not see it in its true light. The brigandage which exists in Greece, and which has nothing in common with that of the rest of Europe, is not blamed by the inhabitants, because it forms on land the centre of that phalanx which is destined to fight ever for independence; just as that which in the West is abusively called piracy in Greece, for want of another term, strives at sea on behalf of the same cause, each time that an opportunity offers itself. But it would be committing a singular error, to believe that the individuals of whom we are speaking, have anything in common with those who bear, and who deserve, the same appellation as theirs in the rest of Europe. Those whom M. About calls the brigands and pirates of Greece, are not men who have for their object pillage and theft. They are men who retire into the mountains or into the islands to live in freedom; when they descend into the plain to seize upon a sheep, or when they go to sea to plunder a merchant vessel, whenever, in short, they commit some excess, they are blamed by everybody, and pursued by the agents of the Government. No doubt, the mode of life of the individuals of whom M. About speaks, can with difficulty be understood in the West, where reign liberty and freedom, where no one has to fear the insults and brutality of a hostile neighbour. But in a country where a large part of the nation bows its head under the yoke of a foreigner, one should not expect to find the same institutions as in a

country entirely free. Each nation has its own method of defence."

What is the sentiment which this special pleading excites in you, kind reader? is it pity or indignation? both, no doubt. We knew very well that brigandage is not, unfortunately, blamed in the neighbouring kingdom; but the shameless avowal is not the less to be taken note of. It is because brigandage meets with encouragement from all classes of the nation, that it is able to develop itself undisturbed, and to be carried on with impunity even at the gates of the capital. Greece, in the opinion of her children, is therefore only a hot-bed of anarchy, destined to act as a solvent upon Turkey. This is a hint to the powers which seek, by so many sacrifices, and by so much noble blood shed on the battle-field, to insure the tranquillity of the future in the East.

But what a strange confusion in the ideas, and what a sad perversion of moral perception! When the unfortunate crew of the English brig *Harriet* but yesterday fell slaughtered by the Greek pirates of the Archipelago, Europe named this, abusively, an act of piracy. She should, on the contrary, have boasted of it, and have invented some term for its use, not to be found in the dictionary, according to M. Mavropoulos; for it only helped to maintain that phalanx destined ever to fight for freedom. M. Mavropoulos seems, however, to be ashamed of what he has just said; he appears to recall his avowal, and to give two impossible definitions of the scourge which has entered so profoundly into the habits of his nation. "When the brigands descend into the plain to seize upon a sheep, or when they go to sea to plunder a merchant vessel, then they are blamed by everybody, and pursued by the agents of the Government." It is known in what manner this pursuit is conducted; and would not the Government be ill-advised if it acted otherwise, or interfered

too much with the daring deeds of these heroic souls, so strongly smitten with the love of freedom, and by no means with the love of their neighbour's goods ; those forerunners of liberty, who have such a splendid mission to fulfil in the land of Greece and the land of Turkey. Europe is blind in confounding these brave men with those whom she sends to the gibbet and the hulks. It is distasteful to us to enter further into the subject ; but what we have now noticed is a warning to the Western Powers ; it is also one, and a more serious one, to the Government of the Sultan, which, since such is the case, must show more severity than ever with regard to the brigands and their accomplices in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, to whom Greece sends such patriotic lessons, whom she welcomes to her breast, whom she instructs in their glorious trade, and to whose bands she incessantly sends recruits.

[M. Mavropoulos would be puzzled to show, from all the recent cases of brigandage and piracy, in what way the Greeks have advanced their cause ; as all the worst cases have occurred in the interior of the kingdom of Greece, the plea of liberty and freedom is an absurdity. Was it love of freedom, or of theft, that led to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Leeves, and to the plunder of Mr. Noel's house and village in Eubœa ? was it to repel the insults of foreign enemies that the money of the Greek Government was carried off in open day at the Isthmus of Corinth ? Of what injury to the Greeks had the eight men, the crew of the *Harriet*, been guilty ? Had love of theft nothing to do with the dépôt of plunder at the island of Nicaria, where cloth was so plentiful that it was sold by weight, at the price of five to ten piastres the oka ?

That there is no exaggeration in the statement of the

Smyrna newspaper, that brigandage is carried on with impunity at the gates of the capital of Greece, may be seen from the following account of one of the most recent exploits of the phalanx for the defence of Greek liberties :—

On Sunday morning, the 29th July 1855, a band of brigands, five to ten in number, posted themselves on the bridge at Ampelokepos—a village about two miles from Athens, on the road to Marusi, and there stopped and robbed a carriage. Some gendarmes, who were sent after them on horseback, pursued them to Syriani, where the brigands halted, and wounded one of the gendarmes, at which the rest fled. The same evening, the brigands returned to the same spot, and stopped several carriages, making the occupants alight and remain along with the carriages in a small ravine at the side of the road. At eleven o'clock, two British officers (a mate and midshipman of H. M. S. *Fury*) came riding by towards Athens. They were stopped by a couple of fellows on the bridge, who demanded their money; being unarmed, they gave all they had—a few dollars; but when they saw the robbers were not content with this, doubling their fists, they hit the two fellows between the eyes, knocking down one, and sending the other rolling down the hill; they then galloped off. The fellow who was knocked down got up and fired his pistol, but without effect. The officers had not, however, yet escaped; they had still to pass by two more of the band, posted on the road, who levelled their guns as they flew past, and fired, killing the two horses, and grazing the shoulder of one of the officers, who then ran into town and gave the alarm. One of the brigands on the bridge, imagining that their shots had taken better effect, cried out, "Cut off their heads;" but finding that they had escaped, and fearing that the report of their guns would give notice of their presence, they immediately liberated all their prisoners,

to the number of about thirty, men, women, and children, who then returned to Athens in their carriages. Among these liberated captives, there were the Provost of the University, M. Simos and his family, the King's butcher, M. Calos the Director of Police, and a policeman in fustanella; there was an officer in plain clothes, and another in uniform. The brigands drew out his sword, admired it, inquired the price, and returned it to him, saying, "We know you have no animosity against us, for we are all brothers—let us kiss," with which the officer did not deny having complied. The brigands robbed their prisoners of watches, money, rings, &c., to the amount of about a hundred pounds; not content with this, they returned next evening to nearly the same spot. None of this band have up to this time been caught.

M. Mavropoulos would do well to study the morality of *meum* and *tuum*; and having done so, to impart his learning to his countrymen; and if he is very ambitious of claiming a distinction for the brigands of his country, from their confraternity in Europe, it may be said to lie in this:—whilst the robber in Europe adopts the formula of "Your money *or* your life," the Greek prefers, "Your money *and* your life."—*Tr.*]

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